Edgar Allan Poe's Lost Short Story—Found at Last!

IN THIS ISSUE

SEPT. 24,
1938

Liberty

5¢

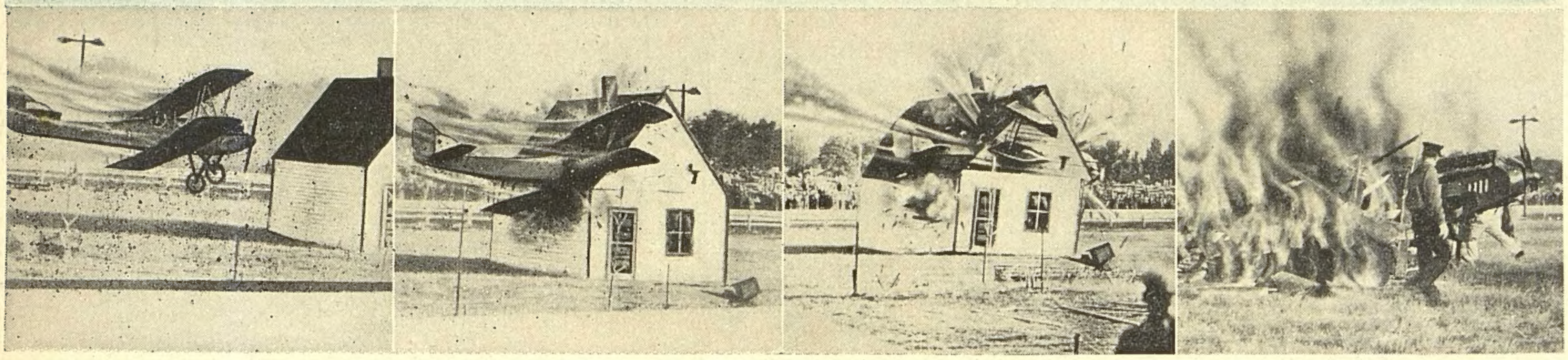
THE INCORRIGIBLE CORRIGAN by BERNARR MACFADDEN

"DIZZY DEAN *IS* A POP-OFF"

ST. LOUIS GIVES ITS SIDE OF THE BIG SCRAP

Crashing a plane through a house!

Pilot Frank Frakes' most spectacular feat—the stunt that thrills Hollywood and millions of movie-goers—



"SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, you crash into a house..." That is actually what aerial warfare movie scripts demand of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. But up he goes, his plane's wings soaked in gasoline. High in the sky, he touches off electrical sparks, swoops down ablaze in a roaring power-dive. Leveling off (Picture 1), he heads straight for the spectacular crack-up that thrills even hardened movie directors. Will Frakes come through that house alive? He's performed such stunts more than fifty times. **CRASH!** (Picture 2) As he hits with terrific impact, a charge of dynamite is exploded inside the house (Picture 3) to heighten the effect. Wings ripped off (Picture 4), the flaming plane shoots out—hopelessly **WRECKED!** Frakes? Below you see him safe, smiling, ready to enjoy his favorite smoke—a Camel! "Stunt-flying is exhausting work," says Pilot Frakes. "When I need a 'lift' in energy I get it with a Camel."

"NATURALLY I'M PARTICULAR ABOUT THE CIGARETTE I SMOKE,"

SAYS STUNT PILOT FRANK FRAKES—

"CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST!"

I NOTICE THAT YOU ALWAYS SMOKE CAMELS, FRANK. DO YOU FIND CAMELS SO DIFFERENT?
YES—IN MILDNESS, IN TASTE, IN LOTS OF WAYS. BESIDES, STUNT-FLYING DEMANDS HEALTHY NERVES. CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST—I CAN SMOKE AS MANY AS I WANT. CAMELS AGREE WITH ME IN MANY WAYS—AND OTHER PILOTS SAY THE SAME!

Above, right, Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes tells Gordon Weaver more about why he prefers Camels. It's a preference with a *reason:* Camel's *costlier* tobaccos! And that's the same reason so many millions of smokers have turned to Camels. Do *you* want more smoking pleasure? Make your next smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—Camel!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

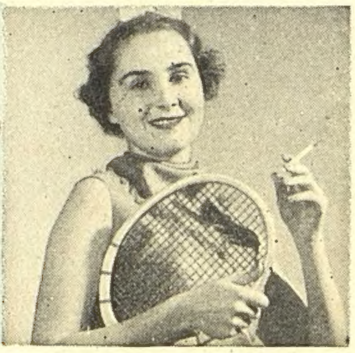
THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



"I'M NOT A CHAMPION," says Miss Henrietta Donohue, "but I'm just as interested in winning at *my* golf, tennis, and swimming. I know the importance of healthy nerves, so Camel's my cigarette. Camels never get me 'edgy.' And Camels give my energy a 'lift' too. They set me right!"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Ask the men who grow and grade tobacco who buys their choicest lots!

"Growing tobacco 26 years," says planter Ben Faulkner, "I've learned that one company stands out in buying finer tobaccos—CAMEL. Camel pays more to get my choicest grades. I've been a steady Camel smoker for years. Most planters prefer Camels."

Robert Lee Oakley, one of the growers behind North Carolina's reputation for fine tobaccos, says: "Camel buys up the choice tobacco, including that of my last crop. This has happened many times. I smoke Camels. So do most planters around here."

Yes...the brewers *do* mean business

AN EDITORIAL BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ...
in the Emporia (Kan.) Daily Gazette

BEER STATESMANSHIP

It has become obvious ever since the repeal of prohibition that the American brewers were determined not to make the mistake that the brewers made in pre-prohibition days . . . A year ago they adopted an independent code, pledged themselves to "conduct their business in conformity with established laws and in co-operation with the authorities." Further, they pledged themselves to support "duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions" in the beer business. They pledged themselves to get behind the "great body of retailers who sell beer as law abiding citizens" and also to back up authorities in preventing "beer sales to minors or persons who have drunk to excess." The code aimed high.

It was obvious that Kansas is the one place in the United States where the United Brewers' Industrial Foundation, which was back of the code, with offices in New York, could come and find a fertile field to try out the code. They sent a representative of the Foundation to Kansas. He went to work in a practical manner. He surveyed the beer business in the large counties of Kansas where, if anywhere, the code would crack. He went to the sheriffs and the county attorneys in these counties. He went to the Attorney General of Kansas and told the law enforcing officers everywhere that he wanted their help and he wanted to help them clean up questionable beer parlors, places where they sold beer to minors, to drunks, where they kept open after the hours set down by the local authorities, where the beer dealers permitted hard drinks to be sold or sold them, and in general, this agent of the brewers back of the code made a genuine and certainly an effective campaign in Kansas to weed out the bad practices which tend to grow up where illegal liquor mixes itself with the sale of beer.

The Gazette knows definitely two cases where evidence was furnished by the Brewers' Foundation . . . With the full co-operation of the local officers and the representatives of the Brewers' Foundation, public enforcement of the Kansas law controlling the sale of beer can be had. That co-operation should be given.

There is no reason why the beer business should not be conducted as any other commercial business —breakfast food, toothpaste, tenderized ham, packaged coffee or shoes . . .

The representatives of the Brewers' Foundation in Kansas wrote to The Gazette:

"We stand ready to co-operate with Kansas officials in the enforcement of the law. We have laid before officials evidence of violations of the liquor laws and some definite results have been attained. We pledge our continued efforts."

This is not idle persiflage. Apparently the Brewers' Foundation means business.

(from issue of April 15, 1938)

Here's what we promised:

One pledge from The Brewers Code: **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Here's what we're doing:

As one example (and there are others): our investigators gathered evidence in Kansas that some retail outlets were using beer licenses as screens to sell bootleg liquor. The Attorney General cooperated, prosecuted and won. William Allen White, great American editor, then published the above editorial.

It's true . . . "anti-social conditions" exist in only a tiny fraction of the quarter-million places where beer is sold. Even so, we cannot hope to "police" them . . . unless you too will cooperate.

Here's what You *can do:*

1. Follow up *your* local authorities. Just insist that they enforce *existing laws* against illegal sales of liquor, operation of illicit resorts, sales after hours, sales to minors, sales to persons who have drunk to excess.
2. Patronize only respectable retail outlets.
3. Show that you are behind us . . . buy only beer or ale made by Foundation members . . . identified in their advertising by the symbol shown here.

UNITED BREWERS · INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Do these things, and you help the bulwark of moderation . . . beer . . . and the public interest as well.

Correspondence is invited with groups and individuals everywhere who are interested in the brewing industry and its responsibilities. Address: **United Brewers Industrial Foundation, *21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.***

SEPTEMBER 24, 1938
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHAT KIND OF JOBS DO THE VOTERS WANT?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Election Day is not far away. Whom and what we shall vote for is an important problem that faces the citizens of this country.

The millions who are enduring the pittance handed out to them on the dole, and those who are accepting similar donations on charity jobs, should ask themselves a few questions. They will probably have to admit that the present administration has helped them in the dire emergencies which they have faced in the recent past, but they have doubtless also remembered the quotation in which bread was promised and they were handed a stone. Their situation might not be as bad, but they were promised jobs by the present administration. Everybody was to be given a job. A job at good pay. Not merely enough to keep body and soul together, but a job that would bring comforts and even luxuries.

We all remember the munificent promises that were made in this job-promoting activity of the administration when General Johnson took charge of the NRA. Five million jobs before fall was his promise in the first part of August. The administration took over the Herculean task of running the business of this country. Business men were the cause of the depression. Their selfishness was to blame for our suffering, so the officials of the administration loudly maintained. Through the stimulus of this exciting campaign, undoubtedly a few artificial jobs were created; but the pump-priming procedure soon petered out, and in the meantime the demands for relief grew from week to week. Government employees were increased by thousands and hundreds of thousands. The demand for the dole and charity jobs increased by the millions.

And here we are facing another election, and every voter who is subsisting on the charity of the government, whether in make-believe jobs or on the dole, should ask himself if he desires a continuance of this kind of governmental charity. His answer may be yes, and then it might be desirable to inquire about his children and their children.

This country was built upon a stable foundation. The enormous wealth the New Deal has distributed so lavishly was developed by hard work and efficient management through several generations.

But now, if we are to turn to governmental charity . . . if our children have nothing to look forward to but a charity job . . . every voter definitely knows that we will lose whatever we have gained in the past. He knows, furthermore, that government cannot continue such wastefulness without ultimately facing disaster. No matter how much wealth or how much credit we possess, it can be dissipated and wasted, and when we face the final wreckage with money gone . . . no more credit . . . and the millions of governmental wards feel the pinch of hunger, no power on earth can hold back the mobs that will begin to search here, there, and everywhere for sustenance.

France faced a situation like that. Russia's cities and towns were turned into human slaughterhouses. And whether we can face such brutal violence depends on the voters in this and future elections.

If the voters on the dole or the charity jobs are satisfied with the pittance they are receiving, and believe their children should have nothing better in the future, then they can vote accordingly; but if they want to change . . . if they want a chance at real jobs, if they want a chance at something that will enable them to square their shoulders and face the world with a feeling of self-reliance and confidence . . . then they will vote for a candidate who will stand straight and true for the tried and true American system.

And the principles of Americanism definitely set forth in our Constitution are not guided by either Democrats or Republicans. They represent fair play, justice for every citizen, high or low, rich or poor; and the effort of one individual or one group to tear down or to deny others the inalienable rights of American citizenship will only succeed ultimately in destroying his own rights . . . taking away the freedom that he proposes to deny others. It is not unlike a boomerang that returns and hits the one who threw it.

Vote for the continuance of the high standard of living that is far beyond that enjoyed by the citizens of other countries, untainted by governmental charities that have disgraced the present administration with its Socialistic fantasies.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEHIND YOUR GOOD TELEPHONE SERVICE IS THE *Constant Courtesy* OF

THE VOICE WITH A SMILE

THE MAN ON THE JOB

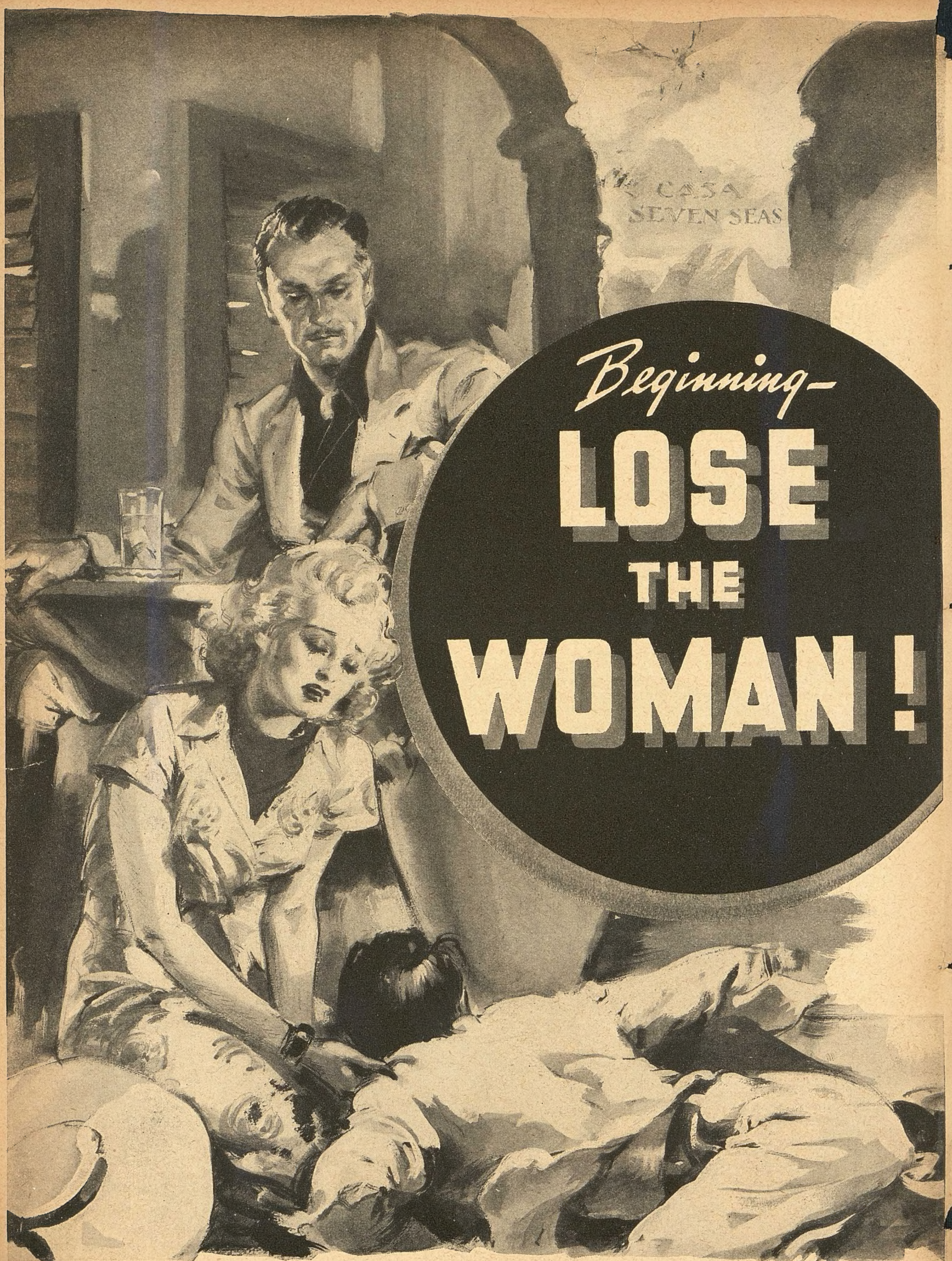
THE MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TELEPHONE OFFICE

EXCHANGE
2368

This country is entitled, in good times and bad, to the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible price.

A great factor in accomplishing this is the real spirit of service that has become a tradition among telephone men and women. Courtesy and efficiency are important words in the Bell System.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM


CASA
SEVEN SEAS

Beginning—

LOSE THE WOMAN!

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

The author of Murder Lady (remember?) gives you an even more thrilling tale— A novel of hazards and haunted hearts

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE PAST COMES TO ACAPULCO

THE first time I saw him—and, as it happened, the *last* time I saw him—he was sitting at a sidewalk table in front of the Seven Seas Tavern, drinking a Cuba Libre. He had the words tropical adventurer written all over him. Every qualification was his: the height, the broad shoulders, the slim hips, the lean hard jaw, the deep tan, the studied arrogant assurance.

I thought: *What a hero for a novel!*

And yet something even then, before I'd ever met the man, told me that he was not, and would never be, cast in the role of a hero. Perhaps his eyes; even from where I sat across the street in the plaza, I could see they were ice-blue and a bit too small to match the handsome lines of his face. Or maybe his nose; when he turned to order another drink, I saw that his long aquiline nose had the faintest suggestion of a predatory hook.

Well, if I can't make him a hero, I'll make him a villain. That's what I thought, facetiously. I say facetiously. How could I know that in the days to follow Curtis Frazier was to play that very part?

I ordered a beer and leaned back to watch the passing show. It was ship day. Within an hour—at noon—the Virginia would dump some eight hundred tourists on the town. And the town was getting ready to take them.

I had just finished my beer when Noel Hawkins showed up and sat down on the stool across the table from me.

"I was goin' to the post office when I saw you drive into the Zocalo," he said. "Your name was on the list, so I asked for your mail."

He tossed two letters across the table.

"Thanks, Noel. Have a beer?"

"No, but I might have a coco. I had kind of a bad night last night," Noel grinned. "I'm sure thirsty—but not for no beer."

"Out at that taxi dance again?"

"Uh-huh," he admitted sheepishly.

"Still looking for a knife in your back. Well, you'll get it."

"I guess I prob'ly will, Mr. March."

I had met him a month before, just after I landed in Acapulco. His father was an American Negro who had served as a cook in our army for twenty years. His mother was a Mexican. Noel was an American citizen, but the last ten of his nineteen years had been spent in Acapulco. His English wasn't bad and his Spanish was very good, and he had been a lot of help to me—my Spanish being next to impossible.

I glanced at the letters. One was from my agent. The other, a gray envelope, was addressed in a familiar round flowing hand. I opened the first one.

> MacCrory says that the new novel is doing quite well. [I knew what that meant: three or four thousand copies.] Miss Blake is working on the picture rights. [Miss Blake was always working on the picture rights.] When can I tell Mr. Ludlow he will receive the new novel? [The new novel wasn't even started.] I hope your vacation is doing you a lot of good. [Vacation! That was a subtle dig. He knew as well as any one that I wasn't in Acapulco on a vacation.] A small check has come in for royalties on the English edition of Murder in the Mist. [Thank heaven for something. I was nearly broke.] Sincerely . . .

"Good news, Mr. March?" Noel asked.

"Oh, so-so."

I can see him now, sitting there across the table—a slim, good-looking kid, not very tall, but lean and lithe and smoothly muscled, and always smiling.

I like to remember him that way. I try to forget the way I saw him last. Lying on his back in the deep verminous dust of the street, bleeding from a bullet wound over his heart, too weak to do more than raise one hand and whisper hoarsely as I bent over him:

"Kill him, Mr. March! Kill him—for me!"

No, I don't like to remember that. There are a lot of things that happened down there in the humid heat of Acapulco I don't like to remember.

I put the letter and the money order from my agent in my pocket, picked up the gray envelope and tore it up into small pieces. Noel grinned as he watched me.

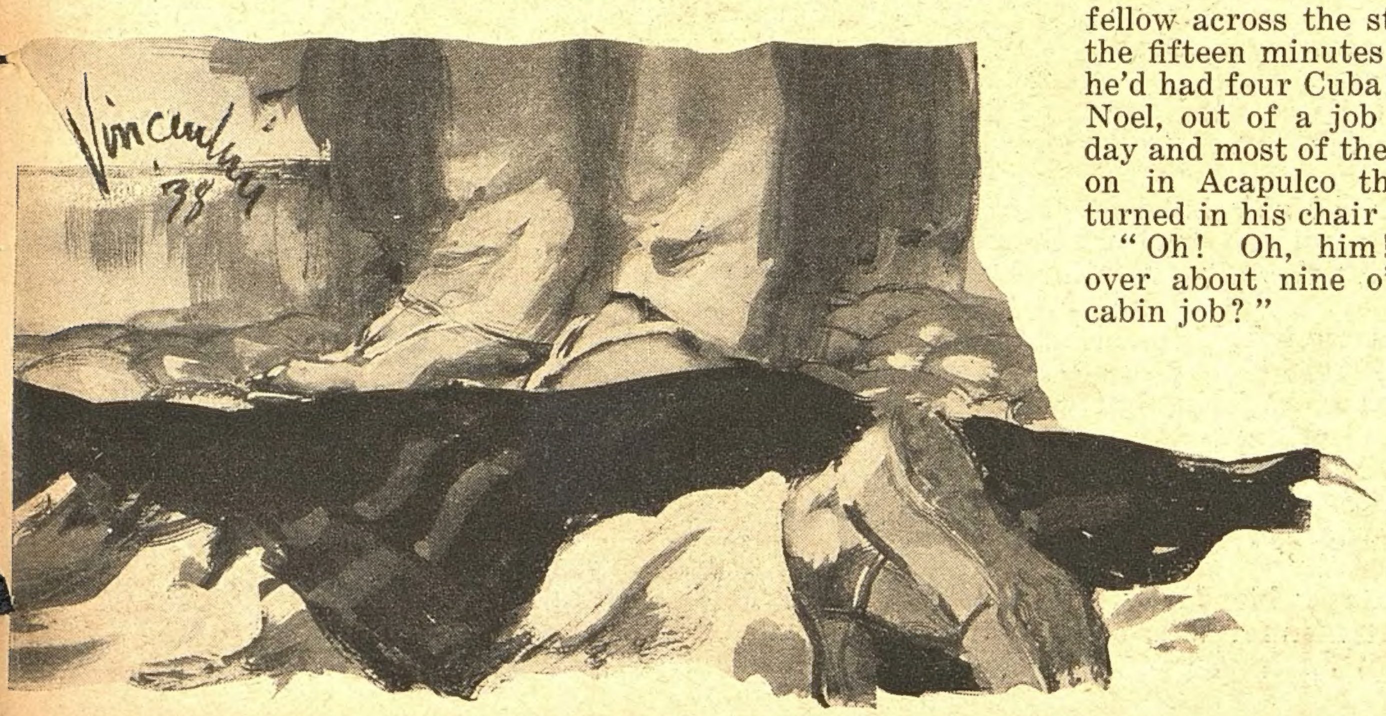
"What's so funny?" I demanded.

"Well, I've seen you tear up four or five of them letters without reading 'em. Now, if it was me, I'd sure have to know what she said."

She! Not so dumb, this lad. Not dumb at all.

As I started on my second bottle of beer I watched the fellow across the street in front of the Seven Seas. In the fifteen minutes since I'd first sat down in the plaza he'd had four Cuba Libres. I asked Noel if he knew him. Noel, out of a job for months, loafed around town all day and most of the night. There wasn't much that went on in Acapulco that he didn't know about. Now he turned in his chair and stared across the street.

"Oh! Oh, him! You seen that plane that come over about nine o'clock this morning? The big red-cabin job?"



There was Maida, sitting in the dust, holding this bloody head in her lap. Maida was pleading hysterically: "Get a doctor!"

"Yes; I saw it circling around with the vultures."

The vultures are always wheeling over Acapulco.

"Well, it's his," Noel told me. "I went out to the airport with a friend of mine. Taxi driver. I thought maybe I could get me a job guiding. But that man speaks better Spanish than I do. He rented the taxi to come to town, and kicked me out and told me to scram. And I had to walk all the way back from the airport."

"Nice guy."

I'd just killed the second beer and was wondering whether to have another or go back to Caleta and take a swim, when a package of firecrackers exploded down the street. I laughed.

"Mr. Cooper's Express must be starting his fiesta—"

And then I broke off. Because a young man was running down the middle of the dusty street toward the Seven Seas. He was running oddly, zigzagging, staggering, one hand clutching his side.

Noel slid off his stool and shoved the table hard against my middle. I went over backward, landed flat.

As I peered around the table, the firecrackers were still exploding—only now I knew they weren't firecrackers. The young fellow was still running toward the Seven Seas—only now he was bent double and stumbling.

I saw him fall against the curb and bounce back into the street. He landed on his face and his legs kept working. The shooting went on, and little spurts of dust popped up around the poor devil.

All the people on the sidewalks had disappeared. All but the aviator at his table in front of the Seven Seas. He hadn't moved. With the Mexican kicking in the street almost at his feet, with bullets flying around like bird shot, he hadn't moved.

A car came roaring down the street. There must have been eight men in it, and every man had a smoking gun. The car passed over the jerking legs of the man, bounced up the street past the cathedral, and disappeared in a pall dust.

And all at once everybody in the world was streaking, chattering excitedly, toward the dying man in the street. Above the heads of the mob I saw the aviator chap get lazily to his feet, turn, and examine two fresh pockmarks in the plaster wall above his head.

"Do you see what I see?"

"Yas," Noel said, staring at the aviator. "That fellow's got plenty guts—or he was too scared to move."

"I don't think, Noel, he was scared."

We got on to our feet and righted the table and stools.

"I hope I didn't bump you over too hard," Noel said. "When these Mexicans start shootin', I always figure it's safer to lie down than to try to run."

"I suppose you're right," I said. "What do you think was the beef?"

THAT fellow they shot is some kind of an officer in one of the stevedores' unions. His name was Pancho Alvarez. They're always fighting, them unions," Noel went on, brushing the dust from his none too clean trousers. "That Pancho had it coming for a long time."

Death in the dust at Acapulco. As casual as that.

And then I saw Durham Phillipson, the Englishman, stumbling out of the mob that had packed close about the murdered man. He looked drunk, as usual.

"I say," he called thickly, when he spotted me. "Cawn't we do something about Miss del Roche?"

"What's wrong now?"

"Why, the bally beggar isn't dead and Maida is holding his head in her lap. She's getting her frock all covered with blood and mud. And, you know, it's the only frock she has down here."

Maida's clothes, and Phillipson's too, were being held in Mexico City for nonpayment of a hotel bill.

I stepped off the high curb and pushed my way through the tight-packed mob of raucous-voiced natives. When I got to the center, there was Maida, sitting in the dust holding this bloody head in her lap. The fellow was still kicking, and Maida was pleading hysterically:

"Get a doctor! Get a doctor, somebody!"

Her face was tear-streaked, her brassy blonde hair had lost its meticulous wave, and her manner was, as usual, more theatrical than sincere.

I caught her arm. "Come on, Maida. This isn't your affair. Let these people handle it in their own way."

The murdered man kicked his last while I was getting her on her feet.

Once out of the mob, I found a taxi, rounded up Phillipson, and sent the two of them off to Caleta.

The dead man's friends were carting off the body now, and the mob was dispersing about its business. I knew that in another five minutes any one walking into the square would find it as lazily peaceful as always.

Noel had gone about his business. I crossed over to the Seven Seas and sat down at the table next to the aviator's. He was drinking another Cuba Libre. I ordered a double Scotch. When the boy brought it out, the pilot tossed him a ten-peso bill and, leaning toward me, said friendlily: "Have it on me, will you?" He didn't seem even slightly drunk.

"O. K. by me," I said, and moved over to his table.

MORE darned fun, eh?" he grinned. "Who was the blonde?"

"Maida del Roche."

"Oh, yes. I thought her face was familiar. Quite famous in the silent days, wasn't she?"

"She was tops, all right. Then, when the talkies came in, the sound men could never get the rasp out of her voice. She had to quit."

"What's she doing out here?"

"She's on the beach."

"Tough."

"Plenty. That girl was up with the best of them." The double Scotch had hit bottom like a ton of brick and I was getting talkative. "Now she's down—pretty far. She came to Mexico with an English photographer, souse by the name of Phillipson, to make a color film of the various native dances. Phillipson has been drunk ever since they landed here, and Maida's backer, some Los Angeles oil man who has a crush on her, hasn't come through with the dough. They're staying out at Caleta Beach. Same *pension* I'm staying. They're flat and I'm expecting old Don Manuel to toss them out any day."

"Tough," he said again. "How is this *pension?*"

"Not bad. Caleta is a couple of miles from town and it's reasonably quiet over there."

"I'll look into it," he said negligently. "Might as well introduce ourselves. I'm Curtis Frazier."

"I'm Lawrence March," I said, and we shook hands.

"The writer?"

"Yes."

"Down here getting material for a book?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, though it wasn't literally true.

Frazier shook his head, chuckling amiably. "I don't see how you fellows have the nerve to do it. You spend a few weeks in Mexico and then go home and write a book about the Mexicans."

"If I ever write a book about Mexico," I retorted, nettled a little, "it won't be about Mexicans. It'll be about the *locos Americanos* I've met down here."

"I think you've got something there. . . . How about another drink?"

"Fine—if it's on me."

While we were drinking, the first boatload of tourists from the Virginia trickled into the square. The tempo of the life which revolved around the plaza had quickened. The vendors were beginning to shout, the loungers on the benches were beginning to sit up, the beggars crawled out of the shade. The tables at the Seven Seas began to fill up. Within fifteen minutes after the first contingent swept into the plaza all were occupied.

Frazier said, "If I'm going to see this through, I've got to cash a traveler's check. Do you suppose I can fight my way into Cooper's Express?"

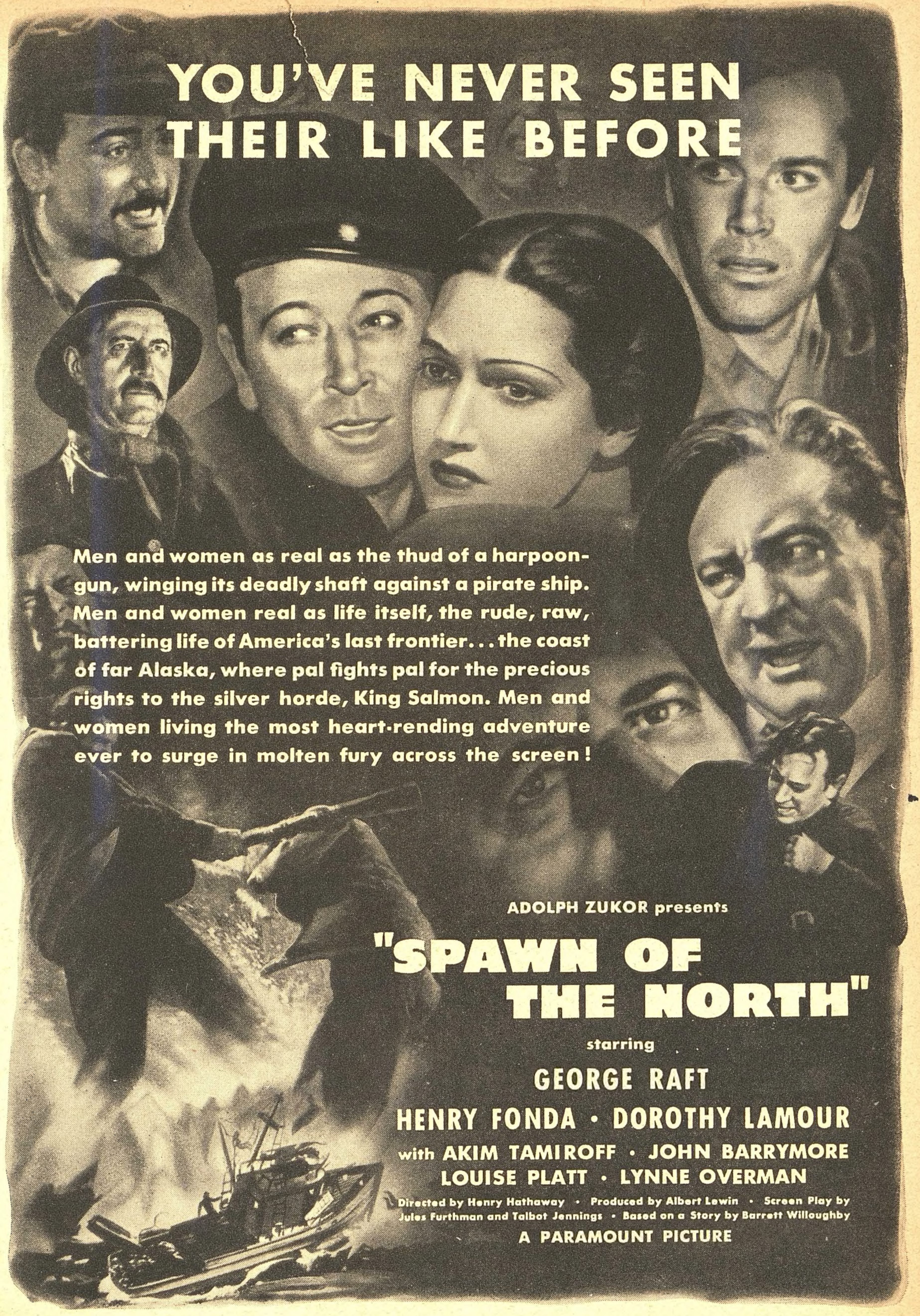
"I doubt it. Cooper's has been taken by storm. Better go to Casa Hudson. It's just a block past that gas station across the plaza."

"Good! Will you stay here and hold down our table?"

"I'll hold the fort," I said.

Watching him stride away through the crowd, I thought again that here, if ever I saw one, was the typical tropical adventurer. I was sitting there, wondering what had brought him to

(*Continued on page 10*)



YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THEIR LIKE BEFORE

Men and women as real as the thud of a harpoon-gun, winging its deadly shaft against a pirate ship. Men and women real as life itself, the rude, raw, battering life of America's last frontier... the coast of far Alaska, where pal fights pal for the precious rights to the silver horde, King Salmon. Men and women living the most heart-rending adventure ever to surge in molten fury across the screen!

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

"SPAWN OF THE NORTH"

starring

GEORGE RAFT

HENRY FONDA • DOROTHY LAMOUR

with AKIM TAMIROFF • JOHN BARRYMORE
LOUISE PLATT • LYNNE OVERMAN

Directed by Henry Hathaway • Produced by Albert Lewin • Screen Play by Jules Furthman and Talbot Jennings • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

(*Continued from page 8*)

Acapulco alone in that big-cabin job, when I happened to look up—and there was Trudie Bechtel.

She was standing across the table from me, looking squarely at me and not betraying in any way that she had ever seen me before. I know my eyes must have widened, my jaw must have dropped, because it was like a shocking jolt of electricity to see her standing there.

She turned quickly to the man she was with, said:

“ All the tables seem to be taken, Ben. Let's try another cantina.”

So that was Ben Bechtel. I'd never seen Trudie's husband—our affair had been that kind—but he was just as I had always pictured him. Middle-aged, tall and a little stooped, red-faced as much from liquor as sunburn, watery blue eyes a bit bloodshot.

I heard him speaking in a laughing undertone to Trudie and I caught the words “ typical tropical tramp.” Then he leaned across the table, asked pleasantly: “ Do you mind? All the other tables seem to be filled.”

I stumbled to my feet, my knees wobbly. I managed to say: “ By all means. Please sit down.”

Bechtel bowed, held a chair for Trudie, and then held out a big soft red hand to me.

“ Bechtel is the name.”

I rubbed the cold sweat on to my trouser leg as I brought my hand up to shake his.

“ Mine is March.”

“ Glad to know you, sir. Mrs. Bechtel, Mr. March.” She nodded casually.

Mrs. Bechtel indeed! My dear sir, your wife and I need no introduction. Hasn't any one ever told you that she and I—

I was almost laughing in his face. My stomach was twisted in a knot. As Bechtel was swinging his chair around and getting himself seated, I gave Trudie a quick sharp look. She hadn't changed in any—

But why should she have changed? It was only six weeks ago that I had told her good-by.

“ What will you drink, sir? ” Bechtel was asking, and I came back to earth.

“ I'll have Scotch, thank you.”

“ Trudie? ”

“ Oh, a beer, I guess.”

Bechtel beckoned a waiter and gave the order. When the man had gone, he turned to me and inquired courteously: “ You're not from the ship, are you, Mr. March? ”

“ No; I'm staying in Acapulco.”

“ Been here long? ”

“ About a month.”

“ You must like it. Down here on business or pleasure? ”

NEITHER.” I couldn't help laughing a little. “ You see, Mr. Bechtel, I'm running away. From a woman. A married woman in the States. That's why I'm in Acapulco.”

Bechtel blinked, and I didn't blame him. What a boor he must have thought me, popping out with a thing like that. Trudie seemed not to have heard me, but I saw a slow flush creep up her neck and spread over her cheeks.

O. K., Trudie. You had your little joke, walking in on me this way. Now I'll have mine.

“ Must have been quite a serious affair to drive you all the way down here,” Bechtel commented coolly.

“ It was quite serious,” I admitted, feeling perverse enough to enjoy myself, “ but not at all an uncommon situation. This woman has been used to wealth all her life and, while she doesn't love her husband, she doesn't love me quite enough to share my more or less perpetual penury. And I didn't love her enough to go on sneaking her out from under her husband's nose.”

Trudie's lower lip was moving now, and I knew she was biting the inside of it. I knew she was seething.

All at once Ben Bechtel was on his feet. “ Excuse me just a moment. There's the assistant purser going into Cooper's Express. I've got to see him about our luggage.”

He rushed off through the crowd, and for the first time since she had sat down Trudie turned her head and looked at me. Her dark eyes were humid.

“ Don't you know,” she said softly, halting after each phrase, “ that a love like ours doesn't die? Why wouldn't you answer my letters? Do you really think you can run away and forget me? ”

I didn't, I couldn't, say a word. All the longing I had been fighting for weeks was swelling in my heart.

“ We're staying, you know, in Acapulco,” Trudie said.

“ Oh! Don't! ” The words wrenched from my throat.

After a pause: “ You didn't read any of my letters.”

“ No.”

“ You came down here to get away from me.”

“ Not from you. From the whole impossible situation.”

“ Just as though I were a little tramp with whom you'd gotten in too deeply. But you know I'm not a tramp, don't you? ”

“ No, you're not a tramp.”

“ You know I've never loved any man but you. That I've never been to any other man what I've been to you.”

I KNOW that.” I was getting my breath now. With my wind back, I could fight—though in my heart I knew it wouldn't do any good. “ We've been all over this before, Trudie. And you know there's only one answer. My car is over there, across the Zocalo. We could be in Taxco by dark. By tomorrow night we could be in Morelia, Puebla, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca. Almost any place. Living is cheap down here. Life is not unpleasant. And I have an order for a novel. . . . Well? ”

“ Sorry, dear.” Looking at her, looking into her deep dark misty eyes, I believed her. “ I've had too much for too long. You forget that before I married Ben I tried to weather a depression on nothing a week. I couldn't go it again. I haven't the courage.”

“ Have you a better answer? ”

The warmth went out of her eyes, and all at once there was in them something I had never seen there before: the glint of steel. It was startling—because in the two years I had known her she had always been, without being soft, such a gentle person.

“ Yes,” she said coolly. “ I have a better answer.”

The implication of that calm assertion shocked me speechless.

Ben Bechtel came back and joined us. “ How about another drink? Trudie? ”

“ I'll have a daiquiri this time, Ben.”

“ Good. March? ”

“ I'll have another Scotch, but only if you'll let me get them.”

“ Fair enough,” he answered cheerfully. “ Waiter, two Scotches and a daiquiri. March, what do you do around here for amusement? ”

“ I don't do much of anything except swim. But the fishing is very good, if you go for deep-sea fishing. The hunting back in the hills is excellent and—”

“ Hunting? ” Bechtel's bloodshot eyes came alight. “ What do they get? ”

“ Oh, deer, mountain lion, wildcat, tiger—”

Bechtel rubbed his fat smooth hands together. “ That sounds a little better. Mrs. Bechtel has been trying to talk me into staying here awhile. I haven't been so keen for it. Too hot. But if there's hunting—well—”

I saw Noel hanging around the edge of the crowd. I knew he'd probably like a drink but I didn't care to call him over. After a while you get careless about the color line down there, but I knew Bechtel and Trudie hadn't been there long enough.

Curtis Frazier came back and I introduced him. Bechtel, it seemed to me, took to the tall bronzed aviator at once and they started immediately talking flying and hunting. Trudie and I were out of it, but I didn't care.

I wanted time to think, to achieve a state of mind. I wanted to be ready when we had a moment alone and she gave me her answer. Lost in my thoughts, I realized after a time that Bechtel had spoken my name twice.

“ What's the matter, old man? ” He was a bit bleary-eyed by now and his speech was getting thick. “ Daydreaming about your lost love? Well, cheer up. She may be a widow most any day. Look, Frazier. This man came down here from the States to get away from—”

“ Ben dear—please,” Trudie admonished gently. “ You started to ask Mr. March about the fiesta.”

“ Right. How about it, old man? Is this fiesta that

THE SPECTACLES: The Lost Short

Hidden 100 years! Liberty presents a remarkable literary discovery

HOW THE STORY WAS FOUND

By Edward Doherty

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

LIBERTY has often presented the first story of a writer who later became famous; has often published the masterpieces of “ unknown ” authors.

Now, for the first time, it enjoys the distinction of presenting an “ unknown ” story by one of the most famous of authors—the lost and much sought story by Edgar Allan Poe.

This tale, entitled The Spectacles (the same title that was used for another of Poe’s stories), is one of the first he ever wrote. It has been hidden for more than a hundred years, unread, unnoticed, unhonored—and unsigned —within the yellowed pages of an antique Philadelphia magazine.

It was discovered recently by Richard Gimbel, president of the International Poe Society, the Edgar Allan Poe Club of Philadelphia, and the Richard Gimbel Foundation for Literary Research.

It is one of the Tales of the Folio Club, one of eleven stories written by a wretchedly poor young man. It probably brought him only a few dollars. Poe never received much money for his work.

Mr. Gimbel spent thousands and thousands of dollars searching for this lost little story. He bought the tiny cottage on Brandywine Street in Philadelphia where Poe once lived. He bought the adjacent building, and filled that with all the newspapers and magazines of the 1830s and the 1840s that he could buy—believing that in one of those hundreds of thousands of periodicals the missing story must be embalmed.

The story was not signed with Poe’s name—but Mr. Gimbel has convinced himself and the editors of Liberty that it is a genuine Poe short story.

The Folio Club was invented by Poe not only for a vehicle for his stories but also as a means of burlesquing certain literary critics of his day. But no editor saw any merit in the scheme.

There were supposed to be eleven members of the club, “ quite as ill-looking as they are stupid,” who met every month after a late dinner to read aloud stories they had written for the occasion. The club was to criticize each story. The author of the best one was to be made president; the author of the worst had to pay all the expenses of the next dinner.

Poe had fun naming his imaginary fellow members. Each name not only gave a clue to the man’s personality but identified the story he told. Thus the member who told the story, Manuscript Found in a Bottle, was Mr. Solomon Seadrift, who had “ every appearance of a fish.”

MR. EDITOR.

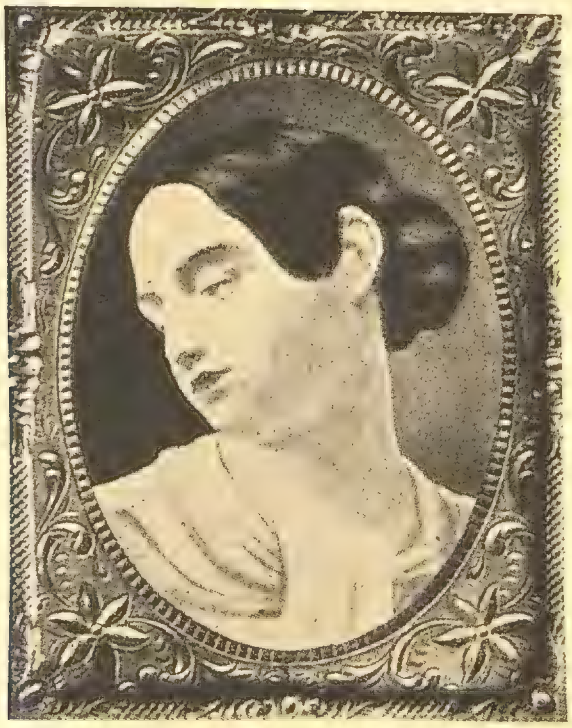
Sir,—There is one epithet which seems made expressly to describe my aunt. She was a very romantic old lady. Had the word “ romantic ” never existed before, it must have been invented expressly on her account. At nineteen she refused a baronet with ten thousand a year, and married on love and nothing. I never understood how she and her husband lived, the twelvemonth before he was killed in Spain. An ensign’s pay, now-a-days, will scarcely find him in epaulettes. But live they did, for at the end of this said year he was shot, leading a forlorn hope, and leaving a widow and child, as his monument stated, “ inconsolable.” Mrs. Loraine never forced the marble to lie—under a mistake. She wore black, and white pocket-handkerchiefs, to the last. The death of a distant relation made her quite independent; and she forthwith established herself in the prettiest cottage that Richmond, the modern Arcady of pretty cottages, ever invented. A willow on the lawn dropped the rain of its green leaves into the Thames; roses looked in at the windows, and geraniums out at the doors. Some people said it was damp; but, as my aunt justly observed “ Some people have no soul.” Here she devoted herself to the education of Lucy, her pretty little fairy of a daughter:—that is to say, she always curled Lucy’s long fair hair herself; and instead of the usual recitation of “ Pity the Sorrows of a Poor old Man,” and “ Oh hear a Pensive Prisoner’s Prayer! ” the little creature repeated, “ If you would view fair Melrose aright ” and Childe Harold’s “ Good night.” Certainly her system was not “ conducted on the most approved principles: “—there was no bread and water, no -ographies, and her botany only distinguished a rose from a lily, and developed itself in a taste for violets. Still it succeeded, for at seventeen Lucy was the nearest approach to an Angel that I, at least, ever saw. How well I remember the summer parlour, into which daylight never entered! My aunt had a lingering weakness in favour of a still fine complexion. Nature and art alike lent their aid; there were French blinds, and a Virginian creeper in great profusion; a harp stood in one window, where I generally stood too; while a stand of myrtles and roses occupied the other. My aunt’s armchair was drawn a little aside towards a small work-table, on which usually lay an open volume of some favourite poet; near was a stool for her feet, and her daughter, for there Lucy delighted to sit, reading aloud page after page, and expecting every one to sympathize in her admiration. Rousseau states that Telemaque was the first love of his Sophie. Lucy had a series of such ideal passions;—like most very gentle and timid people, she had a taste for the desperate. “ Lord Cranstoun,” goblin page and all, was not equal to “ Roderick Dhu,”—and I am afraid that she had an innocent weakness in favour of “ Marmion.” The “ Corsair ” was her grand passion, all; especially when she identified him with after Lara.

Just at this period I departed for the Continent and certainly a pair of very blue eyes “ shed frequent sunshine o’er my path.” I saw them amid the snows of Mount Blanc—and in the “ palpable obscure ” of La Scala, at Milan. I came home, and heard that Lucy was going to be married to George Fanshawe—George Fanshawe, the dullest, the meanest, the ugliest of mortals. I heard all about it—one always hears what is disagreeable. Mrs. Loraine and her daughter were driving out one evening: a cloud came over the moon, and a dizziness over the

Among others in the Folio Club were Mr. Convolvulus Gondola, Mr. Horribile Dictu, Mr. Blackwood Blackwood, Mr. Chronologus Chronology “ who had a very big nose which had been in Asia Minor,” Mr. Snap who had false teeth, Mr. Rouge-et-Noir, and Mr. De Rerum Natura.

When Poe had written the account of the first meeting

Story by EDGAR ALLAN POE



Poe's child wife. Is she the Lucy whom he pictures in The Spectacles?

postilion, and the pony-phaeton was all but overturned. Fortunately—I use the word, because it is the established one on such occasions, though I differ from the received opinion—fortunately a gentleman was riding past—he of course rescued the ladies, and equally of course, was ever after called their preserver. By-the-bye I hate the word, it puts me so in mind of a flannel waistcoat. The next day he called to make inquiries; the day after he called to make more;—and so he went on inquiring through the summer. Poor Mrs. Loraine was greatly surprised when on the first of September, he brought down a brace of partridges, and his proposals for her daughter;—still more astonished was she to learn that the said proposals had received as much consent as Lucy could give without her mother's. Mrs. Loraine would have expected her daughter to go into a consumption, had she thrown the slightest obstacle in the way of her happiness; but the happiness itself greatly surprised her. George Fanshawe was, in her eyes, the very antipodes of what a lover ought to be. He laughed loud, and was given to laughing. He had never read Lord Byron, and listened with all possible inattention. Moreover, like all handsome women, who have married very handsome men, she thought much of personal appearance, and there was only one word that could explain Mr. George Fanshawe's appearance—he was ugly, decidedly ugly; not "plain but intelligent," not "sallow but so interesting;" no, ugly was the only adjective that could stand before his substantive. I have only one excuse to make for Lucy: he was her first lover, and as Mdle. de Launay says, "our first and last conquests are those we truly value." The love-making went on, and Mrs. Loraine had then an additional misery; it was how much the style of dress had changed since her young days: she herself was married in a white chip gypsy hat, tied under the chin with a pink silk handkerchief. This gypsy hat is an infallible index in my mind to the knowledge of two circumstances,—first that the gentleman who dwells upon their charm with a "pastoral melancholy" is about forty, they having been in fashion some twenty years since: and secondly, that he was in love with some pretty face under them about that time. She would so liked her daughter to have been married in the same dress she had worn just eighteen years before,—white lawn, pink ribbons, and a Brussel lace veil. However, her ideas on the morality of dress, which means fashion, were too fixed to allow of her offering any opposition to the established custom of white satin and blonde.

Mr. G. Fanshawe was a clock-worker lover, he was wound up to calling at one particular hour, and from that he rarely deviated. Two o'clock saw him seated in Mrs. Loraine's shadowy parlour, and, it is a remarkable fact, he was never five minutes before his time. One morning, however, he was summoned on a trial of some poachers. Riding past the cottage, he thought that it would save sending a servant, if he called to say he might be detained all day. He dismounted, entered, and walked up the gravel walk: the sound of Lucy's harp came from the window; he approached near where he saw my sweet cousin seated. I do not think that I have mentioned before that she was my cousin. The blind was drawn up, and the room was full of sunshine. Lucy started from her harp in extreme confusion; this, however, Mr. George Fanshawe was too polite to allow, and he handed the lady most unwillingly back to her place in the window. She stammered, she blushed, she hesitated much more than he thought there was any occasion for: still he proceeded to state the cause of his early visit, and to beg her to give his compliments to Mrs. Loraine. As he was going, he said, "Lucy what do you wear spectacles for?" She made him no answer, but rushed up stairs to her mother's dressing room. "I have seen him, I have seen him," exclaimed she, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "Seen whom?" asked Mrs. Loraine, whose imagination was divided between thieves and lovers. "I have seen Mr. Fanshawe!" "And is that all?" replied mamma, quite disappointed. "Oh, but I never saw him before; he came in while I was practising, so I saw him; and I never can marry him, now I have seen him."

The fact was, that Lucy, like all young ladies of the present day, was very short-sighted, and, to conquer the difficulties of Mozart and Rossini, she always practised in spectacles. Now, a heroine (and that was my cousin's natural vocation) could not be supposed to wear spectacles—and these spectacles were kept as great a mystery as a murder, or a ghost. Lucy went about the world seeing half and imagining the rest. Her declaration was quite a relief to my aunt, though she thought it decent to remonstrate a little; but Lucy began to cry, and then advice took the shape of caresses. Well, Mr. George Fanshawe was dismissed, with three useful additions to his stock of general knowledge—first not to call on his lady-love before breakfast, secondly to ascertain whether she wears spectacles, thirdly to request in the first instance that she will look at him through them. They say, though, that such a proceeding will make others unnecessary. Your obedient servant,

CHARLES LORAINE.

Postcript.—I have been to see Lucy, who looks very lovely, and Mrs. Loraine calls her "The Victim of an Illusion."—Postcript 2. I was married to Lucy this morning, and she has seen me through her spectacles.

THE END

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of the club—together with the stories told at the meeting—he sent the manuscript to Carey & Lea, Philadelphia publishers, and waited for a check.

It seems the meeting had broken up in something of a riot, the member voted the worst storyteller snatching up the eleven manuscripts from the table and rushing out with them to the nearest printer. He wanted the tales published so that he could appeal from the narrow-minded and prejudiced judgment of his fellows to the broad and unbiased opinion of the public.

Carey & Lea kept the manuscript for several years, then returned it to Poe as unsalable. That is, they returned ten of the eleven stories. The eleventh was lost. The publishers could find no trace of it.

The Folio Club thus killed before it was quite born, Poe forgot it, and set to work to sell the stories. He disposed of them one by one to whatever magazines or newspapers would take them. What sums he received for them few can say exactly. It is possible he received nothing for some of them.

It was difficult for Poe to sell his tales to any financial advantage. He obtained only $100 for The Gold Bug. He entered many of his short stories in prize competitions, and was proud if he collected as much as $50 for one of them.

Years after his death, men began seeking those first stories of his, especially the Tales of the Folio Club. Ten of these were found in old magazines and newspapers, and readily identified, even when unsigned. Poe had left a memorandum to the effect that he had written eleven Tales of the Folio Club, but many of the delvers into his life were convinced he had written only ten—that the story to have been told by Mr. De Rerum Natura had never been put on paper.

In Poe's own words:

"The wine glasses were once again set down upon the table and everyone was silent while the man who wore a very singular pair of green spectacles rose to speak. De Rerum Natura, Esqr., started fumbling in his pockets and as he apparently found nothing, his face reddened and he seemed much excited. Each eye of every member of the Folio Club was fixed upon him, but even that made no difference. In fact, nothing made any difference, for fumble or look where he would, he could not find the missing tale. . . . But lost where and when and how?"

Mr. Gimbel was sure Poe had written eleven tales.

"Poe said so," he remarked, "and Poe didn't lie."

It was then he began to buy all the old magazines and papers of the Poe era. Tons and tons of paper were carried into the building adjoining the Poe cottage. Rows and rows of steel filing cabinets were purchased. Papers and magazines, and bound volumes of each, were sorted, catalogued, and filed.

And day after day and night after night Richard Gimbel, one of the wealthiest men in the country, pored over the musty pages, hunting the lost Poe story. He might have used Poe's own words to describe himself—"while I pondered, weak and weary, over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore."

One day, when vacationing at a seashore resort, he went into an old bookseller's and bought a bound volume of an American magazine. He found a Poe story in it; but that one had already been discovered. He turned the pages carefully until he came to a story entitled The Spectacles.

The story was unsigned, but Gimbel was startled. He knew that Poe, some time after giving up the Folio Club, had written a story with that same title—the tale of a man who almost married his great-great-grandmother because his eyes were weak and he was too vain to wear spectacles.

This little story had the same basic idea with a wholly different twist. It was of the same length as the Tales of the Folio Club. It had been published about the same time. The title and the nature of the tale would fit in with the personality of De Rerum Natura, the man with the green spectacles.

"Either Poe wrote this story," Gimbel decided, "or he was the crassest plagiarist in American letters."

He set out to prove a case against the story—and his investigation resulted in his becoming convinced that he had discovered the lost story.

"Nobody but Poe could have written it," he says. "Its heroine, Lucy, is a picture of Poe's child-wife, Virginia. Like Lucy, Virginia loved violets, played the harp, was inclined to tuberculosis, and was 'the nearest approach to an Angel.' She was Poe's cousin. Lucy marries her cousin. The house in which Lucy lived was 'the prettiest cottage in Richmond.' So was the house of Poe's childhood, the home of his foster parents, the Allans, in Richmond. Lucy's aunt is the same sort of woman as Poe's aunt.

"Lucy is 'very short-sighted.' Yet she wears spectacles only to read music. A heroine, the author says, could not be supposed to wear spectacles. She keeps her specs 'as great a mystery as a murder, or a ghost.' Isn't that line Poe-esque?

"And this line—'the summer parlour, into which daylight never entered'?

"In both stories, the unsigned one and that acknowledged to be Poe's, the weak-eyed character falls in love with some one seen only in the dark, or in dim light. And it is only when daylight comes, and spectacles are used, that the character realizes the situation.

YES, it is certain that Poe either wrote both stories or was a plagiarist. But both stories were published in Philadelphia, and within a few years of each other. If Poe had been guilty of plagiary he would undoubtedly have been accused of it—for he had many bitter enemies, especially among writers and critics.

"No such charge was ever made against Poe. The story is autobiographic to a high degree. It fits perfectly into the Tales of the Folio Club.

"It must be the story De Rerum Natura was to tell, the story lost where and when and why—a hundred years and more ago."

How it got into print after Carey & Lea mislaid it is still a mystery. Possibly Poe rewrote it from memory. Possibly the publishers found it in some pigeonhole or wastebasket shortly after they had returned the other ten stories.

Perhaps only Poe himself, master of mystery stories, could solve this mystery.

At any rate, Liberty is happy to present the story to its readers.

The name of the magazine in which the story was found is being withheld for a short time to permit of additional research and of copyright protection.

THE END

QUE 20 TIONS

1—His name isn't Alexander, but probably he has composed more popular successes than any other tin-pan alley graduate. The early photo is of whom?

2—What should be remembered about the sap of the oleander?

3—Who left New York July 17 to arrive at "a surprising destination" July 18?

4—Which federation has only six states?

5—Does the average motorist annually use 223, 494, or 655 gallons of gasoline?

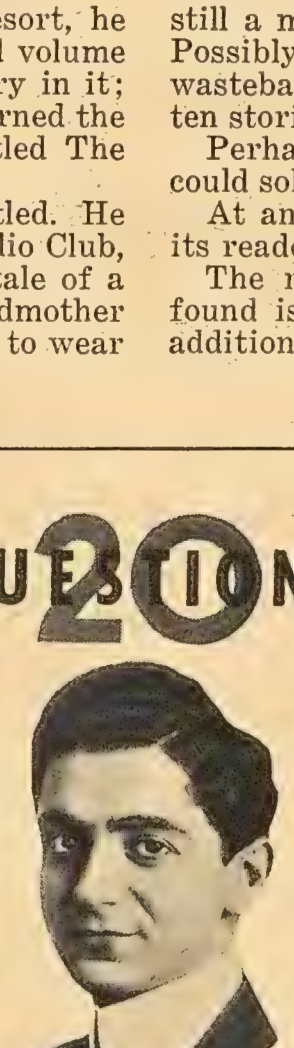
6—Who created the character Enoch Arden?

7—Which jockey originated the Garrison Finish?

8—Did Adam have any difficulty in swallowing the forbidden fruit?

9—What is the poetic name for Nova Scotia?

10—Which President was away from the capital at Washington for 124 days in one year?



11—If a ship's right side is the starboard, what is its left side?

12—What famed doll did Rose O'Neill originate?

13—Beer advertisements do not appear in which international daily newspaper published at Boston?

14—La Traviata was based on which play?

15—Whose picture appears on every package of cigarettes retailed in the United States?

16—What is the language of the gypsies?

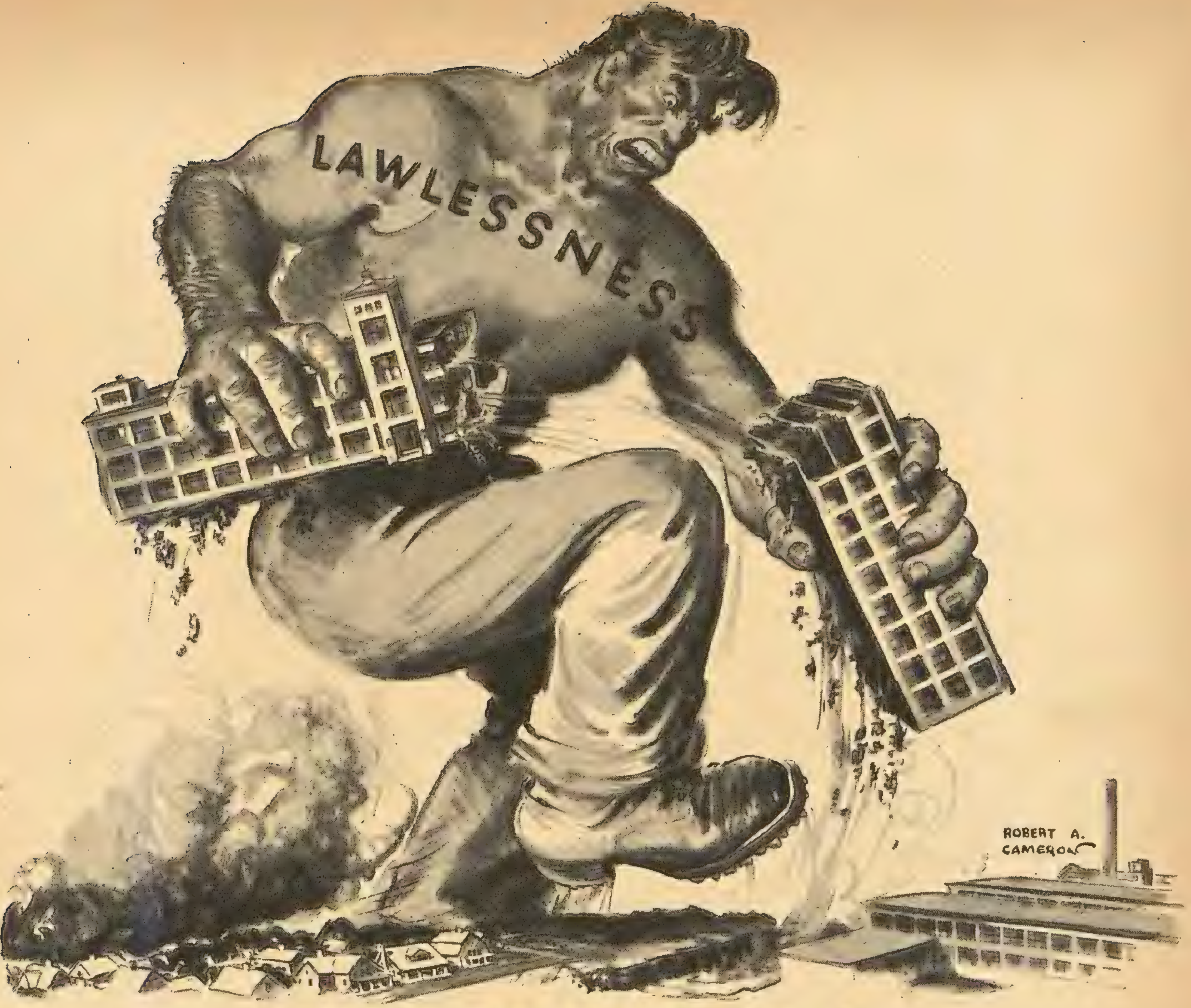
17—Which old-time serial film star was buried last month in Passy Cemetery, Paris?

18—What Norwegian-born football coach crashed in Kansas in 1931?

19—What is the capital of Delaware? Of Kentucky? Of California?

20—Who created Judge Priest?

(Answers will be found on page 41)



WHY AKRON IS A GHOST CITY-HOW STRIKES BROUGHT RUIN

The startling story of what has befallen a great municipality

By Former Mayor C. NELSON SPARKS

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MR. JOHN L. LEWIS, Mr. John Brophy, Mr. Sidney Hillman, and Mr. David Dubinsky—the Big Four of C. I. O. unionism — are scheduled to address a meeting at Newark, New Jersey, on September 19 to discuss what remains of the once great city of Akron, Ohio.

It is a rather unusual procedure for doctors who attended a patient in his last illness and themselves administered the lethal dose to act as coroners at the inquest on his corpse. But these are unusual times, and John L. Lewis is an unusual man. So it is not surprising to find that he and his three chief C. I. O. consultants are about to hold a belated autopsy to find out what killed Akron, the C. I. O. guinea pig.

There is no harm in this little byplay — the patient being indubitably dead!—except that these gentlemen's findings may give a rather one-sided picture of what has been happening in "the Ghost City of America."

In the circumstances, I feel that it is incumbent on one who knew Akron when it was "the Fastest Growing City in America—the Rubber Capital of the World"—in brief, before John L. Lewis and his minions came to the city—to give the other side of the picture.

Akron was still a canalboat stop, albeit an important one, when its great scientist, the late Dr. Goodrich, experimenting with a teakettle and bits of latex, gave birth to the idea that rubber could be used in shoeing vehicles. With the development of rubber as a manufacturing product, the open canal disappeared from Main Street, horse-drawn vehicles gave way to "horseless carriages," and Akron entered upon a new era.

The city gained fame also through its development of lighter-than-air craft. The Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, with its gigantic hangar, contributed to Akron's position as one of the sight-seeing spots of America.

Railroads ran excursions to Akron. Bus companies brought their loads of visitors. Automobiles by the thousand were parked on the city streets and at Akron's airport. Every incoming train brought new residents to the city where jobs could be had for the asking—jobs that paid in a day more than many of these workers had been able to earn elsewhere in a week.

Real-estate developers grew rich. Construction concerns erected factory buildings of the most modern type. Rooms were so scarce that landlords rented them out to house three shifts in twenty-four hours.

Even through the darkest days of the early 1930s, Akron's workers continued to buy automobiles, diamond rings, and $15,000 homes; for in good times and bad, the Akron tire factories continued the highest wage scale paid by any industry in the United States.

In January, 1936—the figures are not mine, but those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics—workers in Akron rubber factories received from 87.5 cents to one dollar eleven and three tenths cents an hour for an average of 32.4 hours a week, as compared with an average wage in all industries throughout the nation of 56.4 cents an hour for an average of 38.2 hours a week.

INTO this situation came John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. That was in February of 1936.

Akron's story for the next two years is a sordid tale of suicides, broken homes, evictions, foreclosures, privation, and want; of destruction of private property and violence to workingmen whose only crime was that they wanted to work; of bombings, shootings, stabbings, kidnapings, and threats to women and children.

Thirteen major strikes have occurred during this two-year reign of terror. Innumerable sit-downs and minor departmental strikes have caused loss of many millions of hours in wages and production.

The most recent outbreak, a bloody affair at the Goodyear plant, totaled three persons shot and forty-seven in need of hospital attention.

In all, more than 11,000,000 hours of wages and production have been lost to workers, stockholders, and general public since Mr. Lewis' C. I. O. came to town.

And with what result?

The city that once gave full-time employment to 75,000 satisfied, prosperous factory workers now gives part-time employment to a frightened, intimidated 25,000.

The city that once manufactured 67 per cent of the world's rubber goods now manufactures barely 30 per cent. The city that increased in population 360 per cent in twenty years is now rapidly liquidating.

Real-estate values have dropped 50 per cent.

Homes are offered at public sale and find no bidders.

Thirty per cent of the city's dwellings are now owned by banks, building-and-loan associations, insurance and mortgage companies, and the Federal Home Owners Loan Corporation through foreclosures, which for this quarter of 1938 are fast reaching a new high.

Tenant evictions and chattel-mortgage repossessions of home equipment have created such city-wide distress that recently a municipal judge urged the state legislature to enact moratorium legislation.

Heavy cancellation of light and gas meters and phone service indicates a rapidly declining population. School enrollment is shrinking by the thousand, and transportation companies are operating at a heavy loss. Millions of dollars have been lost to the community through the cessation of production which has been forced to go elsewhere.

Two thirds of the tire production of two of Akron's largest rubber companies is now done in other states.

Miles of useless brick walls, acres of vacant floor space, thousands of empty bolt holes—where once stood, whirled, and hummed calenders, conveyors, and rubber-curing equipment—testify to a city's desolation.

Thousands of former highly paid rubber workers are now working on WPA for sixty dollars a month.

Eighty-eight thousand persons—more than a third of the city's total population—are on relief.

Again the figures quoted are not mine. They are spread on the records of the official bureaus and authorities—as a matter of fact, on the records of the very organization that caused them to exist.

Lewis' strategy was to tie up the major tire industries of Akron, thereby paving the way for his planned invasion of the automotive industry in Detroit. He called together the chief lieutenants of his shock troops—all nationally known radicals—and instructed them to invade Akron and crack the rubber industry wide open through an attack upon the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

This company, in common with the other Akron rubber companies, had had no serious labor troubles for twenty-three years. It was an institution enjoying a world-wide reputation for its friendly, satisfactory, and successful industrial relations with its 15,000 workers. It was a great industry, whose plant operations were governed by a democratic system of employee rule—one of those much libeled company unions. It had enjoyed a national reputation for having created every known agency for the betterment of its employees.

Such was the organization selected by Mr. Lewis for his first experiment on the Akron guinea pig.

The attack began on the night of February 17, 1936, when less than 200 Goodyear workers, upon instructions from outside C. I. O. organizers, went on strike against alleged grievances which would normally have been referred to the workers' own representatives for peaceful adjudication with company officials.

Before the strike ended, the local Rubber Workers Union, then an A. F. of L. affiliate, authorized it and later became affiliated with the C. I. O. But this new method of attacking an industry first by outside organizers was used—and is still used—by Mr. Lewis as a defense against court injunctions secured by corporations against local unions' strike activities.

The outside organizers immediately sent out calls to near-by cities. Three thousand pickets, many of them coal miners and steelworkers from outside cities, were massed. Communist agitators from Cleveland, Canton, and Youngstown were included among them.

These imported volunteers, with a few radical workers, threw up tents and huts on East Market Street, facing the Goodyear Company plant, and, arming themselves, remained in possession of the highway for the duration of the six-weeks strike.

THEN began the usual intimidation, violence, threats. Fifteen hundred men were locked in the plant, unable to leave in safety. Wives and children of these men were visited by strong-arm squads who made threats. Many of the homes of loyal workers were damaged.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company obtained an injunction against the mass picketers at the plant gates. But the C. I. O. agitators ignored the court order and defied public officials to enforce it. Vandalism continued; there were four weeks of terrorism.

Then I entered the picture and organized the first Law and Order League in the United States. It was created after 186 plant workers, duly selected delegates representing 7,500 Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company nonunion employees, called me into their meeting and asked that I assume leadership of their group.

These distressed workers insisted that, due to the breakdown on the part of recognized law-enforcing agencies, the time had come to band together for their own welfare and that of the city at large. They believed that, by arousing public sentiment, an early termination of the strike would be brought about.

I accepted the challenge. Not having a sympathetic press, I was forced to go to the radio and voice a personal appeal to the citizens of Akron. In less than two days more than 38,000 men and women made application for membership in the League. And within two weeks after its formation the strike was brought to a sudden end.

But the triumph of law and order was but temporary. Forced by the activities of an aroused and articulate public opinion to give up their "outside-the-factory" terrorism, the C. I. O. high command evolved a new technique to tie up plant operations—namely, the sit-down strike which was to become so famous or infamous.

In total disregard of the verbal agreement which ended the first 1936 Goodyear strike, these sit-downs, accompanied by threats and intimidation and finally by shootings, have continued in this plant throughout 1936 and 1937 and down to the time of writing this article in 1938. Out of a total of 275 working days through the year 1936, for example, the normal operations of the Goodyear Company's plants in Akron were interrupted by these occurrences on ninety-four separate days.

In March, 1936, following the Goodyear strike, the C. I. O. leaders publicly warned the city that they were moving in on the Goodrich and Firestone companies next—on plants where, until Lewis' coming, employee and employer had lived for nearly a quarter of a century in mutual confidence and respect.

UNITED RUBBER WORKERS
GOODRICH
LOCAL
C.I.O.

Akron's rubber workers parade for the Firestone strike of 1937.

Within the last two years the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company has sold its battery plant, purchased a plant with about 2,000,000 square feet of floor space in Fall River, Massachusetts, constructed a new steel products plant in Riverview, Michigan, built a new rubber factory in Detroit, and purchased and reconstructed a modern rubber tire plant in Memphis, Tennessee.

No one can justly blame the Firestone Company for taking these measures for self-preservation. The Goodyear, Goodrich, and the General Tire and Rubber companies likewise have had no recourse but to look more and more to production facilities outside Akron.

The Goodyear Company, for instance—convinced that Akron had definitely become a "hot town"—began in 1936 to expand tire production in its Cumberland, Maryland, Gadsden, Alabama, and Los Angeles plants.

Gadsden today, at Akron's expense, produces more than 10,000 tires and 6,000 tubes daily, and this without any interruption from strikes.

By November 16, 1936, the Goodyear Company had moved all of its boot and heel business to Windsor, Vermont. On August 7, 1937, it opened for production a most up-to-date tire plant at Jackson, Michigan.

Every time one of these great plants opens in "outside areas," Akron sinks deeper still into despair.

And the end is not yet. Akron's smaller industries are discovering that there are several thousand unhoodlumized communities in the United States with alert Chambers of Commerce and business groups, far-seeing public officials and ambitious citizens, all waiting and anxious to offer new industries every known inducement to move in. And they, too, are leaving.

Once a mecca for tourists, sight-seers, and scientists from all over the world, Akron is now a mecca for alert committees and secretaries of Chambers of Commerce from all sections of the country hoping to participate in the decentralization scramble; and every one of these committees presents the impressive argument that its city has courageous public officials and law-abiding workers, and that Lewis' tactics are not welcome there.

That such promises can be kept by an alert and militant community is shown by the Goodyear Company's experience in Gadsden, Alabama. Of course the United Rubber Workers Union, which had become affiliated with the C. I. O. shortly after the beginning of the first Goodyear strike, promptly increased its organizing forces and marched on Gadsden. Offices were opened in the heart of the city and the union started immediately to promote industrial organization through the same methods it had been trained to use in Akron.

However, this Northern raid upon a Southern industrial community met with an entirely different reception.

The workers themselves—members of the Etowah County Rubber Workers Independent Union at Gadsden —fearful for their jobs, marched upon the offices of the outside organizers, dismantled them, rounded up the C. I. O. leaders, and ran them all out of town.

Personally, I am a man of peace. But I do believe that the only way to keep John L. Lewis' cohorts from ruining your town is to keep them out of it.

That this can be done without violence by any city possessing a wise government, an alert Chamber of Commerce, a courageous police force, and a public-spirited press has now been proved in more than one community.

If Akron had had sufficient civic and governmental and journalistic defense equipment, Mr. Lewis would have hesitated, even in 1936, to throw his imported legions into the peaceful life of the Rubber City.

Even with the defense equipment that Akron did have, if the Secretary of Labor and the National Labor Relations Board in Washington and the governor and legislature in Columbus had lent us a helping hand, we might have successfully repulsed the invading outsiders.

I have avoided, whenever possible, mention of the word Communism. It is a fact that whenever Lewis' forces captured an Akron plant by sit-downs or strikes attended by violence and destruction of property, known Communist leaders were always in the background.

It is certainly not the Akron manufacturers' fault that they had to do their decentralizing at the muzzle of a dictator's gun. Some criticism, however, may be due to Akron rubber manufacturers for not having said convincingly and frankly, at the beginning of its labor disturbances, that "Unless order is restored, economic reasons will force us to move out of Akron." In another crisis that surely should be done.

Until this article appears, it is safe to say that not more than 5 per cent of the people of Akron have known that approximately two thirds of its tire production has left the city—in all probability for good.

Can Akron come back? I hope so, and in my more optimistic moments, I believe so. New industries may rise in more peaceful times.

Meanwhile Akron cannot hold what little production it has left until it closes its doors to a labor leadership that depends upon violent and destructive forces from other cities to assist in frightening both labor and industry.

Akron cannot obtain new industries so long as it pats on the back a labor leadership that periodically creates strife to boost the payment of union dues.

And neither can your city or town!

THE END

ROOM WITHOUT VIEW

MARY PETERS put Ride of the Valkyries on the victrola, wound up the machine until the handle snapped back in her hand, and began to sweep the living-room rug.

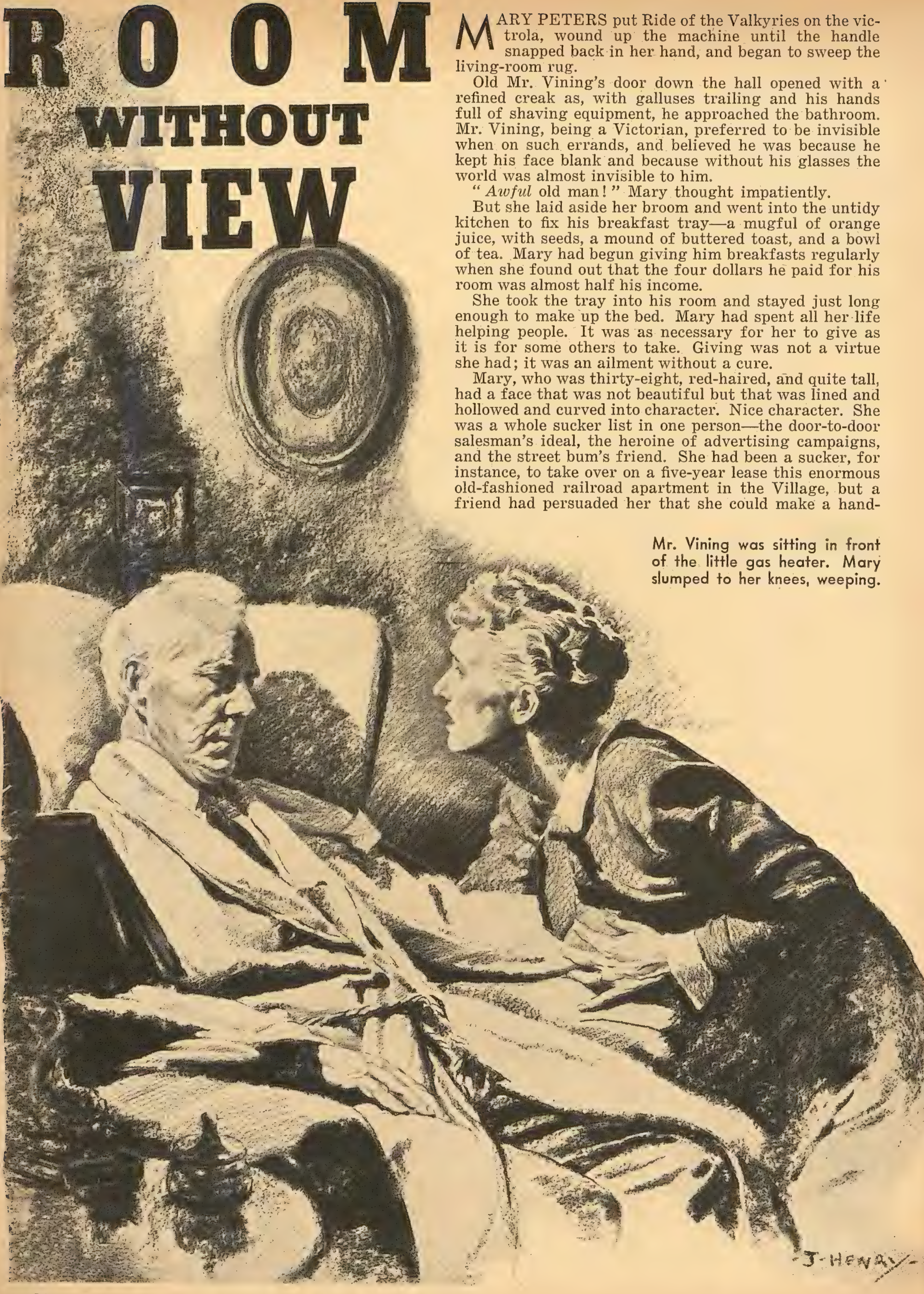
Old Mr. Vining's door down the hall opened with a refined creak as, with galluses trailing and his hands full of shaving equipment, he approached the bathroom. Mr. Vining, being a Victorian, preferred to be invisible when on such errands, and believed he was because he kept his face blank and because without his glasses the world was almost invisible to him.

"*Awful* old man!" Mary thought impatiently.

But she laid aside her broom and went into the untidy kitchen to fix his breakfast tray—a mugful of orange juice, with seeds, a mound of buttered toast, and a bowl of tea. Mary had begun giving him breakfasts regularly when she found out that the four dollars he paid for his room was almost half his income.

She took the tray into his room and stayed just long enough to make up the bed. Mary had spent all her life helping people. It was as necessary for her to give as it is for some others to take. Giving was not a virtue she had; it was an ailment without a cure.

Mary, who was thirty-eight, red-haired, and quite tall, had a face that was not beautiful but that was lined and hollowed and curved into character. Nice character. She was a whole sucker list in one person—the door-to-door salesman's ideal, the heroine of advertising campaigns, and the street bum's friend. She had been a sucker, for instance, to take over on a five-year lease this enormous old-fashioned railroad apartment in the Village, but a friend had persuaded her that she could make a hand-



Mr. Vining was sitting in front of the little gas heater. Mary slumped to her knees, weeping.

some living by renting rooms. Now each month was worse than the last because of bills she could not meet—gas used by her roomers; electricity, same; food for eight or nine people instead of for just her daughter Grace and herself.

Grace was like her deceased father; a thin, dark, refined girl without humor. She was a librarian over at the Jackson Square branch, and kept as aloof as possible from her mother's untidy life. She came in and shut herself in her room; if she had dinner with her mother, she seemed annoyed to have any one join them; and she was Mary's voice of conscience, always pointing out her errors and failures, which was depressing.

"Mary," Henry Kingston said, "I had to take the wash out of the bathtub for a while, so I could get in. I put it back and added a little more soap powder. Right?"

Mary flushed and laughed. "I forgot it was there," she said. "Thanks for reminding me." Why was it things always had to be most untidy, most disreputable, when Henry was there? He was her star boarder, a big red-faced cheerful Canadian who enjoyed strong tea, conversation, the movies, and excitement as much as Mary did. He paid ten dollars a week for his room, although he only used it two or three days a week when he was down from Montreal on business. She had protested that he paid too much rent.

"Nonsense," he said. "Worth every penny. Never got so many laughs in my life. Wonderful place!"

Considering he said it on the night he came home and could not get into his room because Mary had painted the floor while he was out, then locked the door so no one would step on the wet paint, then lost the key, Mary could only assume that he meant what he said. He slept on the living-room sofa, and the next morning went out, bellowing with laughter still, to get a locksmith whom he had make eight duplicates of every key in the house. There was a certain exaggeration about Henry sometimes.

"Mary," he said now, leaning on the victrola, from which he first thoughtfully blew the dust. "Have you ever thought—" He stopped and coughed loudly. "That is, have you any money of your own? Something you could depend on in case—well, in case you didn't quite make a go of this room-renting business—that is?"

"You know," Mary said interestedly, "it's funny, but all I've got out of my husband's insurance and this place and everything is about three hundred dollars in the bank. I'm scared to tell Grace—she'd have a fit—"

Smiles and a tear—and a tender tale of simple lives and shining rapture

BY HAMLEN HUNT

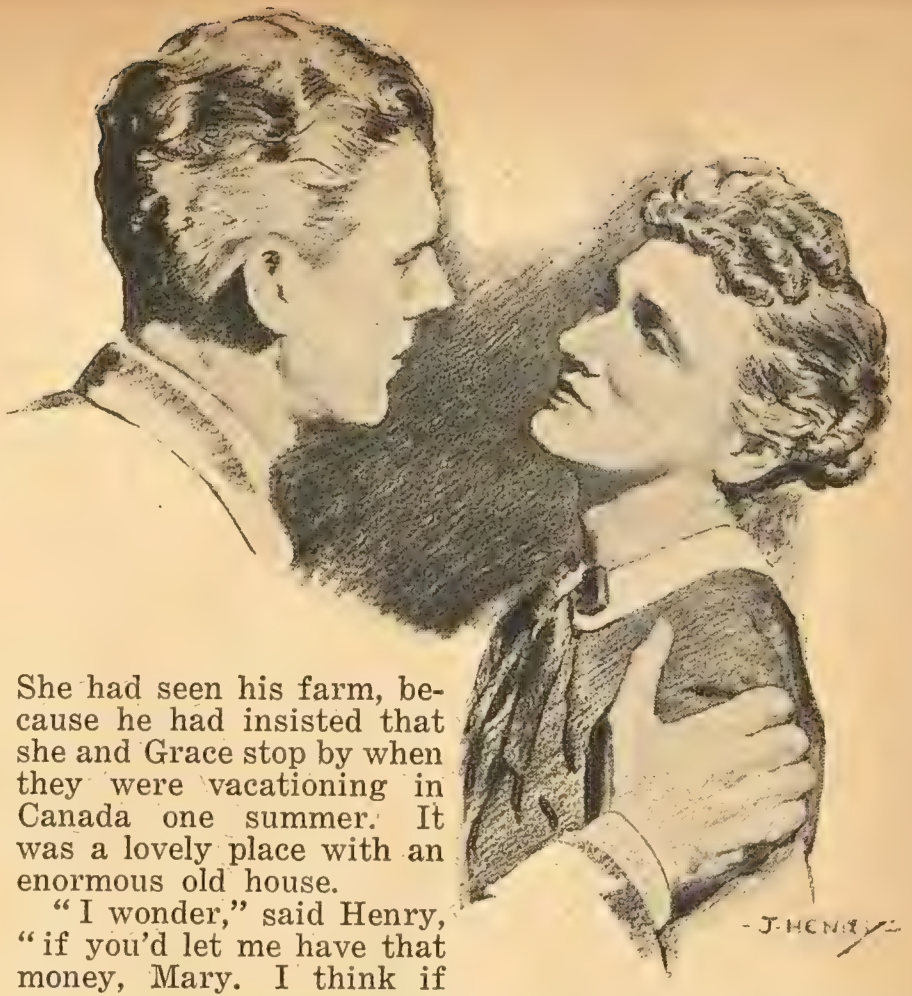
ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Henry's face reddened and he ran his hand through his stiff tobacco-colored shreds of hair.

"I hope you won't take this amiss," he said. "But—well, at any rate, I'm down here to put over quite a deal, and if it goes through I shall be able to retire to the farm—shan't need this room of mine any more, of course. Nevertheless, I hope—"

Mary looked at him with surprise. Henry was usually abrupt and matter-of-fact and unhesitating. She knew that he had something to do—was he vice-president or only a director?—with a big paint and chemical company which had plants in Canada and its main office in New York. If it was a big deal it probably had something to do with a new color process he was always talking about.



She had seen his farm, because he had insisted that she and Grace stop by when they were vacationing in Canada one summer. It was a lovely place with an enormous old house.

"I wonder," said Henry, "if you'd let me have that money, Mary. I think if you did—in case something else I have in mind falls through—hope it won't, hope it won't, of course—I think it might be a good thing for you."

Mary looked at him. This was the first time Henry had ever borrowed money. In fact, she thought he was the only person she had ever known up until now who hadn't borrowed from her.

"Why, of course, Henry," she said. "I'll give it to you later."

He flushed again, and Mary felt a stab of pity that such a fine, prosperous man should be so in need—and just when he was trying to put something big over, too. He was just the kind of man to spend every penny, though, as she did herself. She was glad Grace wasn't there to hear the conversation. Grace disliked Henry.

"I say," Henry said, looking at his wrist watch. "I must be off. Always late—always in a hurry. Wretched place, New York—glad to shake the dust of it off my feet—"

"I'll miss you," Mary sighed. "You're always so cheerful-like."

Henry didn't look at her. He said, "How about dinner tonight? Very anxious to have a little chat with you—very anxious. Shall I come by for you about seven, or would you rather meet me uptown?"

"Such a tactful gent," Mary said, laughing a little unhappily. "I think I'll meet you uptown—save a fuss with Grace. She's so refined, my daughter."

"Nothing unrefined about dinner, I hope," Henry said, outrage in his voice.

"Of course not," Mary said. "And I'll bring the money. I hope you won't need it before dinnertime."

"Need it?" Henry's voice sounded very strange. He scratched wildly under his vest—such fuzzy tweeds must be very itch-making, Mary thought sympathetically. He gulped. "Certainly I won't need it." He stopped and started again. "At least not before dinner. Thanks so much for lending it to me—your last savings, too. Don't you think you may be making a mistake?"

Mary said trustfully, "Of course not." She smiled her own food-drink-and-fire-for-the-night smile and pushed down the thought that now the record was one hundred per cent. But Henry had seemed to her like the Federal Reserve Bank, only more sociable, and now she felt there was no security anywhere.

"You're crazed, dearie," she told herself finally, long after Henry's smacking footsteps had faded down the hall and down the stone stairs. "And besides, he won't be around any more—just as well to get over any ideas you might have had right now."

This was sound advice; but as she started out for the bank she felt dismal. Even after she had three hundred lovely dollars in her purse, besides the two dollars and eighty-one cents she had had there before, she did not cheer up. She remembered it was the first of the month, and although it was also the last of the week, she felt sure her boarders were not going to pay all they owed. It was new for her to feel resentful about this.

On the way home she saw old man Vining walking ahead of her. He was tall and bent and he walked down Bleecker Street, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat and a many-caped greatcoat, and brandished his knobby stick when Italian children whistled to him and asked was he a cowboy in that hat? She caught up with him, but he seemed very short-tempered as he went into his room and slammed the door. Mary thought, I wonder what's eating him?

Mrs. Lincoln came home with one of her frequent headaches. She was an ex-pretty Southern woman who could not forgive life for making her work in a store when she wanted to have servants to do for her. It was hard to tell just how much she enjoyed her frailness.

"I'll make you some tea," Mary said.

"Oh, don't bother about me," Mrs. Lincoln said piteously. "I'm all right, Mary. I just feel mis'rable and low in my mind—I'll just lie down and try to get a little rest." She sighed suddenly. "Only I've got to go visitin' tomorrow afternoon and my dress isn't pressed—I'd better do that first, I guess."

"Let me do it," Mary said roughly. "I've got time before Grace comes home, and anyway I've some ironing of my own to do."

"Oh, *would* you, Mary?" Mrs. Lincoln said. "I'd be so grateful—it just seems sometimes as if—" She sighed and did not finish her sentence. "I've got five dollars for you—I'm afraid it's all I can spare this week." She owed Mary eighteen.

"That's all right," Mary said. "It will help on the gas bill."

She took the money and the intricately pleated dress back with her to the kitchen, where something smelled delicious. Mary could put a lump of meat, a handful of spices, a potato, and a few vegetables together and bring tears to the eyes of a food lover.

"Oh!" Mary said suddenly. She rushed into her room and tried to find a clean tablecloth in among her bunched-up underthings, stockings, belts, and an old felt hat in her bottom bureau drawer, which was where she fondly imagined she kept table linen. She had just remembered that Grace was bringing home her friend Helen, and she liked things to be done in a conventional manner on such occasions. I suppose I'll have to run out and buy one, Mary thought.

As she went out she knocked at old Vining's door, and at last he came peering out at her through the thick glasses he wore on a wide black ribbon.

"Anything you want?" Mary asked. "Besides your paper—I'll get that anyway."

The old man looked at her. "No. No, thank you. You've been very kind to me, Mary. I should like to tell you—in case I've seemed unappreciative sometimes—that I *have* appreciated it. A great deal."

He looked so strange that Mary asked, "There's nothing wrong, is there, Mr. Vining?"

"Nothing," he answered, his precise and theatrical accent sounding hollow and lifeless. She noticed that he had a letter in his hand and guessed it must be a bill.

A little before six Grace and Helen arrived, talking in muted tones about a new book that had come into the library that day.

"It's all *training*," Grace was saying in her firm voice. "People don't have to get into such emotional messes."

Helen Shiner nodded vigorously. "Exactly."

"Is dinner ready?" Grace asked, and Mary nodded, thinking it was strange that even after all these years she could not allay the ache in her heart because she and Grace were antagonistic. It's just we're so different temperamentally, she told herself for the thousandth time, and found no comfort in the telling.

"You and Helen go ahead," she said.

She fixed a tray, knocked and left it outside Mr. Vining's door. Grace and Helen broke off a conversation as she rejoined them, and she winced a little, then smiled.

"Mother," Grace said, as she and Helen got up to go to their lecture. "We've got something to tell you. Helen and I are taking an apartment—that is, we've already taken it—and I'm moving in tomorrow."

"Oh," Mary said. Her face felt as stiff as a mask.

She sat feeling as if her love for Grace had been struck with a mallet.

"I've *tried* to keep to myself here," Grace said. "But it just can't be managed, and I'm trying to study, after all. Helen and I are very congenial and we can live with a little order in our lives—and of course we won't be so far that I can't see you quite often."

"Of course, darling," Mary said. "It'll be grand, and you can budget and economize and do all those practical things."

Grace laughed a little uneasily. "I'm glad you don't mind."

"Oh, no," Mary said. She smiled.

But when they were gone, she sat for a long time. She sat until she heard the Adams sisters rush in. They were a noisy combination, just over twenty: they worked in offices and lived with Mary because the living was so cheap they could afford to dress better than otherwise, and that was important. Stepping was their only interest in life. Where they stepped, their stepping partners, and what they wore during the process consumed their entire energies.

Ann bounced into the kitchen. She was a slim little thing in the dirty bathrobe she wore between one snappy ensemble and another. She carried a new red dress over her arm.

"Oh, hello, Mary," she said. "Would you mind if I pressed this? Got a date in half an hour."

"Go ahead," Mary said, clearing the table so that Ann could lay the ironing board on it.

"By the way, toots," Ann said with strained lightness and looking a little uneasy, "I can't pay you anything until next week, I guess."

"You owe me three weeks' rent," Mary said. "I've got a lot of bills to pay—it's not going to be easy."

"Well, I'm *sorry*," Ann said. "But I spent almost every cent on this dress on the way home. It was such a swell bargain I couldn't resist it. But I'll pay you what I owe you—or half of it anyway—next week without fail."

Mary nodded and walked into the living room. She put on Flow Gently, Sweet Afton, and was not even disturbed when Joan Allan rushed in and handed her three dollars. "Know I should give you all the seventeen," she said. "But I've made a date for a permanent. Can't delay *that* any longer, you know."

"I suppose not," Mary said, with some bitterness in her voice. But she was so depressed nothing could push her down any lower, and not even the thought of dinner with Henry in half an hour could cheer her.

She was still playing sad records when the doorbell rang. She opened to a uniformed messenger boy with a telegram:

SORRY IT WILL HAVE TO BE LATE SUPPER INSTEAD OF DINNER WE WILL MAKE IT A GOOD ONE THOUGH SO DONT GO EATING YOUR HEAD OFF BEFORE I CALL FOR YOU AT TEN PLEASE GIVE MESSENGER MONEY IF CONVENIENT DEAL NOW UNDER WAY CAN TRIPLE MONEY FOR YOU MAYBE DO BETTER HENRY

"All right," she said to the messenger. "You're to take back this money to the sender."

"I know," the boy said. "Got my orders at the other end."

She sighed and walked back down the corridor, noticing that old Vining's tray was still untouched. There was something definitely worrying about that, for some reason she could not quite make clear to herself.

"It's his business," she thought, and went back to the living room.

The house gradually quieted as the Adams girls left for their dates with hot spots and beauty shops, and as Mrs. Lincoln sighingly took herself over to the Sheridan to see a new movie about the Old South. It was then, in the silence, that Mary got the full impact of the dreadful day not yet ended, and realized that Grace was leaving her and that Henry would not be back for any more lovely three-day sprees of optimism and eating. She didn't have enough money for current bills, and no more money in the bank now.

She thought, I don't know what to *do*—I don't know where to turn for help.

She mentally looked through the jumble of the past, picking out all those she had helped at one time or another and who had sworn to make it up to her some day. With a sudden cynicism, she knew she could starve before that happened. If it hadn't been this particular day, there would have been Henry to count on; but now even he had failed her.

At nine o'clock she went into her own room to change her dress for her last date with Henry, and this time Vining's untouched tray was like an alarm in her mind. She knew that she had been worrying about it all evening, under her other worries.

She knocked and got no answer. She called and finally banged at the door in a panic of fear.

"Mr. Vining! Mr. Vining! Let me in — it's Mary. Are you all right?"

THERE was no answer, and it was only because she was able to push the key out of the keyhole and insert one of the eighty keys Henry had had made that she was finally able to open the door. Vining's room was small. There were mounds of old play manuscripts on the bookshelves and tables, and photographs of other forgotten actors covered every inch of the walls. The window was tightly closed and a coat laid along the sill, and although Mr. Vining was still sitting in front of the little gas heater that Mary had bought him one Christmas, there was something wrong about the scene. There was no flame in the heater. The room was full of gas.

"Oh," Mary said, weeping. "Poor old guy! I could have talked to him today—found out what was wrong. I was so set on my own troubles—"

She bent down and picked up the letter she had seen in Vining's hand earlier in the day. It was from a doctor and was brief and to the point. It was too late for an operation and sight would probably be completely destroyed within a year or less.

Mary slumped to her knees, weeping against Vining's sleeve, patting his lifeless hand. She wept not only for the old man who had gone to a lonely defeat, but for all her own defeats—her carelessness, her failure to get along with Grace, her untidy life that was without order or plan or future. She had made a mess of everything. She had wasted time talking to strangers in shops and wasted money giving dimes to bums

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so they could drink themselves into gutters. She was nearly forty and her life was an untidy room without a view; it had no corner into which she could crawl and be safe.

She was still crying when the bell rang and she didn't answer it. It rang again, and a few seconds later Henry let himself into the apartment and was in Vining's room before Mary could answer his call.

"What's the matter?" he said, and then saw for himself.

"Oh, Mary, my dear!" he said. "How ghastly! Broke and blue, I suppose."

"And going blind," Mary said.

Henry came and got her to her feet, patting her, his ruddy face white with shock. "Go along," he said. "I'll take care of all this."

"Poor old man!" Mary sobbed. "If only I'd been decent to him today, this might not have happened."

"You were kindness itself to him and to every one else," Henry said. "Go and lie down until I can attend to things."

It was a relief to let Henry take charge. Mary heard him telephone, heard people come and go, heard the door of Vining's room finally locked, and then Henry came into the living room where she was still crying into the gaudy sofa cushions.

"Mary," he said, sitting down beside her, a mountain of strength in tobacco-scented tweeds. "I don't suppose you feel like going out—let's have a cup of tea. I'll make it."

"I will," Mary said. "Have you had dinner?"

"Doesn't matter," Henry said. They went into the kitchen and Mary put on the kettle. She knew how horrible she must look, and she dipped a dishcloth under the cold-water faucet and mopped at her eyes, gulping sobs still shaking her.

"Mary," Henry said. He stopped.

"Did you put over the big deal?" Mary asked.

"Deal?" Henry repeated. "Oh, yes, yes. Able to retire now. Sold my new color process—everything splendid—splendid."

MARY took down the enormous teapot and dumped a handful of tea into it.

"How nice," she said, and began to cry again.

"Mary!" Henry said, his face concerned. "Don't do that, please. Look here. I've got something to tell you—that is, ask you. Mary, do you know why I've been coming down from Canada almost every week?"

"Business," Mary said.

Henry shook his head. "Nonsense! Been coming to see you. Always meant to ask you to give up this wretched house—"

"Well, it looks as though I'd have to," Mary said. "Grace has gone to live with a friend in a tidy place, and my roomers never pay their rent. You were the only one who did."

Henry shook his head, irritably this time. "Just like my cousin Thelma. No eye for what's sense in money matters. She had a spirit, though—ghost of Cromwell, I believe—that told her what to buy, always telling her to buy this or that. She lost every penny."

"Henry," Mary said at the conclusion of this doleful story, "I don't seem to understand what you're trying to tell me. Why don't you just tell me what's on your mind?"

"I want to marry you," Henry said loudly, as if to show there was no doubt in his mind and he didn't care if all the neighbors on the court heard his proposal. "Think you're marvelous — always have. Farm's lonely—plenty of money—we always have a good time—"

Mary stared at him, trying not to feel as if the untidy room that was her life had not just grown French windows that swung open to show sunlight and daisy-marked meadows. There had never before been a view like that outside the room. She had known she loved him when the prospect of not seeing him any more had made her feel as if the future was no more than bills to be paid without money and loneliness to be endured without even the comfort of the movies.

I LOVE you!" Henry said, still loudly. "I want you to marry me, if you will." Without waiting for an answer, he reached in his pocket and drew out an envelope. "Fifteen hundred dollars here," he said. "Was able to do that well by your three hundred. Shares in the paint process—sold them this afternoon for more than they were worth this morning."

It sounded like a peculiar business deal, even to Mary; but then, all business deals were incomprehensible. She clutched the money as if it had come from that fairy-tale pocketbook that never holds less than it had, no matter how much is taken from it.

"Henry darling!" she said. "I've got all this money, I can pay my debts and give Vining the kind of funeral he'd like—all black plumes and roses—and I won't wonder if I'm marrying you for your money. I'll be marrying you because I love you."

"Thank God!" Henry said. He took out an enormous handkerchief and wiped his face thoroughly. Then he came and took Mary into his arms, with emotion lending such strength to his arms, breath was forced out of her in a peculiar-sounding gasp. He did not think it necessary to tell Mary that he had given her twelve hundred dollars so that she would feel free to marry him if she wanted to, and thank God she wanted to!

"We'll be married right off," he said. "And afterward we'll have the most marvelous feed we can buy in the whole of this wretched city—and you shall wear six new expensive dresses all at once if you like."

"The thing I like about you, Henry," Mary said, kissing him and smiling, "is that you're so practical. Just like me."

THE END

THUNDER OVER KANSAS CITY

Now it can be told!—Continuing the dramatic inside story of an amazing American fight against gangster rule

BY FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

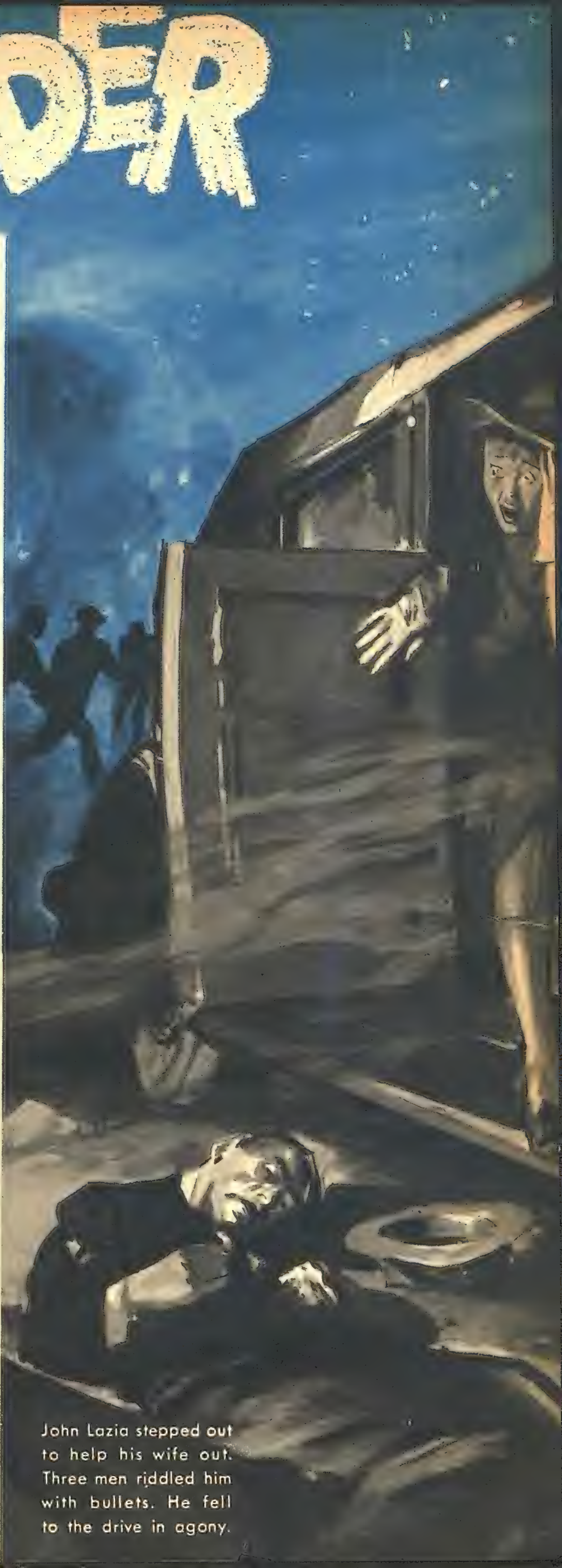
Mr. Allhoff began this series in Liberty last week with a vivid arraignment of Kansas City, Missouri, so-called Heart of America, as a wide-open machine-ridden town hospitable to criminals and underworld characters. This, he said, has been its status for twenty-eight years. Now at last a change is possible, thanks to the United States government, its Federal District Attorney Maurice M. Milligan, and Federal Judges Reeves and Otis. Vote-fraud prosecutions have been getting results—with no acquittals.

The Kansas City machine is run, as every one knows, by Boss Tom Pendergast. It was his young friend and First Ward lieutenant Johnny Lazia who, a few years ago—after conferring with Al Capone!—declared loftily: "There's no need here for violence. We can keep things pretty straight without bloodshed. We're not going to have out-of-town men muscling in here."

A sardonic commentary on that declaration was the Kansas City massacre in June, 1933, when "Pretty Boy" Floyd and Adam Richetti, nationally notorious "out-of-town men" both, attempted with Verne Miller to free "Jelly" Nash from his G-men captors and police officers, with the result that several officers and Nash himself were killed. (Mr. Allhoff's inside story brought out the connivance of Lazia at the attempt to rescue Nash, and his complicity in the escape of Floyd and Richetti.) The immediate conspirators were prosecuted by Mr. Milligan and convicted. Now for the "second round" of the Federal District Attorney's courageous fight.

PART TWO—MURDER AND AN ELECTION

AT about one o'clock on the morning of August 12, 1933, Sheriff Thomas B. Bash of Jackson County, in which Kansas City is situated, was driving home from a lawn social when he happened, head on, into a gang killing. Sheriff Bash had with him in the



John Lazia stepped out to help his wife out. Three men riddled him with bullets. He fell to the drive in agony.

"HURRY UP WITH THAT TEABERRY BEFORE THE BOSS RINGS" . . .

Hours of dictation can't outlast that extra-tasty flavor of Clark's! It's genuine teaberry, fresh as sunshine after rain . . . smoothest-chewing gum you ever knew. ●*Get to know* Clark's Teaberry—reach for that familiar red package on the stands, *everywhere!*

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Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

car he was driving one of his deputies, Lawrence Hodges; a little orphan girl; and Mrs. Bash, his wife.

This, according to Sheriff Bash's later testimony under oath, is what happened:

He was driving south on Forest Avenue and had just arrived at the intersection of Armour Boulevard when he heard gunfire and the screams of a woman.

It is not often that law-enforcement officers are lucky enough to wade into an underworld slaying while it is going on. Sheriff Bash was equal to the occasion. He slapped on brakes, grabbed a riot gun from its case slung in the top of his car, and jumped out into the street. A moment later Hodges, unlimbering a gun, hit the pavement beside his chief.

SOUTH of the two officers was a parked car. From its interior now came the clatter and flash of shots being directed at Bash and Hodges. Sheriff Bash took aim and let go. His marksmanship was excellent. There were two men in the car and he killed both of them.

Two other men had apparently leaped from the car. One of them, after firing four shots, disappeared between two houses some fifty feet from the scene.

The other, according to Sheriff Bash, came running up the street toward the two officers, firing as he came. Bash drew a bead on the belly of the approaching man, who by now was quite close.

As his finger tightened on the trigger, the man went white, dropped a .45 automatic to the sidewalk, and threw up his hands.

"My God! Don't shoot me!" he begged hoarsely.

Bash backed him against a building wall, and over his shoulder ordered Hodges:

"Pick up that gun he dropped, Larry."

Hodges picked it up. Both he and Sheriff Bash, who took it from Hodges and stuck it in his hip pocket, said later that the gun was a .45 Colt automatic, 1911 army model, bearing the notation: "Property of the United States of America."

Its serial number, Bash later testified, was 377,675.

The man against the building wall was sullen-faced Charles Gargotta.

The gang victim whose murder Bash and Hodges had come upon lay where he had fallen on the parkway. His name was Ferris Anthon. He was the operator of two cafés. He traded in liquor and dope on the side.

Merle A. Gill, nationally famous ballistician and an expert of scrupulous personal integrity, later testified that the bullets taken from the body of Anthon had been fired from the .45 Colt automatic Number 377,675.

A local police officer came on the scene about that time, and Sheriff Bash turned Gargotta over to him. The local police officer testified that en route to the police station Gargotta took another pistol from his clothes, saying, "You better take this off me."

Who the fourth man had been—the man who had fired four shots before escaping between two houses—police were unable to learn.

Officers later followed the unidentified man's trail, and between the houses one of them, Kansas City Detective Irvin P. Strean, came upon an abandoned pistol—a duplicate of the one Gargotta was alleged to have dropped, but bearing the serial number 504,567.

The woman who had been screaming, and who was found beside the murdered Anthon, proved to be his blonde wife.

The two men in the car who had fallen victims to Sheriff Bash's accuracy with a riot gun were later identified as Gus "Steiney" Fascone, a night-club operator, and Sam Scola, formerly a part owner of the Jewel Club which Verne Miller used to visit. Both had been members of the escort delegated by John Lazia, two months earlier, to see Pretty Boy Floyd and Adam Richetti safely out of Kansas City.

Department of Justice agents had themselves helped tag the guns taken from the scene of the Ferris Anthon shooting. The fatal gun, Number 377,675, had been taken, briefly, to the Kansas City Police Department for a futile check for fingerprints before being demanded back by the sheriff's office.

The circumstances that, in the first place, set off all the shooting do not appear. Ferris Anthon was dead. Motive was, as is usual in underworld slayings, murky. In any case, it was not important.

THE evidence—at that moment—stacked up like this: Gill had established positively that gun 377,675 was the murder gun. Sheriff Bash was prepared to swear—and did so later—that gun 377,675 was the one dropped by Charles Gargotta.

Sheriff Bash also swore that Charles Gargotta had shot at him. So a charge of assault with intent to kill was likewise filed against Gargotta.

The history of the murder gun was traced. It had been one of a lot of five hundred manufactured years before. It had been shipped with its fellows to France for war use, and had found its way back to America, where, with seventy-five others, it had continued army property while locked in the supply room of the Machine Gun Troop, 114th Cavalry, at the Kansas National Guard Armory.

On October 23, 1932, the murder gun was one of seventy-five pistols stolen from the armory. Another of those stolen guns later was found, incidentally, on Adam Richetti at the time of his arrest.

The Gargotta case neared trial. Around April 28, 1934, Detective Leonard L. Claiborne of the Kansas City Police Department came to the home of Ballistician Merle A. Gill. He was in something of a jam, he explained. On the night of the Anthon shooting he had, as a member of the Homicide Squad, gone to the scene. The gun presumably dropped by the fourth man—the man who had fled between the houses—had been turned over to him, Claiborne, by Detective Strean. And he had neglected to make any records in the matter. Could Gill give him the serial number of the gun?

Claiborne was a city detective and a scheduled state witness against Gargotta. Gill gave him the numbers of all the guns that figured in the case.

Gargotta went to trial. Prosecuting Attorney W. W. Graves called to the stand a member of Kansas City's Police Department—Detective Leonard L. Claiborne of the Homicide Squad, heralded as a state "star witness."

On direct examination Claiborne swore that on the day of the murder he had made out a red property tag at police headquarters for the gun found fifty feet from the scene—the gun dropped by the fleeing, still unknown phantom fourth man.

And Claiborne testified that *that* gun had borne serial number 377,675—the serial number of the gun that had slain Ferris Anthon. Asked on cross-examination to produce the tag, he did so.

HIS unexpected testimony, linking the murder gun not to Gargotta but to the unknown man who had escaped, completely upset the state. If Claiborne was telling the truth, Gargotta must be innocent.

The jury evidently took Claiborne's word for it. The oft-arrested Gargotta was acquitted.

United States Attorney Milligan, however, promptly jerked the detective before a Federal Grand Jury.

Claiborne told the same story he had sworn to in the state court—that on August 12, 1933, he had made out a red property tag on which he had personally written certain data concerning a gun found some distance from the Ferris Anthon murder scene.

Before Milligan finished with Claiborne he had looped that tag around the detective's lying throat. For Milligan and his G-men investigators proved that Claiborne could not have made out—as he had sworn at Gargotta's trial—the red property tag on August 12, 1933. The card, sworn testimony established, had not yet been manufactured on that date.

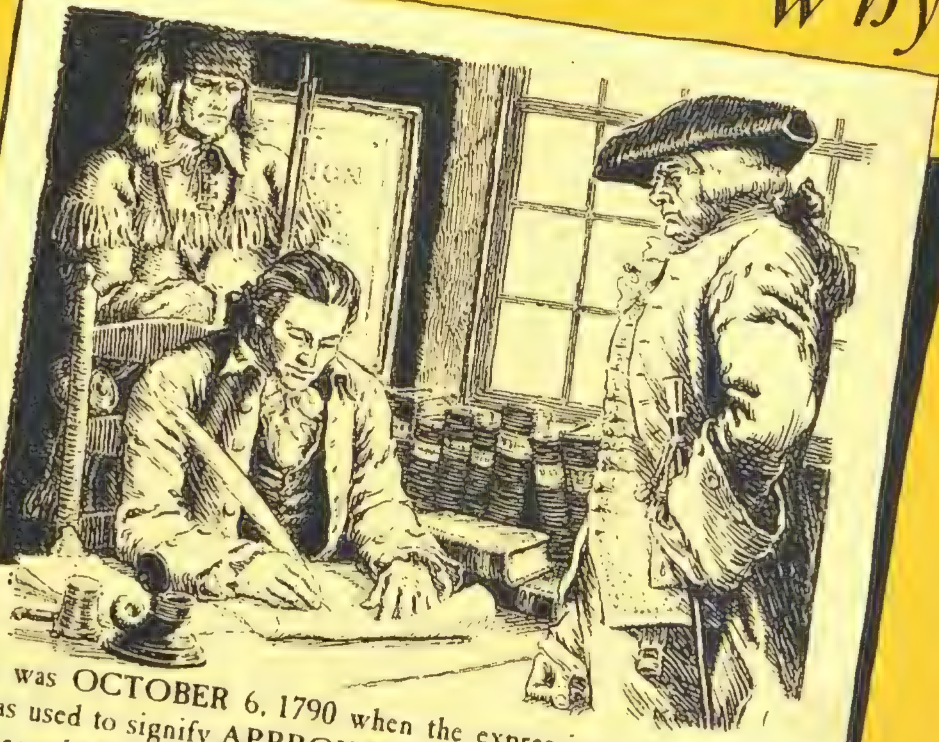
Claiborne realized that he was in a jam. He said, trembling, that he "didn't get a red penny" for his perjured testimony, but had been trying to hold his job by carrying out the orders of his superiors. When he added that he had been promised, for his testimony, promotion to a sergeancy, G-men told him to name the maker of this promise.

Claiborne unhappily replied that people were calling him "Yellow Back" and telling him that he had sold the state down the river, and that since his life was ruined anyway he might as well take the rap and keep his mouth shut. But he was indis-

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

When we APPROVE we say O.K.

Why?



It was OCTOBER 6, 1790 when the expression "O.K." first was used to signify APPROVAL. On that date Andrew Jackson "proved a bill-of-sale, WHICH WAS O.K." in the court records of Sumner County, Tennessee. Probable source of the expression is the Choctaw word OKEH, meaning: "It is so and in no other way." Today dictionaries recognize this customary expression for showing APPROVAL as a part of our language. This

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:

POUR GLENMORE ...YOU GET MORE
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ONE PINT
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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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The approval of GLENMORE by judges of fine whiskey is based upon sound reasons. GLENMORE'S traditional formula calls for the finest of selected grains . . . and Kentucky's famed deep-well water. For two generations GLENMORE methods have not altered. You will approve your own choice when you pour *GLENMORE . . . you get more.*

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creet enough to drop one hint, which he belatedly attempted to cover up.

The man behind the scenes, the man who had influenced him, he admitted, was a man who quite recently had been in the Federal Building on charges of evasion of income-tax payments.

That description could have fitted more than one person. Among those it fitted, however, was—John Lazia.

Claiborne was convicted of perjury, sentenced to four years in Leavenworth, and fined $1,001.

Milligan now turned to Charles Gargotta, innocent of murder, and brought him to trial on three counts—receipt, concealment, and possession of two army automatics stolen from the Kansas National Guard Armory.

At left: Federal District Attorney Milligan as he appears in a courtroom fray.

Right: Johnny Lazia's funeral procession—"Hollywood never has equaled it"—in the sob-flooded streets.

Gargotta, arrested while lounging in front of the North Side Democratic Club, complained thus: "It never rains but it pours. I don't know anything about those pistols. I never owned them. I have been a law-abiding citizen for thirty-two years."

Milligan's assistant, Randall Wilson, attempting to prove differently in court, produced a record which he said showed thirty-six arrests in Kansas City of Charles Gargotta.

The defense protested that it was two other fellows named Charles Gargotta, and demanded that Wilson forthwith produce Gargotta's fingerprint record to back up the accusation.

Wilson, admitting that he would be unable to produce Gargotta's fingerprint record, said the reason why was that on May 18, 1929, Gargotta's record at police headquarters in Kansas City had been ordered removed from the files by the chief of police.

The amazing courtroom battle continued. Gargotta was found guilty on all three counts, sentenced to serve three years in the penitentiary.

Thus Charles Gargotta had been found guilty in Federal Court of at one time possessing the gun which had snuffed out the life of a man for whose murder he had already been tried and acquitted.

But his conviction on the gun charge didn't stick. The case jumped, on appeal, to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, where the conviction was reversed.

One of the newspapers, during Gargotta's trial for murder, had said:

"All of Lazia's resources and those of his followers have been thrown behind the accused man's defense."

In the interests of four-square fairness, it should be emphasized that the linking of Charles Gargotta with Johnny Lazia—though neither of them seems publicly to have denied the friendship charged—is not entirely cricket.

What must, further, be emphasized is this:

Gargotta, accused of two crimes, stood trial, presented his defense, and was found innocent of both offenses.

Should you find him today in the Belmont, or lounging in front of the North Side Democratic Club, or watching the girls dance nude at noon or midnight in the dimly lighted Chesterfield Club, it is well that you remember that Charles Gargotta has every right to do these things. He is an innocent man. He has been harassed and he has undoubtedly suffered.

Perhaps he is still suffering. My last information at the time of writing was that the charge of assault with intent to kill, lodged against him on complaint of Sheriff Bash, was still pending in the county prosecutor's office in Kansas City.

It has been pending since that weird morning of August 12, 1933, and has passed twenty-five terms of court.

Speaking of suffering, Johnny Lazia about this time was having income-tax trouble.

He had managed to pull strings and hush things up for a while, but the government kept sniping away. He did everything he could. One thing, apparently, was to appeal to the Boss. For on May 12, 1933—a month before the Kansas City massacre—Boss Thomas J. Pendergast wrote the following letter to Postmaster General James A. Farley:

Dear Jim:

Jerome Walsh and John Lazia will be in Washington to see you about the same matter that I had Mr. Kemper talk to you about. Now, Jim, Lazia is one of my chief lieutenants and I am more sincerely interested in his welfare than anything you might be able to do for me now or in the future. He has been in trouble with the Income Tax Department for some time. I know it was simply a case of being jobbed because of his Democratic activities. I think Frank Walsh spoke to the proper authorities about this. In any event, I wish you would use your utmost endeavor to bring about a settlement of this matter. I cannot make it any stronger, except to say that my interest in him is greater than anything that might come up in the future. Thanking you for anything and everything you can do, I remain sincerely,

Your friend,
T. J. PENDERGAST.

Mr. Farley, subsequent events indicate, did not use his "utmost endeavor" on behalf of Lazia. The Romping Robin Hood of Kansas City was jerked into Federal Court, convicted of failure to file income-tax returns, fined $5,000, and sentenced to serve one year in Christian County Jail at Ozark, Missouri.

Lazia took this bit of "jobbing" hard. But he was still in there fighting. He appealed, aiming his case at the Circuit Court that spared Charles Gargotta the humiliation of imprisonment.

It is now plain that he would have done better to go to jail. Whether or not his conviction in Federal Court was taken by his enemies to be a sign that Johnny was slipping is not clear. At any rate, his scepter was worth grabbing.

It was early of a Tuesday morning in July that Johnny

Lazia was nudged from his throne. With his wife, Marie, and a friend, Charles Carrolla, he had just driven up to the Park Central Hotel, where he occupied the third floor's most regal suite.

What happened I can only pass along from the accounts published at the time by newspapers that were eager, it would seem, to canonize this saint of the First Ward sidewalks.

John Lazia stepped from the automobile to help his wife out. From behind the shrubbery of the Park Central Hotel popped, like pixies, three unidentified men who riddled him with bullets.

He fell to the driveway—eight bullets weighing him down and, since they had been fired into his midsection, causing him agony. They took him to St. John's Hospital, where his wife sobbed outside his room, while, according to the newspapers, Miss Mary McElroy, daughter of Pendergast's city manager, tried to console her.

The end came quickly, with the slayers and their motives still a mystery. From the hospital Dr. D. M. Nigro brought the last words of Johnny Lazia:

" I don't know why they did it. I'm a friend to everybody. If anything happens, notify Mr. Pendergast, my best friend, and tell him I love him."

HE would have been proud of his own funeral. Hollywood never turned out anything like it. Chicago, in the loud days of politico-crime rule, never surpassed it.

Johnny Lazia lay in his $5,000 silver-lined casket in the dining room of his sister's home, surrounded by floral tributes that had come from New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago and Cleveland and New Orleans and Los Angeles. There were local wreaths, too, one from Tom Pendergast, who, with City Manager McElroy, was among those to appear at either home or funeral.

The newspapers estimated that 20,000 persons came to look upon the late-lamented. Among them were seen business men, sportsmen, gamblers, and politicians both Democratic and Republican. As they crossed the front porch they passed a huge heart-shaped floral piece which bore the legend: " To the Peer of All. At Rest."

There were one hundred twenty official cars in the funeral procession.

All in all, 1934 had been a pretty blowsy year for Kansas City. The Union Station massacre scandal was still echoing. The trial for perjury of a Kansas City detective was stinking up the front pages. John Lazia, the Robin Hood who had sworn to keep Kansas City's streets clean of violently spilled blood, had eaten his words and several bullets with them.

And Kansas City had, just a short while before, witnessed a hoodlums' holiday that, for sheer brazen defiance of law and order, equals, if it does not outdo, anything in the history of American politics.

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Sunkist brings you just the finest Valencias. Fully tree-ripened. Practically seedless. Easy to peel, slice and separate. *Always* BETTER, *all* WAYS!

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For one day the good citizens of Kansas City were afraid to go out into the streets. For one day the underworld actually took over the city.

For one day Kansas City's criminals came out into the open and gave murderous demonstration of the fact that they ruled the respectable if chickenhearted majority.

It was Election Day—March 27, 1934.

It would be nice, but inaccurate, to report that the whole thing grew solely out of the attempt of those representing clean government to upset those representing the unclean. Actually, it was a battle for a place at the feed trough between two factions of Democrats.

A citizens' organization interested in decent government did have on its slate that day a candidate for councilman named Frank H. Backstrom. Peter J. Kelly, a ward boss, had thrown his support behind Backstrom in an effort to usurp the throne of a political power named Joseph Shannon, whose candidate for the same office in the same district was C. R. Benton.

Representative Shannon, in years past, had fought for power against the Pendergast machine; had later reached some sort of amicable truce. During their warfare, one newspaper charged that Pendergast workers were voting the goats on the hills. Another newspaper retorted that the Shannon voters flocked to the polls like scared rabbits. The phrases stuck: "Pendergast's goats" and "Shannon's rabbits." If you voted, you were either a goat, a rabbit, or a maverick.

It would seem today that for the voters of Kansas City the word sheep might be even more appropriate.

For Kansas Citians took the 1934 "bloody elections" with little more than a feeble bleat of protest.

Things began to happen early that day. Justin D. Bowersock, a Kansas City Star reporter, was assigned by his paper to investigate election irregularities. He picked up two friends, Dr. Arthur H. Wells, a pathologist at Research Hospital, and Lloyd Cole, a former Republican police officer, and drove to a polling place at 1016½ East Eighth Street, where he saw three large sedans, loaded with men and women who had just voted there, pulling away and heading toward another polling place at Ninth and Troost. Trailing these three carfuls of "repeaters," Dr. Wells happened to look out of the rear window of Bowersock's car. What he saw he did not like—two cars filled with swarthy young hoodlums.

He warned Bowersock. The reporter put on speed. But the cars behind were faster.

"Look out! They're coming at you!" Dr. Wells shouted.

Bowersock's car was rammed to the curb. From the pursuing cars two men described as Italians leaped out. They carried guns. Bowersock rolled down the window to ask why he was being stopped. One of the two men seized his necktie, dragged him from his car, and slugged him with a gun butt.

"I'm a reporter," he protested. "I—"

Their expressions told him that being a reporter was not in his favor. A car was passing, driven by a man named George Chronic. Bowersock leaped on its running board. His assailants ran back to their car, where a third man sat holding a gun. The chase began.

Meanwhile the men from the other car of the two which had trailed Bowersock's were hammering with their gun butts on the unprotected skulls of Dr. Wells and former policeman Cole. As a final warning, they fired several bullets into Bowersock's car, where sat the bleeding and unconscious doctor and ex-policeman.

George Chronic, with the reporter beside him, had careened around a corner into Oak Street when he heard a shot from the pursuing car in back. Instinctively he began to apply brakes.

"For God's sake," Bowersock shouted, "don't stop here or they'll kill us both!"

Outside the offices of the Kansas City Star, the reporter jumped. The thugs brazenly chased him to the very lobby of the newspaper building.

To hell with the freedom of the press! This was Election Day.

At about the same hour, A. S. Williams, a Fusionist challenger stationed at a polling place near the scene

"WE ALL WONDERED HOW JACK DID IT TILL WE FOUND THIS EMPTY BOTTLE"
Crab Orchard Brand Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
JACK HAD ANOTHER PARTY LAST NIGHT. HE'S CERTAINLY THE MOST POPULAR FELLOW IN THIS PART OF TOWN.
HE SURE IS! NOBODY EVER SENDS THEIR REGRETS WHEN JACK INVITES THEM OVER.
IT MUST BE EXPENSIVE TO ENTERTAIN THAT WAY, FOR HE SERVES GRAND DRINKS AND DOESN'T MAKE ANY MORE MONEY THAN WE DO.
HIS LIQUOR BILL MUST BE PLENTY HIGH.
BUS STOP
LOOK, DICK, HERE'S THE ANSWER. JACK SERVES CRAB ORCHARD AND YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE THAT COSTS.
TWO DAYS LATER
SURE—AROUND A DOLLAR A PINT.
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY JACK CAN BE SO HOSPITABLE. BUT I NEVER REALIZED CRAB ORCHARD WAS SO GOOD.
NEITHER DID I, BUT STILL IT OUGHT TO BE GOOD. FOR IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON MADE THE QUALITY WAY.
PLEASE YOUR PALATE AND YOUR PURSE — AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR OR PACKAGE STORE, ASK FOR
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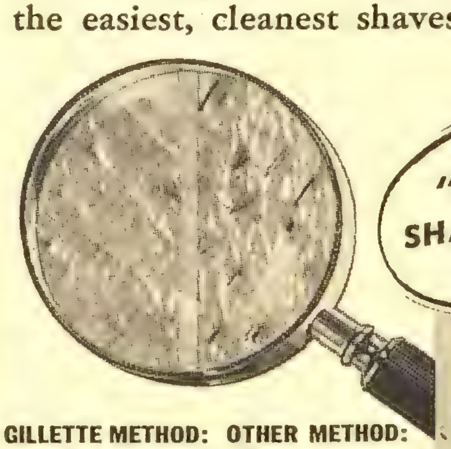
ANYBODY CAN SEE that a big helmet on a little boy is a misfit. While a misfit razor blade isn't so obvious, your face *feels* the difference, instantly! Avoid misfit blades and poor shaves! Demand Gillette Blades that are precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly.

Try Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream, made with peanut oil. It softens tough wiry whiskers, speeds shaving, tones the skin. Get a big tube for only 25¢.

"WHEN it comes to picking an all-time, all-American *shaving* team," says Grantland Rice, famous sportsman and football expert, "I'll cast my vote for a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor every time! This pair gets my nomination for top honors because it gives me smooth, close, exhilarating shaves that just can't be duplicated any other way. Substitute blades and other shaving methods are 'out' with me." Take this tip from Grantland Rice. Try the Gillette Blade, precision-made to fit your razor exactly. You'll agree this combination gives the easiest, cleanest shaves money can buy!

I SAID GILLETTE!

GRANTLAND RICE DEMANDS Gillette Blades by name—and gets them! Why make *your* face a proving ground? Insist on Gillette Blades and get more shaving comfort for your money! Reputable merchants always give you what you ask for!



"MILLION-DOLLAR" SHAVES FOR LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

GILLETTE METHOD: This microphoto shows how cleanly a Gillette Blade removes your beard right at the skin line.

OTHER METHOD: The half-mown stubble left by another method will appear full-grown in a few short hours.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette
RAZORS AND BLADES

PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

of the Ferris Anthon murder, was kidnaped by four armed thugs who told him: "Stay away from there or you'll get your head caved in."

The chauffeur of H. J. Haskell, editor of the Kansas City Star, was beaten severely and shot at by hoodlums in an auto as he was driving voters to the polls.

Others were brutally slugged: Alvin K. Hill, a Citizens' challenger; George Pullian, a patrolman on election duty; John J. Griffin, a Democratic worker; C. S. Knighton, W. B. Schlins, and Mrs. Violet Sprague, Citizens' workers. Armed thugs were systematically patrolling the streets of Kansas City in powerful automobiles. Those automobiles bore no license plates—yet not one was picked up by the police or even halted.

Early that morning a polling book had been snatched by a hoodlum from the hands of Esther Shirley, worker at the Ninth Ward headquarters of the Citizens-Fusion ticket. The book was destroyed before her eyes. She obtained another. A short time later eight armed thugs entered the office on Independence Avenue where she was working. They took the place apart.

A man named Merton Diels was using the telephone. A gun butt over the head cut off his conversation. He dropped, and two thugs kicked him. A Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rucker got in the path of the terrorists and were slugged and kicked. Every one in the place was lined up against a wall. One raider ripped loose a small radio and threw it at the lined-up men and women, while his fellows smashed chairs and desks.

AT 10 A. M. a weird thing happened at the polling place in 1901 East Twenty-fourth Street. It was a grocery store. Its early-morning voting had been orderly.

Detective S. D. Harrison had been assigned to guard it. A Negro policeman came to him and said, "Just got a trouble call. Will you go with me?"

The trouble seemed to be only two blocks away. Harrison agreed to go. The two policemen were just out of sight when James Lindley, a Negro Republican judge in the polling place, looked up to see a big black sedan stop at the door.

He said, "Oh, oh, I don't like this," and ducked quietly out the back door as four armed hoodlums swaggered in, grabbed the Democratic judge, and pulled him across the table. As they began to blackjack him, William Finley, a Negro Democratic precinct captain, shouted:

"Let go of him!"

Finley had a gun. He chased the four hoodlums to the sidewalk, where he wounded one. The wounded man turned, gun raised. There was more shooting, and Precinct Captain Finley lay dead upon the sidewalk.

A few minutes later a badly wounded Italian walked into a city ambulance garage, gasping, "I'm shot." He was taken to the hospital, where he finally recovered. He gave his name as Charles "Cheese" Casciola.

Detective Harrison later testified that when he arrived at the scene of the "trouble call" he had found no signs of any trouble.

No one was ever convicted of the slaying of Finley.

Though Kansas City's "Bloody Election Day" was still young, its reign of violence had by now cowed most of the city. Heads were being cracked in wholesale lots, and Charles P. Woodbury, chairman of the Republican County Committee, sent the following telegram to Governor Guy B. Park at Jefferson City:

"We asked you for a peaceful election and the answer so far is one dead and man in the hospital. . . . There is a complete breakdown of law and order . . . and all through the city a reign of terror exists. We again appeal to you to stop further murder and bloodshed."

Mr. Woodbury could have put much more news in his telegram had he waited a little longer. For the underworld was not yet through, by any means.

Not yet through? What further murderous outrages in broad daylight, on the public streets and at polling places, were to fill Kansas Citians with consternation and horror in the course of their "Bloody Election Day" of 1934? Let Mr. Allhoff tell you—and give you other astounding instances of political chicanery and corruption—in next week's installment of this series!

A hatless young dub from
Montclair-way
Tried the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic
care-way
His scalp was sun dried
Till some strokes he applied
And turned it from rough
into fairway!

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

EVEN normally healthy hair is apt to become dry this time of year. Yours will look and feel better if you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly.

EVERY DAY apply a few drops of the Tonic to supplement the natural oils . . . EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage.

40¢ AND 70¢

'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC IS DIFFERENT . . . It contains no alcohol . . . absolutely will not dry the scalp . . . leaves the hair soft, not stiff. No dousing is necessary. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

YOU may or may not be able to *climb* into high society, but you can ride in on horseback, particularly if you know how to take the jumps. Any girl who wins a jumping prize at a horse show is nearly sure to be invited home by the fox-hunting set—richest and snootiest of upper-crustaceans the world over.

These are straight tips to you from Colonel Vladimir Makaroff, former Russian and Persian cavalry officer, now teaching American girls how to succeed in the saddle. Joan Dixon, sensational young winner in the touch-and-out class in the 1937 National Horse Show, is a pupil of Colonel Makaroff. I asked him to give us some expert suggestions. Here's what he told me: . . . "Ride at least two hours a day in all kinds of weather if you hope to reduce by riding, or if you hope to be a really accomplished horsewoman. . . . Leave off all facial make-up when you ride. It runs and looks awful as soon as you begin to perspire, which you must do in order to ride well. . . . Leave off all jewelry too—even your wedding ring! A woman thinking about her finery is usually a nervous rider; the nervousness communicates itself to the horse, always a supersensitive animal—then there may be an accident. . . . Wear conventional riding clothes of solid quality, tailored to fit, with plenty of room for vigorous movement. No fluffy undies; instead, wear ballet dancers' tights of knitted silk. A substantial brassière is absolutely essential."

The other day a girl turned up for a riding lesson with nothing on but a bathing suit. Colonel Makaroff sent her home thoroughly scolded in sound military style. . . . An ex-pupil of his army days is Riza Khan, now Shah of Persia. . . . When the Colonel first came to this country, after the Russian revolution, he worked as a stable groom until he earned sufficient money to buy a horse. His present position as one of the most fashionable riding masters in America grew rapidly from that ownership of one hard-earned horse—and a lifelong background of riding knowledge.

☆ To win the damsel of heart's desire, young men in olden times used to venture forth, according to legend, and prove their chivalry by slaying dragons or by performing some such deed of gallant risk. I have just heard a true-life story about a young man who is putting himself to the same sort of test in a modern way. . . . Since childhood he has been afflicted by ochlophobia—the mental quirk that terrifies and stupefies its victims whenever they find themselves in a crowd. Last year he fell in love with a healthy, happy girl who *adores* crowds. Felt he shouldn't ask her to marry him unless he could conquer his crowd fear. So for the past ten months he has been getting into crowds deliberately, wading right in at bargain-counter crushes, rowdy political meetings, street parades, and ball-game mob scenes. . . . I count him a hero. There was real danger; because ochlophobists who try to defy their phobia often become social hermits if they fail. But in his case the cure is working. Crowds scare him less and less. He and his girl, I understand, will soon be married. . . . After that he'll have other things to divert him—*plenty* of things—from his terror of crowds.

"Now, isn't that the silliest-looking hat!"

☆ Smartest perfumes for autumn are the new one called Fern and the one called Tweed. . . . Latest style in lapel pins is the maple leaf of enamel in bright autumn colors—symbol of Canada, and long worn there as a suit or coat ornament. . . . Newest bracelet is the genuine dog collar of narrow leather; also the bristle-ruff dog collar à la bull terrier.

☆ "You're in some profession or business. If you say you're not, I just won't believe you, because I *always* can tell the difference between a business woman and a housewife." . . . These remarks were made to me by a lady with whom I struck up a chance acquaintance while traveling. I asked her *how* she could tell the difference between a business woman and a housewife. "Easy as anything," she replied. "The business woman always starts asking questions. The housewife always starts talking about her children, her husband, or her home." . . . As a journalist I had to feel flattered by her guess about me. But as a housewife I had to consider it a slur.

☆ In their very useful new book, Designing Women, Margaretta Byers and Consuelo Kamholz discuss the *expense* of keeping our looks, as well as the methods. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

☆ This old-fashioned English way of stuffing a leg of lamb has been neglected here, but deserves to be revived. Done as follows, it will enhance the family roast with new and welcome flavor. . . . Have your butcher bone the leg. Rub with black pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. For the stuffing, cut 10 half-inch slices from a stale loaf of white bread. Toast good and brown. Chop the toast fine and to it add ¼ lb. fat salt pork finely chopped, 1 whole beaten egg, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ teaspoon thyme or sage, salt to taste, and enough water to make a fairly stiff mixture. Combine all ingredients thoroughly with a fork. Stuff the leg; close end with skewers; roast 25 minutes in quick oven; then reduce to moderate heat and continue cooking, allowing 15 minutes more for each pound of lamb.

Wisecracks Wanted!

WHAT CAN YOU OFFER?

Liberty Will Pay

$1,000

IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST SENT IN

START YOUR ENTRY NOW! YOU MAY WIN $250 CASH

IT'S fun to wisecrack, and you'll find it even more fun when there's an opportunity to get paid for it. Liberty wants every one to get into this new game and have a good time wisecracking at our expense. Here's a chance to let yourself go without any hurt to others' feelings. Get those wisecracks out of your system—safely and profitably. Here's how!

Each week for six weeks, starting in this issue, you will find a contest coupon presenting a question and space in which to offer your wisecrack reply, answer, or retort. Prizes in cash, as scheduled in the list on this page, will be paid for the 101 best sets of six. That's all there is to it. Just write a wisecrack for each of the six questions, clip the coupons and send them in, all at the same time, at the end of the game.

Here's a contest in which you need no special knowledge, no research books, no equipment other than your own quick wit. Age is no handicap, nor is youth. Slang is as acceptable as Oxford English.

Start a winning entry now by fitting a wisecrack to this week's question!

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.

2. Using typewriter, pen, and ink or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.

3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecrack Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of the smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of $250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; four Third Prizes, each $25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each $10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE..........................	$250
SECOND PRIZE.........................	100
FOUR THIRD PRIZES, each $25........	100
FIFTEEN FOURTH PRIZES, each $10...	150
EIGHTY FIFTH PRIZES, each $5.......	400
101 PRIZES..................TOTAL	$1,000

THE PERENNIAL PROBLEM

As the first question in this series Liberty again asks "Why did the chicken cross the road?" This question is not new, of course. Liberty has posed it in past contests. And the variety and multiplicity of answers have proved astounding. Nearly every one seems to have an individual and entertaining solution. So, to get this contest started interestingly, let's find out once and for all the reason activating the feathered Marco Polo.

Clip and Save This Entry Form

WISECRACK CONTEST

COUPON NO. 1

Here is the question:

WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines,
using not more than twenty words

....

....

....

(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

Save This Coupon Until the Game Ends

J. EDGAR HOOVER CALLED HIM

"The World's Most Vicious Criminal"

• THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW G-MEN TRAPPED SEADLUND, KIDNAPPER OF AGED CHARLES ROSS, CHICAGO BUSINESSMAN.

The kidnapping and murder of aged Charles Ross, Chicago businessman, was a brutal cold-blooded crime that has seldom been duplicated. As a case it did not fit into any known pattern of criminal activity. For that reason it was a baffling problem for the G-men assigned to its solution. But across the country, checking every clue, running down every lead no matter how small, they worked grimly, tirelessly, relentlessly. The trail grew clearer. Suddenly, at a West Coast racetrack, the riddle was solved by the arrest of Seadlund, characterized by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, as the "world's most vicious criminal."

Seadlund, or Peter Anders as he called himself when captured, in the custody of some of the men who spent months in tracking him about the country.

KIDNAPED!
FLORIDA'S JIMMY CASH HORROR
OCTOBER
TRUE DETECTIVE
DEATH TRAP
UNPUBLISHED FACTS in the great COLLINGS-PENGUIN MYSTERY
SEADLUND

Now On Sale

True Detective Mysteries has probed every angle of this crime, even going back to Seadlund's boyhood to find out the start of his criminal career. It has checked on the business he ran in the northwest, what he did for pleasure, how a chance meeting with a fugitive member of the Dillinger mob ended in a mad decision, and how Ross happened to become his victim. It has traced Seadlund's flight from state to state and the details of his final capture.

Published as a complete, book-length feature in the new October issue, you will find this case history one of the most amazing biographies of crime ever compiled. Don't miss a word of it in True Detective Mysteries, now at the nearest news stand.

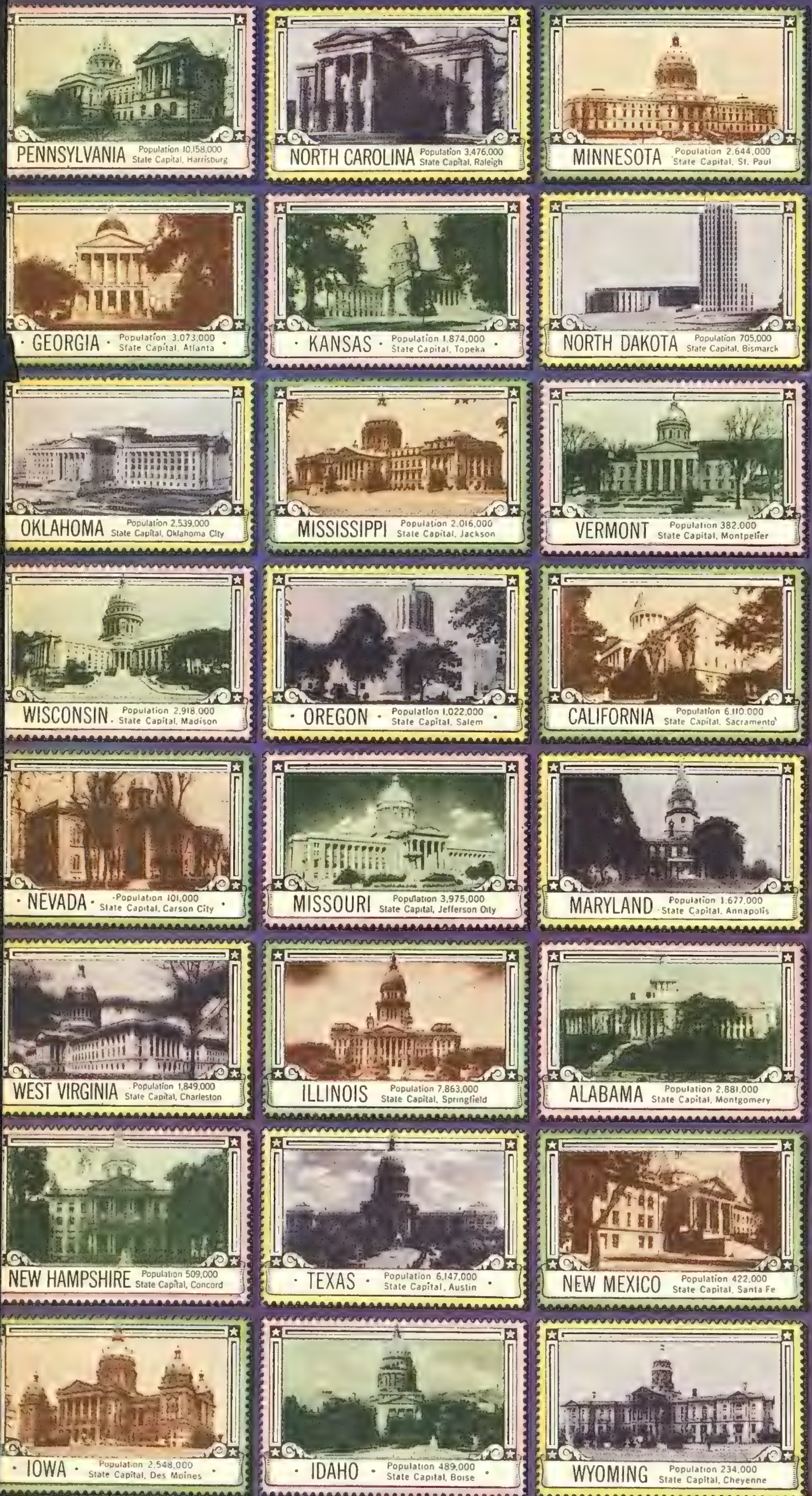
OTHER MASTERPIECES OF DETECTIVE WORK IN THIS ISSUE

Unpublished Facts in the Great Collings-Penguin Mystery—Florida's Jimmy Cash Horror—Secrets of the "Silent Seers"—Blasting the Brady Gang—The Blonde and the Irresistible Doctor Hadley—Murder on 52nd Street—Gambling with Death—Death Trap, and the Girl with the Green Eyes—The Line-Up—and a group of always interesting departments.

TRUE DETECTIVE
MYSTERIES

A Salute to the 48 States
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

"AMERICA'


PENNSYLVANIA Population 10,158,000 State Capital, Harrisburg
NORTH CAROLINA Population 3,476,000 State Capital, Raleigh
MINNESOTA Population 2,644,000 State Capital, St. Paul
GEORGIA Population 3,073,000 State Capital, Atlanta
KANSAS Population 1,874,000 State Capital, Topeka
NORTH DAKOTA Population 705,000 State Capital, Bismarck
OKLAHOMA Population 2,539,000 State Capital, Oklahoma City
MISSISSIPPI Population 2,016,000 State Capital, Jackson
VERMONT Population 382,000 State Capital, Montpelier
WISCONSIN Population 2,918,000 State Capital, Madison
OREGON Population 1,022,000 State Capital, Salem
CALIFORNIA Population 6,110,000 State Capital, Sacramento
NEVADA Population 101,000 State Capital, Carson City
MISSOURI Population 3,975,000 State Capital, Jefferson City
MARYLAND Population 1,677,000 State Capital, Annapolis
WEST VIRGINIA Population 1,849,000 State Capital, Charleston
ILLINOIS Population 7,863,000 State Capital, Springfield
ALABAMA Population 2,881,000 State Capital, Montgomery
NEW HAMPSHIRE Population 509,000 State Capital, Concord
TEXAS Population 6,147,000 State Capital, Austin
NEW MEXICO Population 422,000 State Capital, Santa Fe
IOWA Population 2,548,000 State Capital, Des Moines
IDAHO Population 489,000 State Capital, Boise
WYOMING Population 234,000 State Capital, Cheyenne

a Challenge

WHY SEAGRAM'S 7 and 5 CROWN HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE CALLED—
"America's Finest"

DISTILLERIES... Seagram has $80,000,000 invested in rare whiskies, distilleries and equipment to insure the uniformly finer taste of Crowns.

WHISKEY STOCKS... Seagram has 80,000,000 gallons of fine whiskey in reserve from which to select...a vast treasure perpetuating quality and uniformity.

MANAGEMENT... The House of Seagram is controlled by officers actively engaged in the management of the business.

BLENDING SKILL... From thousands of possible combinations, Seagram's expert blenders have achieved in Crown Whiskies a "masterpiece of the blender's art."

FINER QUALITY... Seagram has dared to ask

THEY TASTE BETTER — BECAUS

Seagram's Cr

"America

FOR YOUR INFORMATION . . . Seagram's 7 Crown is
containing 60% neutral spirits distilled from America
Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown is a milder, more delicat
taining 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American
Proof. Both are "America's Finest". Seagram-Distille

"AMERICA'S FINEST"
Seagram's Crown Whiskies

S FINEST”

A Salute to the 48 States
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

by Seagram

the public to judge Crowns by the same standards which professional whiskey tasters use — a method that reveals instantly the quality, smoothness and mildness of a whiskey.

BETTER TASTE... Seagram's Crowns are America's finest tasting whiskies... they taste even better than the finest blends of the old days and *Seagram experts have proved it.*

PUBLIC PREFERENCE... Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown, for a period of 34 months ending April, 1938, in the 14 states that publish official records, have outsold *all other blended whiskies in their price class put together.*

137 MILLION BOTTLES... Over 137 million bottles (all sizes) of 7 and 5 Crown have been sold since July, 1934.

THE CHALLENGE... Compare the taste of either 7 Crown or 5 Crown Whiskey with any other whiskey you can name, side by side, regardless of price... and prove to yourself that Seagram's Crowns are... *"America's Finest".*

E THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

own Whiskies

's Finest”

richer whiskey,
grains. It is 90
e whiskey, con-
grains. Also 90
rs Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
S
PROOF
Seagram's
5
Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
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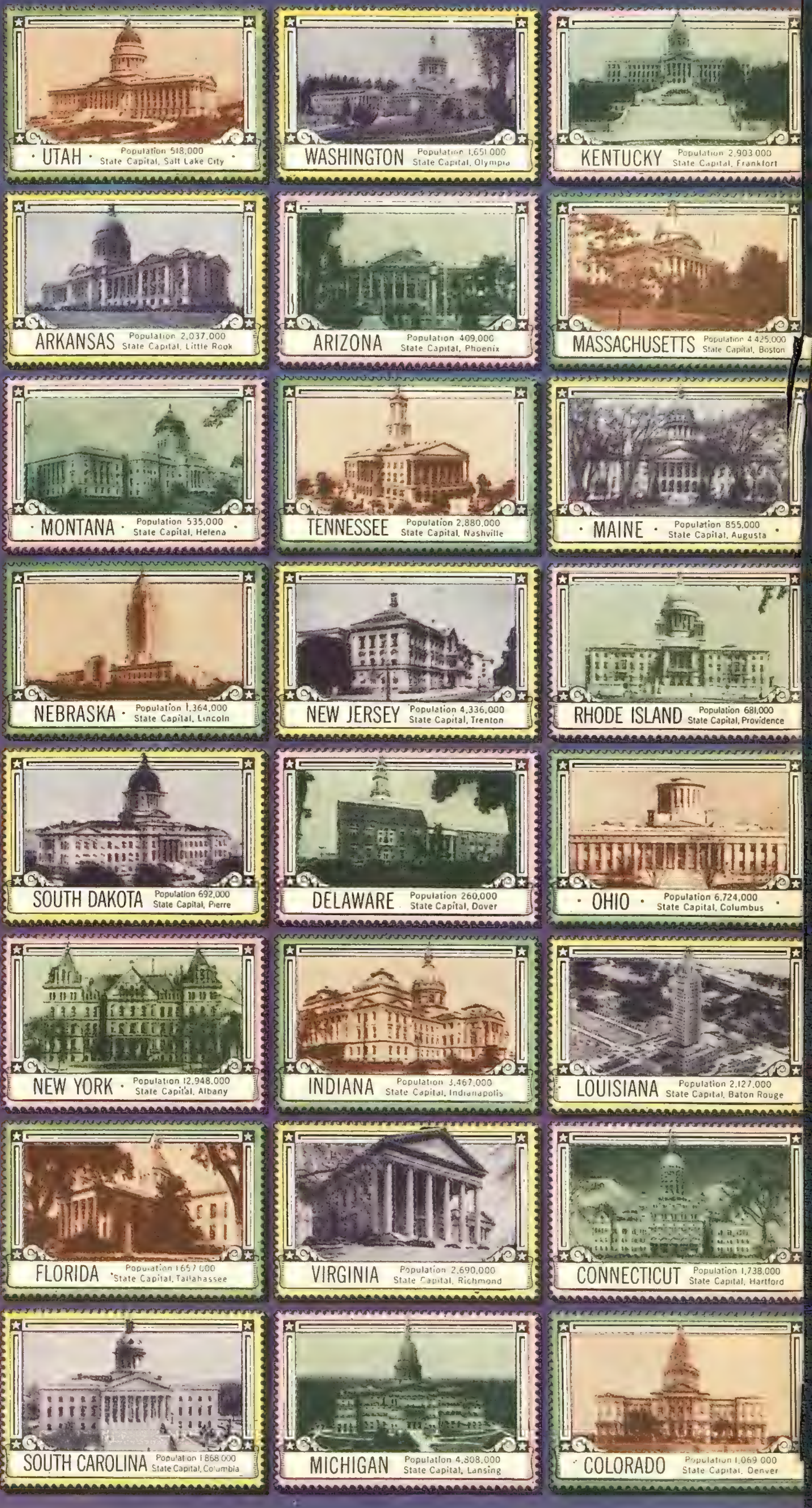
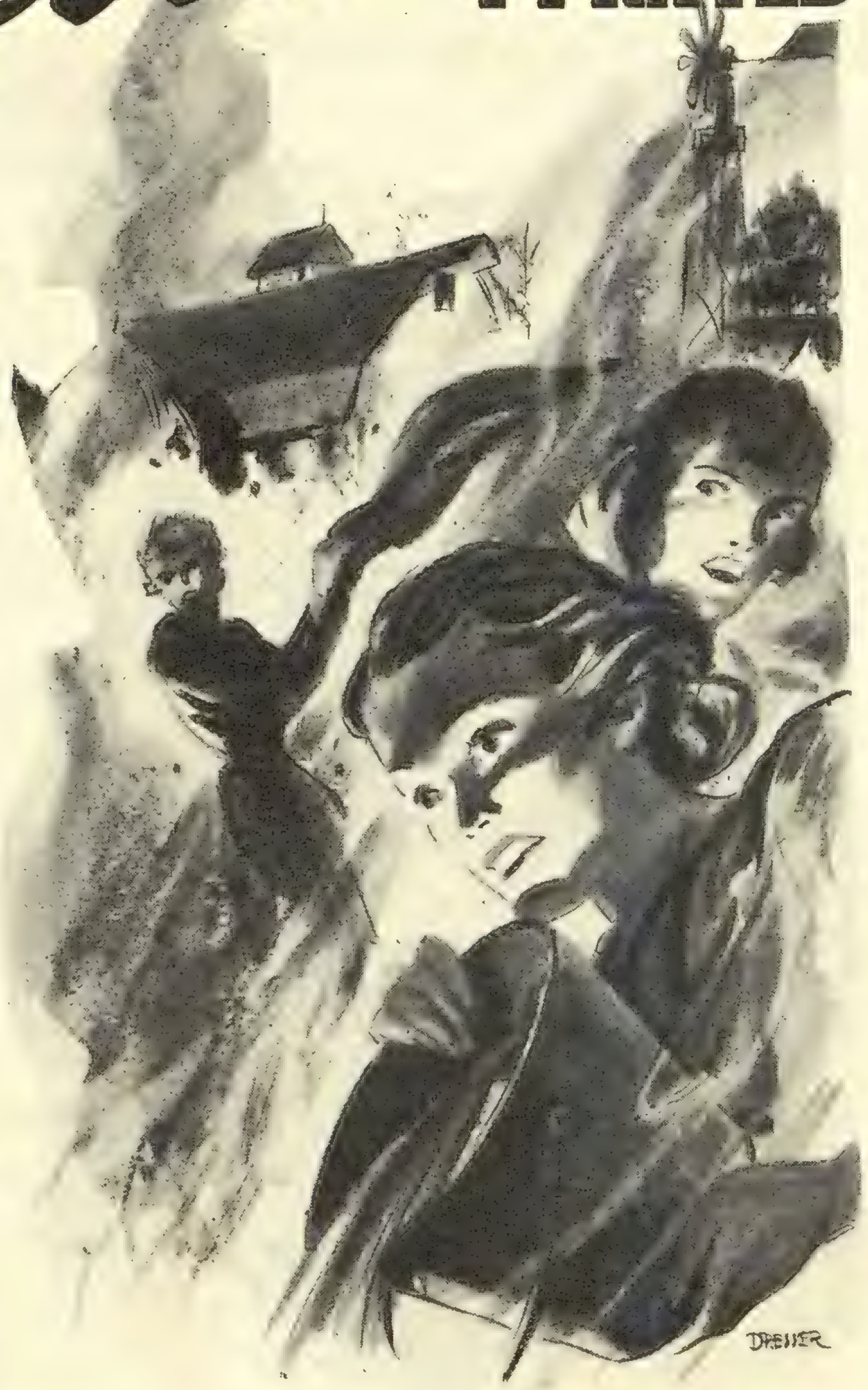
S
PROOF


UTAH · Population 518,000 · State Capital, Salt Lake City
WASHINGTON Population 1,651,000 State Capital, Olympia
KENTUCKY Population 2,903,000 State Capital, Frankfort
ARKANSAS Population 2,037,000 State Capital, Little Rock
ARIZONA Population 409,000 State Capital, Phoenix
MASSACHUSETTS Population 4,425,000 State Capital, Boston
· MONTANA · Population 535,000 State Capital, Helena
TENNESSEE Population 2,880,000 State Capital, Nashville
· MAINE · Population 855,000 State Capital, Augusta
NEBRASKA · Population 1,364,000 State Capital, Lincoln
NEW JERSEY Population 4,336,000 State Capital, Trenton
RHODE ISLAND Population 681,000 State Capital, Providence
SOUTH DAKOTA Population 692,000 State Capital, Pierre
DELAWARE Population 260,000 State Capital, Dover
· OHIO · Population 6,724,000 State Capital, Columbus
NEW YORK · Population 12,948,000 State Capital, Albany
INDIANA Population 3,467,000 State Capital, Indianapolis
LOUISIANA Population 2,127,000 State Capital, Baton Rouge
FLORIDA Population 1,657,000 State Capital, Tallahassee
VIRGINIA Population 2,690,000 State Capital, Richmond
CONNECTICUT Population 1,738,000 State Capital, Hartford
SOUTH CAROLINA Population 1,868,000 State Capital, Columbia
MICHIGAN Population 4,808,000 State Capital, Lansing
COLORADO Population 1,069,000 State Capital, Denver

The Field Was afire—AND I PRAYED

BY ELLA MARIE FARMER

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



THE outstanding experience of my girlhood came one dull November day when our home was in the grip of sudden and terrible destruction. I saw a miracle that day. It was the age-old yet ever new miracle of prayer.

Not that I was unfamiliar with the power of prayer. Even in earliest childhood I was forever praying for something. Sometimes it was only for the granting of some childish wish. More often it was for something more serious—perhaps for the recovery of a loved one from severe illness, or for safety from the terrible storms that so often threatened our lives in that hill country. I always prayed with a deep inner assurance that my prayer would be answered.

But on this occasion the answer took on the proportions of a miracle.

My mother's guests at our country home on that red-letter day were her friends Mrs. Morton and the latter's blind mother, Mrs. Durand, a lovable person whose cheerfulness was always a marvel to those who knew her.

Just as lunch was announced, Mrs. Morton looked out of a window toward our field. She sprang up, crying excitedly, " Oh, Mrs. Lynn! Your field is afire! "

It was true. A long line of flames, extending across the entire fifty-acre tract, was leaping high in the air as it advanced. We knew at once how it had happened. Our careless tenant had been burning stalks at the lower edge of the field, then had gone to his house a mile away. A sudden change of wind had turned his little blaze into a long, roaring wall of fire. Whipped by the gale, it was pushing swiftly forward, fed by rows of the ungathered late dry feed crop. At the upper end of the field, just behind the barn and sheds, were half a dozen stacks of hay. Next to the sheds was father's apiary. Then our house. In this sweeping tide of flame one building would catch from another. The same thought held all of us silent with terror for a moment.

As I looked, my silent prayer began going up—a wordless, formless, agonized plea. Delivery from this! Father and the nearest neighbors were miles away on a deer hunt. What *were* we to do? Three women—one of them old and blind—my little brother, and I.

Mrs. Morton said, " Let's carry some tubs of water and wet the ground beyond the haystacks."

" And sacks! " exclaimed mother. " Perhaps we can fight it with wet tow sacks."

We ran down to the windmill behind our barn and hurriedly filled the tubs. We carried the water down and sloshed it over the loose chaff and litter that carpeted the ground. It all looked so futile in the face of that marching sea of fire. We could not possibly carry water fast enough to do any good if the wind held. The smoke billowed toward us, carrying bits of blazing dry leaves high overhead. I saw mother looking at the house. I knew that in her mind's eye she could already see her home in ashes.

And involuntarily, with pulses roaring, I was still praying silently for some force that would smother this relentless monster.

At last, when the waves of fire were about to drive us back from our battle line, something happened. Quite suddenly the gale slackened, calmed, died. The flames lowered. In a minute the wind rose again, just a little, *but from the opposite direction!*

The fire was blown back across the already burned stubble, and then we saw that it was dying. We looked at each other, speechless for a moment in the spell of that miracle. Then Mrs. Morton said, " Let's go and tell mother. I know she has been praying."

I said nothing then, but when we entered the house I ran to Mrs. Durand.

" It's out! " I shrilled. " The wind changed. Everything is safe! "

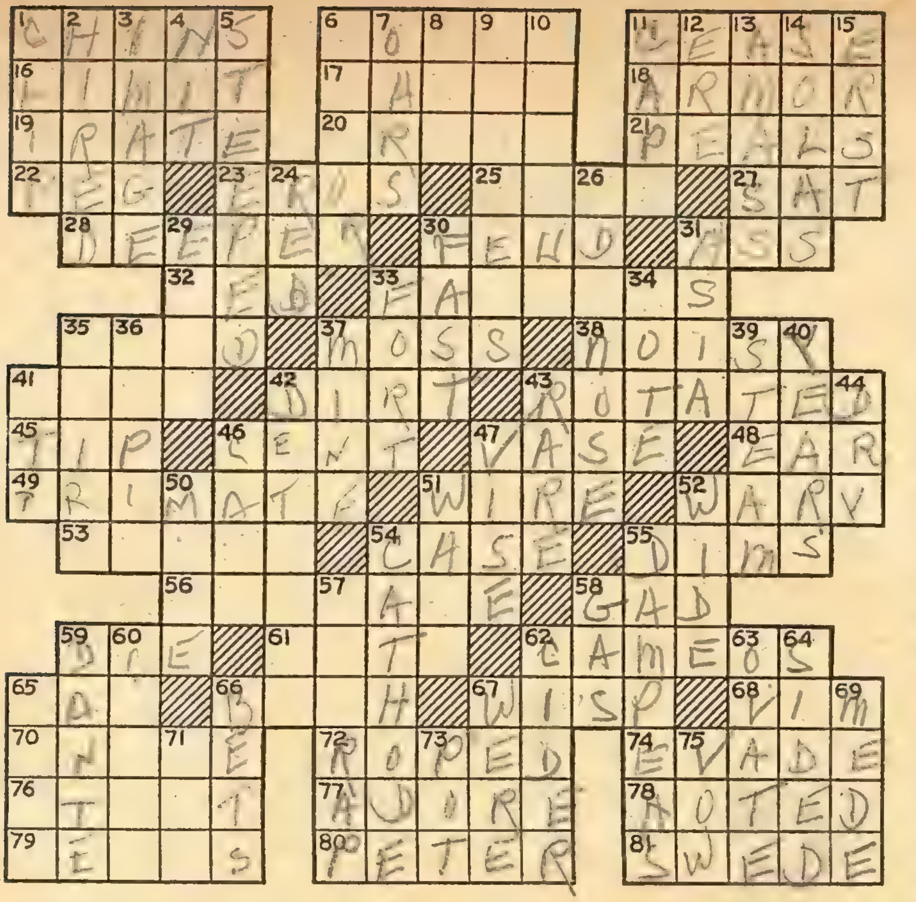
Her sweet old face was all smiles. " I'm so glad, child. I was sitting here, wishing I could go down and fight the fire too, and then I thought, Why, I can fight it from here. So I prayed the Lord to make the wind change. And He did! He always answers my prayers! "

I was silent in the face of a new knowledge—not only that others too knew this God-given inner power, but that the beauty of a life like Mrs. Durand's came only through the miracle of prayer.

THE END

Because of the unexpectedly heavy response to our requests for examples of answered prayers, Liberty is forced to ask its readers to refrain from submitting any further experiences. We already have enough on hand to keep us supplied for more than a year.

CROSSWORDS



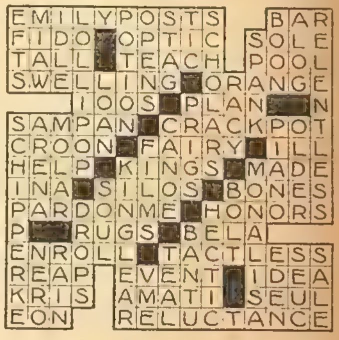
HORIZONTAL

1 Part of the face (pl.)
6 Palm off slyly
11 State of rest
16 Boundary
17 Turner's machine
18 Ship's plating
19 Angry
20 A nymph
21 Goes in the van
22 Wooden pin
23 The god of love
25 Small glass bottle
27 Rested
28 More profound
30 Bitter strife
31 A beast of burden
32 Man's nickname
33 Husbandmen
35 Move slowly
37 Plant which grows on rocks
38 Boisterous
41 First in importance
42 Filth
43 Revolved
45 Point
46 A coin
47 Ornamental jar
48 Attention
49 One of the class including monkeys
51 A slender rod
52 Cautious
53 Declare
54 Enclosing frame
55 Darkens
56 Bodice of a dress
58 To run wild
59 To cease to be
61 Portal
62 Gems carved in relief
65 Supply with a crew
66 Girl's nickname
67 A shred
68 Energy
70 Endow
72 Lassoed
74 Avoid
76 A wading bird
77 Love deeply
78 Observed
79 Cracks
80 Man's name
81 A Scandinavian

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

VERTICAL

1 Snip
2 Employed
3 A likeness
4 Insect's egg
5 Soaked in a liquid
6 A level suite of rooms
7 Rowing implement (pl.)
8 Suffix: one of a party
9 Barbers
10 Boredom
11 A cloak or mantle
12 Sooner than
13 Accumulate
14 A musical term (pl.)
15 Heretofore
24 A color
26 Full of glands
29 Short jacket formerly worn by women
30 To go hungry
31 A continent
33 A fortified location
34 Fixed course or routine
35 Mated couples, as of birds
36 Place a restriction on
37 To work stealthily
39 Vapor
40 Measures of time
41 Plan in detail
42 Purge away, as foul matter
43 Unusual
44 Not sweet, as wine
46 Roman philosopher
47 Clamping device
50 A spice
51 To carry on vigorously
52 Broad
54 A negative pole (elec.)
55 Moistens
57 Persian governor
58 An illuminant
59 An Italian poet
60 A domain of Great Britain
62 A beverage made from fruit
63 Egg-shaped
64 Took the part of
65 Come short of
66 Wagers
67 Part of to be
69 One of ancient Media
71 Town in Germany
73 Cooking vessel
75 Oath

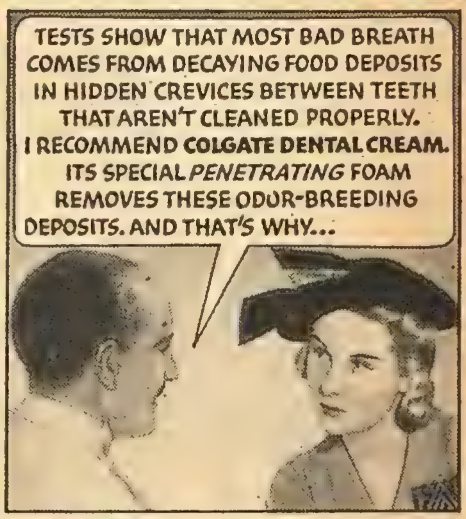


EMILYPOSTS BAR
FIDO OPTIC SOLE
TALL TEACH POOL
SWELLING ORANGE
IOOS PLAN N
SAMPAN CRACKPOT
CROON FAIRY ILL
HELP KINGS MADE
INA SILOS BONES
PARDONME HONORS
P RUGS BELA
ENROLL TACTLESS
REAP EVENT IDEA
KRIS AMATI SEUL
EON RELUCTANCE

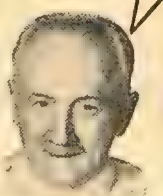
Answer to last week's puzzle

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!

WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!
I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?


TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY--I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

FREE AIR from a TAXI PILOT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

All's well that ends well for Mr. McCoy—or is it?

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

Miss Mazie Quinn
Mazie's Lunch Wagon
East River, New York
Dear Mazie:

Please excuse me for running out on you and leaving New York in such a hurry. I tried to bell your lunch wagon from Elizabeth, New Joisey, but the line was busy so I had to skip it. Here's what happened:—

As I was beating it across Eighty-sixth Street to pick you up a big "yes" and "no" exec came out of a Fifth Avenue mansion and hailed me.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Drive me to Los Angeles," he said, as serious as a busted knee.

So we started off and the first chance I got I sent you that telegram. Then when I got your wire tipping me off that a multi-millionaire had disappeared and the G-men suspected he was kidnaped, I was worried stiff. "Maybe he's the goofy old bird I've got in *my cab?*" I said to myself. Anyhoo when I was in the wilds of New Mexico I found a nice quiet spot and stopped the cab.

"Listen, boss," I says—easy like —"*I'm* down to my *last dime.* From now on *you'll* have to *kick in* for the *gas* and *oil!*"

"Oh, but *I* haven't *any money,*" he cracks.

"What?" I explodes. "Here I got 210 bucks on the damper and you tell me you aint got a dime. Say, for two-bits I'd—"

"Now calm yourself!" he interrupts. Then he reached under the seat and drew out several newspapers. "Read this!" he demanded, pointing to a big red headline:—

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE MISSING.
BELIEVED KIDNAPED.
G-MEN ON TRAIL.

Henry K. Savage, great industrialist and President of Savage Steamship Lines, Savage Bus Lines, Savage Airways and other corporations, mysteriously missing. Last seen leaving his palatial Fifth Avenue mansion—etc. . . .

"*I'm Mr. Savage,*" my companion interrupts.

Well, Mazie, you could have knocked me over with a shovel. "How come you grabbed this antiquated trap?" I asked, "and why are you broke?"

"You see," he teed off, "I'm a widower. I have worked hard all my life and built up vast industries all over this country. Unfortunately, I am surrounded with a very extravagant and ungreatful family. I walked out on them. I wanted to evade all pomp and publicity and leave incognito, thats why I took your cab."

"Fair enough," I chuckled. "How about wireing back for *dough?*"

"I should say *not!*" he snapped. "My family must *never know* where I am. We can pawn my stick pin."

Well, Mazie, at Alburguerque we put the rock in camphor for four hundred dollars and did we eat!"

Listen, Mazie, this country is full of wild animules and indians. Speaking of indians, these babies have the right hop. They make the *women* do all the work. While fixing a flat tire, who came along the road, but a big fat indian chief *on horseback.* He was sitting on a red blanket and had a new-born baby lamb wrapped around his neck. A few minutes later on came his *squaw*—on foot, carrying a load of furniture! A yell, what?

That night, we were hailed by a middle-aged dame.

"Whats the matter?" I asked.

"Some one *stole my car,*" she sniffled. "I'm *all alone* with my *trailer.* Please help me!"

"With pleasure," said my pal. "Where do you wish to go, Madam?"

"California," she said, making him a present of a winning smile. "I'll pay everything."

"Never mind that," he replied, coyly. "We'll hitch your *trailer* to our *taxi.*"

Well, Mazie, our new female passenger turned out to be a honey and fulla laughs. She was a widow, and believe me, it didn't take the two of them long to get acquainted.

Just before we reached the city limits of Los Angeles, the dame insisted she must go into a beauty shop and get herself a new face. From then on, I knew she had the old gent hooked. Oh boy, and when she came out, she was a toss-up between Snow White and Shirley Temple.

The last time I saw them, they were bonvoyaging me from the rear end of his private Pullman car.

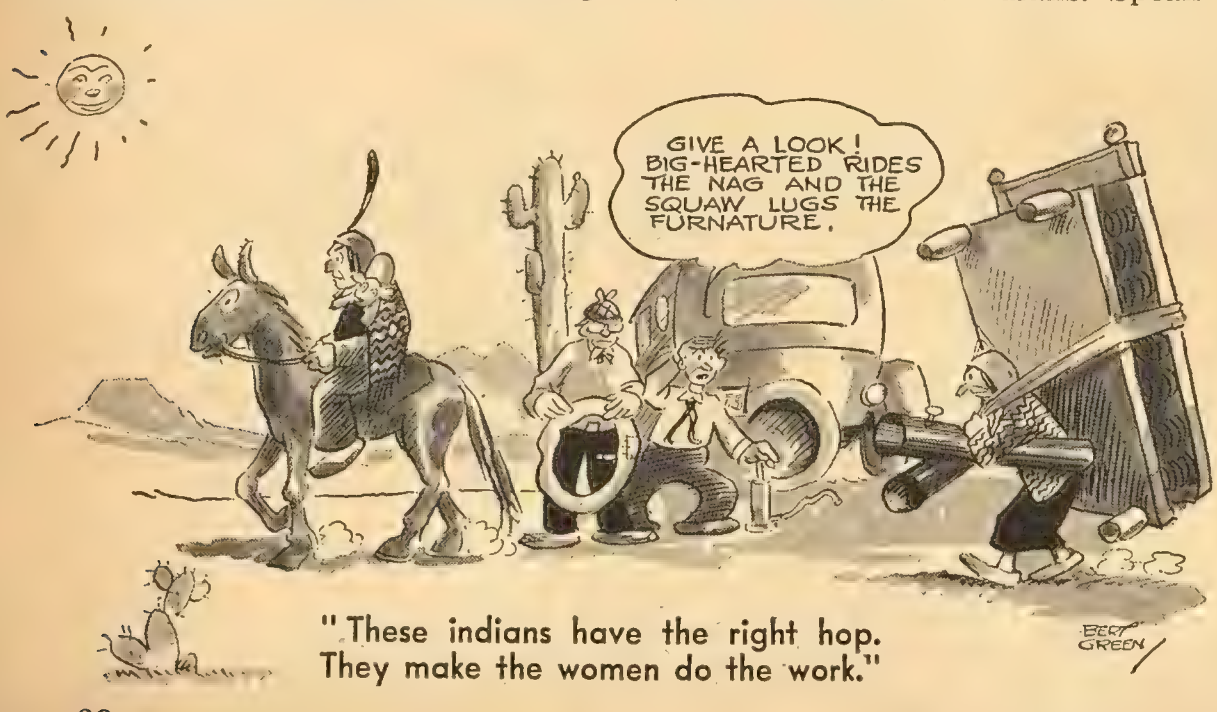
Before the millionare shoved off, Mazie, he deposited 500 bucks in the bank for me and made me a present of a *brand new taxi.* Yes, and *who* do you think my *first customer was?* CLARK GABLE!!! When I told him all about *you,* he promised to *stand up* for me if you'll say the word. Will you fly out?

Yours truly,
SHORTY MCCOY.

* * *

WESTERN UNION
SHORTY MC COY
241 GYP STREET
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SURE I WILL MARRY YOU STOP ANYTHING TO MEET CLARK GABLE MAZIE

THE END


GIVE A LOOK! BIG-HEARTED RIDES THE NAG AND THE SQUAW LUGS THE FURNATURE.
BERT GREEN

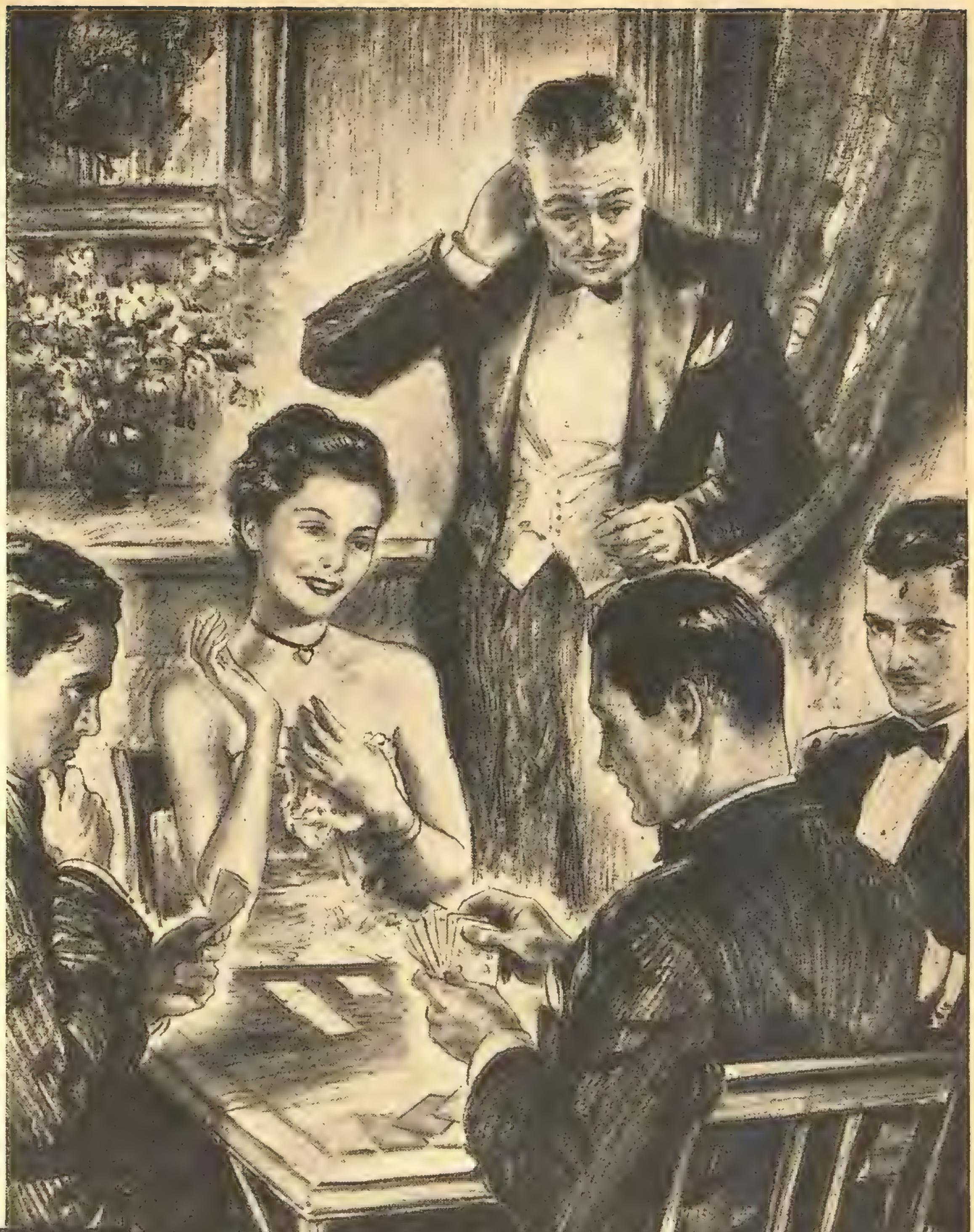
"These indians have the right hop. They make the women do the work."

Cupid Coups

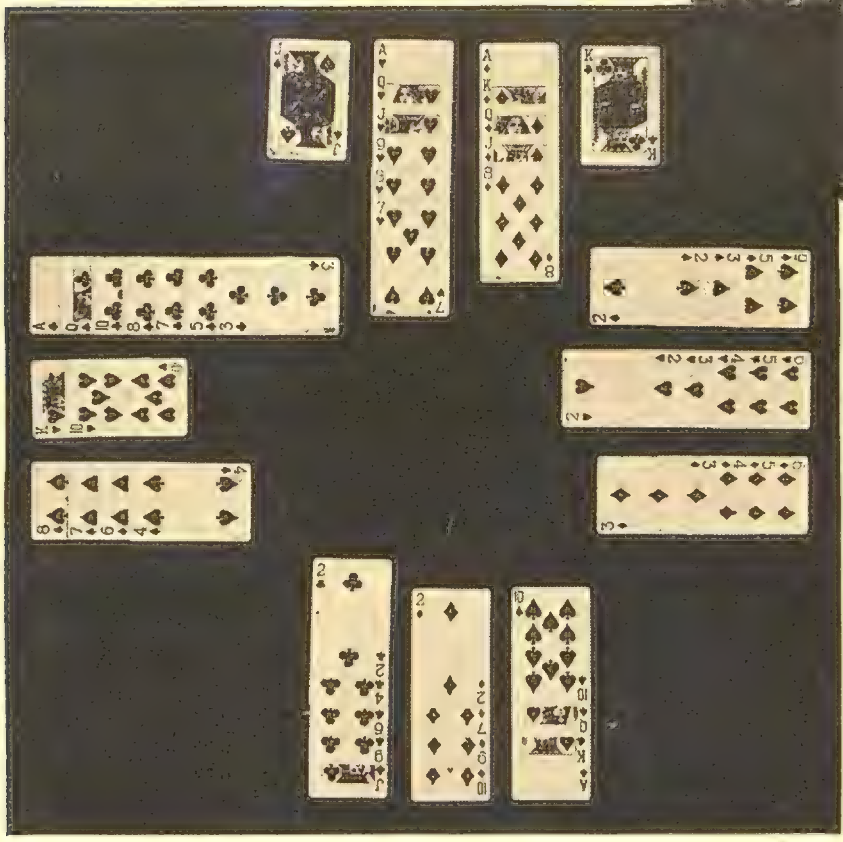
Lucky at cards! The story of a lover's problem. How would you have solved it?

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ



Bob played the ace of diamonds. Andrews arched his eyebrows in surprise. Robert next played the queen and ten of spades.



Last week Liberty presented the four bridge hands shown above and asked you to try to make a slam contract in spades, playing, of course, Bob Eliot's hand. You've had a week to try it. Have you succeeded? If not, read the accompanying story and see how it is done!

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT is more than passing strange that the hero of this story could not play bridge. We all know innumerable cardplayers in this same category; but there is a slight distinction—the player himself does not know it.

Robert Eliot not only freely admitted his absolute ignorance of bridge but of everything pertaining to playing cards. He couldn't even say whether it was the king or the jack that had whiskers.

Aside from bridge, Robert was just an ordinary decent sort of fellow—nice-looking, husky, redheaded, well liked, and liking everybody, especially " one girl."

Betty Andrews was the girl.

As far as Betty was concerned, the " one " could have been spelled " won "; but her father had other ideas. He had worked hard, had accumulated several millions, and was obsessed with the old-fashioned notion that it was just as easy for a pretty girl to fall in love with a rich man as with a poor one. While Robert was not exactly poor, the engineering profession was a bit overcrowded and it was not an easy climb to the top.

On the other hand, there was Harold Tracy, rich, of good family, a fine bridge player, and also desperately in love with Betty. How a sensible girl could prefer Robert to Harold was a mystery to Père Andrews. However, Betty laid no claim to being sensible.

Betty's brother Chester was one of the outstanding contract players at the Racquet and Tennis Club. His renown was based not so much on his ability as a player as upon his staying qualities. He always was ready for another rubber.

Chester and Robert had been pals at college and they belonged to the same clubs. But all Chester's efforts to induce Robert to tackle bridge had been unavailing. He just couldn't see any fun in spending hour after hour shuffling a mess of cards around and thinking up quick alibis to placate partners, who always appeared to be annoyed and unhappy.

Curiously enough, at the Andrews home Robert's reputation as a bridge expert was simply gorgeous. For this Chester had been responsible. His all-night sessions at the bridge table, with an occasional affair at a night club, were not altogether to the liking of his father and sister.

To secure Betty as his ally, he had only to say that he had been playing contract with Robert Eliot and had been so carried away by his magnificent play that the time had passed unnoticed. This story, embellished a bit here and there, had gone over so efficaciously that it had become a habit, and even the senior Andrews, whose bridge was pretty fair, had a moment's regret that Eliot had been forbidden the house because of his presumption in asking for the hand of his daughter. After all, he had nothing personal against Eliot, except that Tracy was such a fine fellow, even though he was addicted to making those infernal psychic bids.

Notwithstanding the fact that Betty treated him with a certain aloofness, Tracy accepted all Mr. Andrews' invitations for dinner and bridge.

This evening Chester made up the fourth. Tracy had been winning in great luck. He had bid and made a couple of little slams and had won every rubber, irrespective of whom he cut for his partner. Andrews had been on the wrong end of the slams and was slightly peeved. He could readily forgive a player who bellyached when he lost, but never a man who gloats when he is winning. And Tracy fairly glowed!

Betty and her father had cut for partners, and Tracy was dealing on the rubber game. The distribution of the cards was quite freakish and the bidding spirited.

♠ J
♡ A Q J 9 8 7
◇ A K Q J 8
♣ K
(BETTY)

WEST		EAST
♠ 8 7 6 4	N.	♠ 9 5 3 2
♡ K 10	W. E.	♡ 6 5 4 3 2
◇ NONE	S.	◇ 6 5 4 3
♣ A Q 10 8 7 5 3		♣ NONE
(TRACY)		(CHESTER)

♠ A K Q 10
♡ NONE
◇ 10 9 7 2
♣ J 9 6 4 2
(ANDREWS)

Tracy sat in the west position, and opened with a bid of one club. Betty doubled informatively. Chester, holding a perfect Yarborough, passed unhappily, fearing the worst. Andrews responded with one spade, although he gave some thought to letting the double stay in; but finally decided that the probable penalty of a trick or two would not be sufficient compensation for the loss of the game.

At this point Tracy stuck in one of his favorite psychics. He bid two diamonds. It was apparent to Betty that if she doubled, Tracy would escape by going back to his clubs; so she jumped to three hearts. With a void in hearts, Andrews bid three spades, Tracy passed, and Betty went to four diamonds. This was a puzzler to Andrews, after Betty's forcing bid in hearts. The call in the opponent's suit had all the earmarks of a cue bid, indicating no losers in diamonds, good support for the spades, and strong hope for a slam. So, fully capitalizing his hundred honors and the blank suit, he leaped to six spades. The declaration remained at a small slam at spades without interference.

Tracy led the eight of spades. Andrews played the hand with great deliberation, but was set one trick, although he carefully saved his lone club in dummy to throw Tracy in the lead at the tenth trick and force him to give away two heart tricks at the end.

Betty was disconsolate.

"Daddy," she cried, "you bid your hand terribly and played it execrably! Why didn't you let me have the contract at diamonds? I could have made a grand slam."

"But, honey," remonstrated Andrews, "I thought you were making a cue bid. How could I tell you held a lot of diamonds, when Tracy had bid the suit before you?"

"You should know his foolish psychics by this time," insisted Betty. "Anyway, with all the high cards we held, you might have squeezed out another trick and made the contract. I'm certain that any of the real experts would have done it."

"By the real experts I suppose you mean players like—Robert Eliot?" insinuated Tracy, who strongly suspected that Eliot's strong game was open to question. He had never seen him play at the leading clubs, nor had he ever heard anything favorable about his bridge, except from Chester.

"Yes," answered Betty loyally; "I do think Mr. Eliot could have made six spades with this hand."

THAT was too much for Andrews.

"Honey," he said, "I don't pretend to be a bridge shark, but I do know something about cards. These so-called experts can't do the impossible. I'm willing to bet that none of them could—make—that—contract!"

"Right you are," agreed Tracy. "And I'll take half your bet. Why not let Eliot show us how to play the hand?"

Here Chester spoke up hurriedly:

"Bob Eliot is not a show-off, and unfortunately he is *persona non grata* in this house."

"Chester," asked Betty, "don't you think that Robert could make that hand?"

"Sure," replied Chester recklessly. "He could do it, if any one could."

Now Betty had an idea.

"Father," she said, "you just offered to make a bet. I'll take it. You know how much Robert and I think of each other. We will call him up, and if he plays the hand for a small slam you lose your bet and—I win."

"Yes, sweetheart; and what do you win?"

"Robert," said Betty naïvely.

"But," objected Tracy, "where do we come in if he comes a cropper?"

"I will promise not to see him for a year," answered Betty.

The two men looked at each other, and Andrews laughed. "Betty, I accept. You are setting your cavalier a hard task. While I don't think he has a chance, if he does come through I'll take my hat off to him."

What Betty said over the telephone proved effective. Robert appeared within twenty minutes.

Andrews surrendered his place at the table and carefully explained the terms of the treaty.

"But—but," expostulated the bewildered Robert, looking daggers at Chester, who was reasonably shamefaced

Betty smiled sweetly at Robert and said confidently, "You will play the hand for me, won't you?"

He would! But how much rather he would have fought a flock of dragons!

With a dirty look at Chester, he picked up Andrews' cards gingerly and racked his brain to think of some rule that would be of help to him. He had heard there was such a thing as the rule of eleven; but he could not see any elevens in his hand—only two tens.

Ah! He remembered something he had heard at the club the other day. An irascible old chap had said to his partner, "Cluck, when you are in doubt, play the card nearest your thumb." Mr. Cluck had flushed at the re-proof but seemed to be grateful. "Lucky," thought Robert, "I didn't forget that rule."

He was holding the cards in his left hand, with the spades to the right. His thumb was on the ace, so he played it to the first trick. The next card under his thumb was the king, which he led. Tracy followed, and after a pause said:

"Well, what do you want from the dummy?"

"So," mused Robert, "they expect me to play two hands." He reached over at random and played the ace of diamonds. Andrews arched his eyebrows in surprise but made no comment.

Robert, still following the rule, next played the queen and ten of spades, and discarded the king and queen of diamonds.

"You haven't much regard for the high cards," said Tracy.

"The high cards mean nothing at all to me," answered Robert truthfully.

After the spades had been played, the next card under his thumb was the ten of diamonds, so he played it, and put the jack on from the dummy. Although the lead was now in the dummy, there was no objection when he played the nine from his hand and the eight from dummy. The rules permitted that, provided one can follow suit. On the seven of diamonds he gave up the club, and on the deuce of diamonds, having nothing left but hearts, he reached for the ace but inadvertently touched the queen. He started to correct himself, but Tracy said, "Touched and played."

"Thanks," said Robert gratefully.

But this trick he did not gather in. It went to the three in Chester's hand, who led a heart.

Tracy spoke up: "You can't lead a heart or . . ."

"But I have nothing else left," said Chester. "He bailed me out of everything but hearts, so I must lead one—or eat the last five cards."

Tracy threw down his hand. Regardless of whether he played the ten or king, the balance of the tricks were good in dummy. Robert had actually found the only way the declaration could be made.

"Eliot," said Tracy, "I owe you an apology. I had an idea that Chester was ribbing us just a little; but you certainly played that hand like a master. It was the neatest unblock and throw-in I have ever seen."

"Not at all. Not at all," said Robert airily. "Bridge is such a simple game—although some fellows I know apparently never seem to learn anything."

Andrews held out his hand to Robert as he said:

"My boy, Betty and I had a bet on the result of your play, and I'm not going to renege. To play bridge the way you do can hardly leave you much leisure to do anything else. You have my consent to marry my daughter on one condition. Will you give up playing bridge for her sake?"

Robert gulped as he replied fervently, "Mr. Andrews, I've played my last game of bridge!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

1—Irving Berlin.
2—It is poisonous.
3—Douglas Corrigan.
4—The Australian Commonwealth.
5—According to 1937 records, 655 gallons.
6—Tennyson.
7—Edward "Snapper" Garrison.
8—Yes, since part of the apple is said to have stuck in Adam's throat —hence "Adam's apple."
9—Acadia.
10—Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936, re-election campaign year.
11—The port side.
12—The kewpie doll.
13—The Christian Science Monitor.
14—Camille.
15—De Witt Clinton's (on the Internal Revenue stamp).
16—Romany.
17—Pearl White, star of The Perils of Pauline.
18—Knute Rockne.
19—Dover; Frankfort; Sacramento.
20—

Irvin S. Cobb

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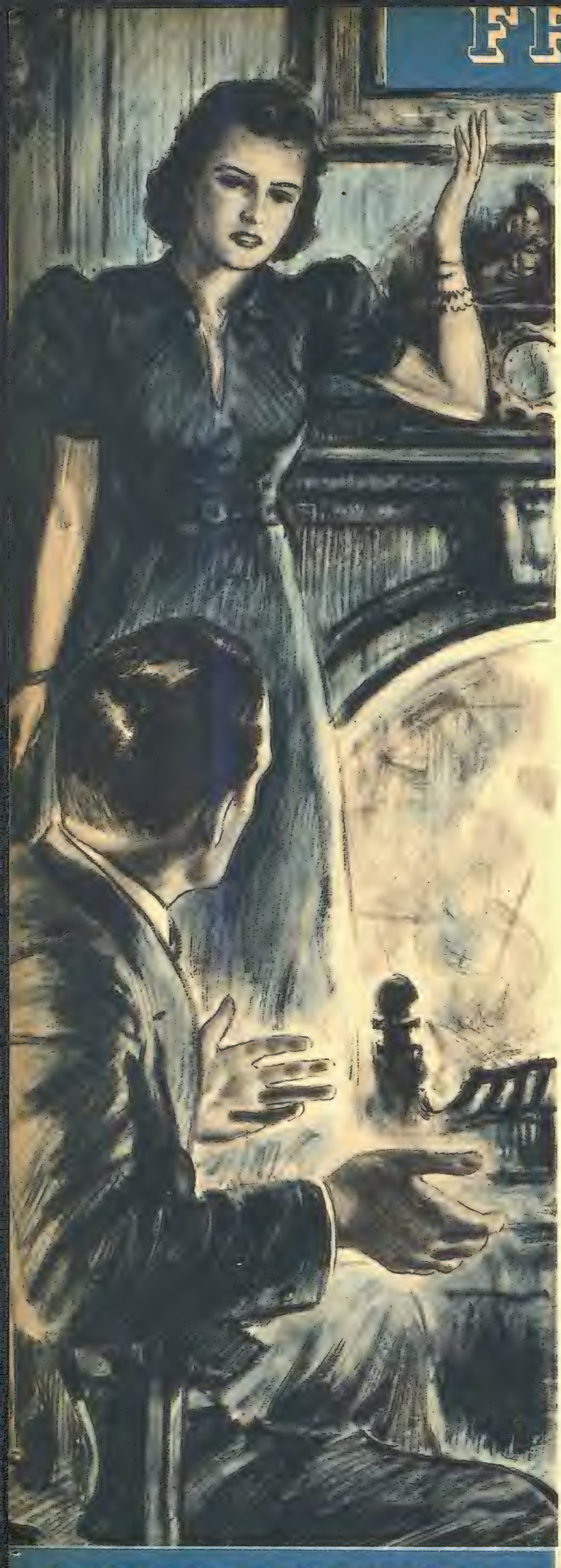
FROM WORSE



Amos she said—forget everything I said awhile ago

Fun! . . The chucklesome love story of a delirious damsel and a determined young man

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time there was a Mrs. Routledge Stork who had two daughters to marry. Her husband had been ambassador at Belgrade or Sofia or one of those near eastern capitals so she knew a lot of important people and as soon as the two girls were old enough to know what was expected of them she outfitted her expedition and set sail.

Well the elder daughter whose name was Christine was pretty and manageable and not very bright and Mrs. Stork had no trouble at all in getting rid of her to a Sir James Peaslip who manufactured a brand of bicarbonate of soda known through the Empire as Peaslip's Palatable. Sir James was not very colorful but he was sound and Mrs. Stork was well satisfied.

But the younger daughter Phyllis was not so easy to dispose of. She had snap where Christine was a little dowdy and was amusing if a little noisy where Christine was dull. She was three times as pretty and if her skirts were always a little shorter than any one else's there were two excellent reasons for it. Mrs. Stork would of course have preferred even another British commercial knight to anything Continental under a duke. But Phyllis was neither insolent nor insipid and the British did not understand her. Also she was a little rowdy in public. So she frightened them. And Mrs. Stork began to look over the eligible Latins.

In dealing with Latins Phyllis' rowdiness was less of a disadvantage. They rather expected it of Americans. So Mrs. Stork rather encouraged it. But in spite of that Phyllis didn't seem to care for Latins. Every time a likely Latin was lined up some young American would appear and then Mrs. Stork would have to pack up and move on. So the campaign dragged along for several seasons.

And Mrs. Stork was beginning to get discouraged and feel that perhaps an American would have to do after all. At least she needed a rest. It wouldn't be any rest for her to go to any European resort so she decided on New York for a month or two. She was on the Lido when she decided it whither they had dashed in pursuit of one Vittorio di Sporco. But though Vittorio besides being charming and a count was known to be one of Mussolini's white-haired bombers Phyllis hadn't warmed up to him. She had in fact called him a louse to his face. Vittorio of course had smiled indulgently and kept right on being charming but it was no good for Phyllis kept right on calling him names and even explaining what they meant. Mrs. Stork realized then that it was no good.

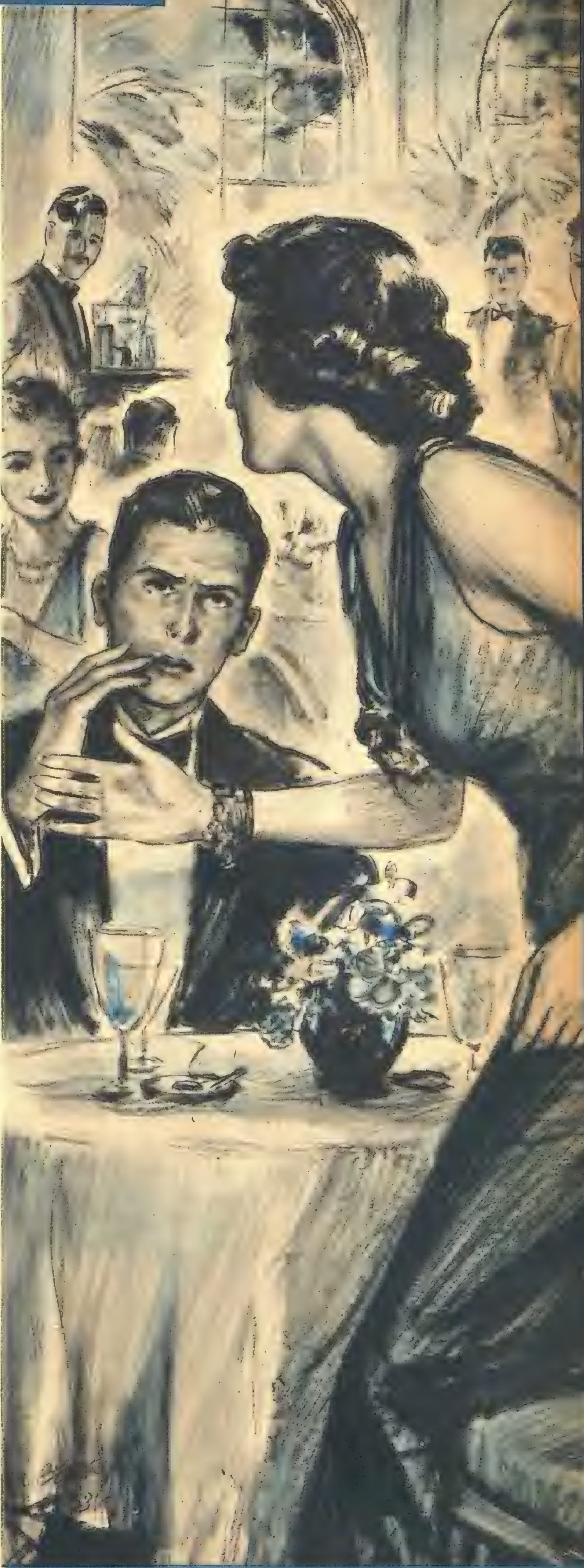
Well a day or two before they were to leave Mrs. Stork was sitting in a beach chair with Vittorio stretched picturesquely at her feet and she was telling him wearily for the eighty-second time that Phyllis was young and he must give her time when there was a shouting and people running down toward the water and they stood up and saw a girl being carried up the beach by a young man. *Dio mio* it is Phyllis! shouted Vittorio dramatically. There wasn't much of Phyllis and even less of her bathing suit which was the legal minimum but of a peculiarly bright scarlet that was unmistakable. I *told* her not to go in without you Vittorio! said Mrs. Stork. O hurry!

When they reached Phyllis the young man was kneeling beside her and squeezing her cheeks to make her open her mouth. Here here said Mrs. Stork hysterically.

TO BETTER

BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY



What are you doing to her? She is my daughter. You ought to keep a sharper eye on her then said the young man severely. Instead of— He stopped and glanced at Vittorio. O! said Mrs. Stork blushing but the young man had got Phyllis' jaw open and borrowing a handkerchief he grabbed the tip of her tongue and pulled it out and then flipped her over on her face. It shows you how pretty she was that even with her tongue sticking out she was distractingly cute.

Come said Vittorio putting a hand on the young man's shoulder. Stop this foolishness. We must take her up to the doctor. But the young man who was obviously an American shrugged him off. I'm a doctor he said. She'll be all right if you'll quit interfering. He was sitting on Phyllis now and with both hands on her back squeezing her ribs every few seconds. Well of all the performances! said Mrs. Stork. Vittorio will you let her die while this imbecile tickles her? Let him alone madam said an English voice. He's getting the water out of her. O said Mrs. Stork. And then in Italian she addressed the crowd asking them please to go away. Which they did reluctantly and I don't blame them.

Well in a short time Phyllis coughed and then she opened her eyes. But instead of saying vaguely Where am I? like a well bred girl she screwed her head around and said Who in hell are you? The young man stopped squeezing her and sat down beside her. Since you ask so politely he said my name is Amos Bristed and I am an architect. I thought you said you were a doctor said Phyllis. Well I thought you said you were drowning said Mr. Bristed so that makes us even. I beg your pardon! said Phyllis turning on her side and glaring at him. You ought to said Mr. Bristed and Phyllis glared at him some more and then said coldly I'm sorry I've put you to so much trouble. Not at all said Mr. Bristed It was a pleasure. I can see that doctors have compensations.

Phyllis darling said Mrs. Stork do you feel all right? Shall we take you to the cabaña? Vittorio— Shut up mother said Phyllis sitting up I'm all right. Well she said to Mr. Bristed who was looking at her curiously what are *you* staring at? Sorry said Mr. Bristed and with a slight bow to Mrs. Stork he walked quickly off down the beach. Hey! Wait a minute! shouted Phyllis and she jumped up and ran after him. Well . . . said Mrs. Stork.

Look said Phyllis when she caught up with him You can't run off like this! You saved my life! Mr. Bristed grunted and kept on. My *life!* shouted Phyllis hippety-hopping to keep up. It belongs to *you!* Don't you *want* it? Why did you put on that drowning act? asked Mr. Bristed stopping suddenly. To meet you said Phyllis. Well said Mr. Bristed you did. Sure I did said Phyllis but aren't you going to take me to tea or anything? I'm sorry said Mr. Bristed but I'm leaving at eight this evening to catch a boat home from Genoa tomorrow. O gosh! said Phyllis Can't you stay over? Mother and I are leaving next week. Where are you going when you get home? Listen my child said Mr. Bristed and then he stopped and looked at Phyllis and started to go on and then stopped again. And Phyllis knew by the way he looked at her that he was going to take her to tea.

Well he did because after all you don't have to approve of a thing to enjoy it. And anyway Phyllis wasn't so awful. She was just sort of unrestrained. They sat under an umbrella and drank things and talked of this and that and admired each other. But Phyllis saw that Mr. Bristed's admiration was struggling with something

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Famed for their sparkling smiles—the comely maids of Samoa ate rough, primitive foods that kept their teeth healthfully exercised, polished and sound. We civilized folk eat softer foods, depriving our teeth of needed exercise.

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else and so by and by she said What's the matter with me? Eh? said Mr. Bristed. Why nothing. But Phyllis kept on badgering him to tell her why he disapproved of her and what he didn't like that she did and finally he said Well you asked for it and he told her all the things he didn't like. There were quite a lot for such a short acquaintance. He didn't like the way she made herself conspicuous or the language she used to her mother or the clothes she wore. In fact you just don't like me she said. I do like you said Mr. Bristed or I wouldn't be talking like a prig. I wouldn't be talking to you at all. Well perhaps you'd better not talk to me at all then said Phyllis because I'm not going to change. And she got up. Perhaps I'd better not said Mr. Bristed agreeably and he got up and Phyllis walked away. Mr. Bristed looked after her a minute and then he shrugged and ordered another drink.

Well Phyllis knew perfectly well what she was doing. She had heard all these criticisms before and she couldn't see that they made any difference. Nice young men had complained but had run after her while they were complaining. Perhaps the things they complained about were just what really made them like her. So she didn't try to see Mr. Bristed before he left and she was so nice to Vittorio that he would have gone back to America with them if Mussolini would have let him.

Well the first thing Phyllis did when she got to New York was call up Mr. Bristed. She was pretty sure that he'd have thought a lot about her on the boat going home and would have been sorry for the things he had said. Because she hadn't given him a chance to soften what he must now look on as brutality. And evidently she was right for he took them to dinner and a show and afterwards they left Mrs. Stork at the hotel and went to a supper club. And it was then Mr. Bristed tried to apologize.

BUT Phyllis said O forget it. Listen Amos she said maybe I am rude to mother. But I guess you'd be too if you'd been dragged all over Europe for three years trying to lasso a title. I can't just walk out because mother'd just cut off my allowance and she'd be terribly lonely without me so I just discourage 'em my own way and it's pretty awful I can tell you because every time I meet an American that I could have some fun with mother moves on to Biarritz or Cannes or Stockholm or somewhere else. You poor kid! said Mr. Bristed and going home in the taxi he took her in his arms and kissed her. It was a pretty respectful kiss at first but Phyllis fixed that.

Well they saw a lot of each other for the next week or two and then they began to have rows. The rows usually started when Phyllis did something he thought bad-mannered or conspicuous. Then he would try to creep up on her tactfully and explain that it seemed all right to her but she didn't know how she looked to other people. Then Phyllis would say Yes Miss Nancy and do it again and Mr. Bristed would get mad and say something sharp and Phyllis would slap his face. The more public the place the harder she slapped. Then he would say something sharper and she would cry. This she also did in public. She bawled. So pretty soon Mr. Bristed stopped calling her up so much and when she called him he alleged other engagements. Phyllis couldn't understand it. Most of the men she had known in Europe had been rather pleased to be slapped publicly by so pretty a girl. Vittorio had explained that it gave publicity to the fact that they had been able to rouse an emotional response. Mr. Bristed's evasions seemed highly suspicious. There was some other girl cutting in on her—that was what it was.

WELL they had a couple of good rows about that. And Mr. Bristed made the mistake of letting her gather that there was something in it. It seemed the easiest thing somehow. For he had made no secret of the fact that he was crazy about her but like every man in that condition he was trying to remember where the nearest exit was in relation to his seat.

So one day Phyllis was going down Sixth Avenue in a taxi thinking how she would spend the $150 of her allowance that her mother had just given her when she saw a sign that said James J. Donnelly Detective Bureau: Civil—Criminal—Domestic. Goodness! said Phyllis whose language in private was much less lurid than in company. Then she yelled at the driver to stop and jumped out and ran in. After a short wait she was shown into an office where a burly man was operating a cigar and a nail file. Have a chair he said without looking up. I'm Donnelly. What can I do for you? Listen said Phyllis how much does it cost to have some one watched? It all depends said Mr. Donnelly. Husband? Are husbands cheaper? said Phyllis. Usually take less time said Mr. Donnelly. They kind of follow a pattern if you see what I mean. I see said Phyllis. When you've followed one husband you've followed them all. That's it said Mr. Donnelly continuing his puffing and filing.

He was so indifferent that Phyllis began to have confidence in him. It isn't a husband she said but it's the same kind of thing. Sweetheart? inquired Mr. Donnelly starting on the other hand and Phyllis said In a way. Hundred dollars ought to give you all you need said Mr. Donnelly and laid aside the file for a pencil. Name? So Phyllis gave him the details.

Well the next day Phyllis called up Mr. Bristed and asked him to dinner but he had an engagement. The day after she didn't see him either but on Thursday she called his office. Some one said he was working at home all day. Phyllis took an aspirin and lay down and cried a little. Then she got up and wandered about the apartment until Mrs. Stork said What on earth's the matter with you Phyllis? so she lay down again.

But after lunch she put on her hat and went out. She walked up Madison and across Fifty-sixth Street until she was within four doors of the brownstone house where Mr. Bristed lived. Then she turned around quickly and walked back to the corner. And when she got there she hesitated and turned around and walked back again. She did this three times and at last got up her courage to keep right on past the house watching it under her eyelids as if something might jump out at her. And something did. Mr. Bristed jumped out at her. At least he came out of the door just as she was almost by. And he ran down the steps and caught her by the arm and said Why hello Phyllis! And Phyllis just looked at him and said O my!

Well said Mr. Bristed you look sort of scared. Is anything wrong? O said Phyllis O no I was just taking a walk. I had kind of a headache. I'm glad you walked over this way said Mr. Bristed May I walk with you? And she said Yes.

So they did and Phyllis was very happy and so rather exuberant but Mr. Bristed had missed her and so he forgot all about the appointment he had come out to keep and only thought how charming she was and began to wonder if Mrs. Stork would insist on living with them. So he thought he'd talk to Phyllis about it and he took her arm and steered her into a little restaurant that was all done in red and black like the inside of a watermelon.

SO they took a table near the bar and ordered Tom Collinses. There were quite a few people in the restaurant and most of them were looking at Phyllis and to be quite fair to her I think they would have anyway even if she hadn't had on rather wild clothes. But consciousness of an audience always made her feel that she had to give a benefit. So she crossed her legs conspicuously and laughed a little too loud at something Mr. Bristed said and went into her act.

Hell! said Mr. Bristed under his breath and then he said Look darling there's something important I want to say to you and I can't with all these people staring at us. Will you please expose a little less leg? O pooh! said Phyllis. Let 'em stare. Mr. Bristed started to say something and then he shrugged and put some money on the table and reached for his hat. What are you doing? said Phyllis. I thought you said you wanted to say something to me? Skip it said Mr. Bristed and got up. So Phyllis got up too and followed him out.

But when they were out on the street she caught his arm and said Look Amos what is the matter with you? I haven't done anything. No no said Mr. Bristed but I— well I just remembered I had an engagement. And anyway he said becoming more confused it's just no good. If we were married— Married! shouted Phyllis and would have thrown her arms around him right in the open street but Mr. Bristed mistook the joy in her face for derision and he shook her off muttering something about his engagement and walked away. And Phyllis went home crying all the way.

And the next day she came down with a cold. I guess Mr. Bristed would have been pretty sorry for her if he had seen her. But he was in kind of a terrible state himself. So the next day he called up Mrs. Stork and said he wanted to talk to her. So they went to tea. And Mrs. Stork who didn't want Phyllis to marry him hid her delight and was sympathetic. But she said Phyllis had always been like that and was getting more so. And I think she said too that there had been insanity in Mr. Stork's family way back.

Well this made Mr. Bristed feel pretty hopeless. He sent flowers to Phyllis and went out to Westport for the week-end with his partner a Mr. Drumly who had a wife and two children.

Well Phyllis was better Sunday and she called Mr. Bristed several times but no answer. Then she called him Monday morning and when she could not find him either at home or at the office she got suspicious again.

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For he had told her that he would be home that week-end. So as soon as her mother went out she called Mr. Donnelly.

Well Miss Stork said Mr. Donnelly there's a woman in the case all right. What! said Phyllis O are you really sure? For she hadn't really believed it very much. No doubt of it said Mr. Donnelly. We've only got a record of one meeting but he knows her pretty well all right. O dear! said Phyllis. But Mr. Donnelly are you sure they were—I mean that she might not be one of his relatives or a client or something? Lady said the detective she ain't any relative and if there's any client business it's the other way round. Excuse me Miss Stork but in our business we can spot that type a mile off. But just a minute. The operative assigned to your case is here now. You'd better talk to him.

WELL Phyllis was waiting for the operative when the house phone rang. Mr. Bristed was downstairs. Mr. Bristed! she said O I can't see him! Or, no. Send him up. And a minute later Mr. Bristed came in.

Well Phyllis went for him. She told him just what she thought of his pretending to be in love with her and talking about marrying and all the time he was carrying on a sordid affair with some little gutter rat. Every time she stopped for breath Mr. Bristed sort of laughed embarrassedly and said But Phyllis I—and then she would go for him again. And at last she said dramatically Now go! I never want to see you again! And poor Mr. Bristed. He just went.

Well Phyllis banged the door after him and walked up and down the room crying. But suddenly she stopped and ran to the phone and called Donnelly's and had them put on the operative who had been shadowing Mr. Bristed. And she asked him to read his report.

Well on the preceding Tuesday and Wednesday Mr. Bristed had done nothing specially noteworthy although he had twice bought a plug of chewing tobacco. It was a habit which he must have curbed in her presence she thought. But at 3 P. M. on Thursday he had come out of his house and had met just outside a woman with whom he evidently had a date. He acted suspiciously and evidently didn't want to be seen with her for he walked her quickly away. O gosh! said Phyllis. Wh-what kind of a woman was it? Young woman said the detective. Kind of cheap and flashy. Phyllis said can you—now—tell me a little more what she was like? Listen Miss Stork said the detective if I was you I wouldn't—O I'm not going to shoot her or anything said Phyllis. Wouldn't it be better maybe if I came up to see you? said the man. If I could talk to you—O no said Phyllis all I want to know is what *you* thought. Well said the man doubtfully it's kind of hard without using—well miss she was a floozy. You see 'em around in hotel lobbies and bars all made up like Woolworth's window and giving everybody the eye. Well I mean miss she ain't a lady. Phyllis hung up. She was still sitting there when her mother came in. Why darling said Mrs. Stork you look— Listen mother said Phyllis jumping up where's that blue knitted suit I got in Nice? And the hat? Why I put them away in the big trunk said Mrs. Stork. We thought they were too conservative. Well I want them said Phyllis. And she ran into the bedroom and began scrubbing her make-up off.

So Phyllis went straight to Mr. Bristed's house and luckily he was home. Amos she said—first I'm going to ask you to forget if you can everything I said a little while ago. I was wrong and I'll tell you about it later. But there are more important things to get straight. And the easiest way to do it is just to take me back to that restaurant we went to last Thursday. Will you?

So they walked over there and went in and ordered Tom Collinses. There were a number of people there and some of them looked at Phyllis for a minute and then paid her no further attention. Mr. Bristed didn't seem to know what to say and kept smiling at her and finally Mr. Bristed said That's a very pretty hat. And a little later he said My car's in town. Would you like to drive out to Red Rock and have dinner?

SO they did and things went from worse to better and when they were dancing after dinner several rather stiff middle-aged women smiled at Phyllis. And Mr. Bristed saw them and said suddenly Phyllis let's get married. Phyllis didn't answer but when they got back to their table she said Let's get out of here. So they left and went and sat on the beach and Phyllis told him the whole story. And at the end she said Well Amos what do you think?

Gosh said Mr. Bristed I don't know what to think. You're so different—and yet so—I just wonder if I am dreaming. Would you slap me just once darling to see if I wake up. No said Phyllis. Even if I say you are a horrid little exhibitionist? No said Phyllis because I know I'm not. The reason I slapped you before was because I knew I was. But will you tell me what you think? What I think? said Mr. Bristed. Why I don't think anything except that you haven't answered my question. O sure said Phyllis I think it would be a good idea to get married. But on one condition. You can't chew tobacco in the house. Ha said Mr. Bristed he put that in the report did he? He! exclaimed Phyllis. Who? Why Keogh said Mr. Bristed. The detective. I bought those plugs for him—not me. He and Donnelly are old friends of mine. I told 'em how to report. Amos she cried struggling loose from him. O you—you— And then she threw her arms around him. O Amos I love you for doing that!

THE END

DIZZY DEAN IS A POP-OFF

Who's loony now? . . . St. Louis gives its side of the big baseball scrap

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

Ace reporter for the St. Louis Star-Times

Dizzy (left) with Frank Frisch—at a moment when Dizzy wasn't popping off—or demanding that Frisch be fired.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SAM BREADON and Branch Rickey, wardens of the Cardinal chain gang, had finished reading Dizzy Dean's articles in Liberty and were amused. They knew they had never encouraged Dizzy to pop off or play the buffoon; quite the contrary. *They knew they had been forced to make the great right-hander sign a no-popping-off agreement which is a part of his 1938 contract under which he is now popping off and pitching for the Chicago Cubs.*

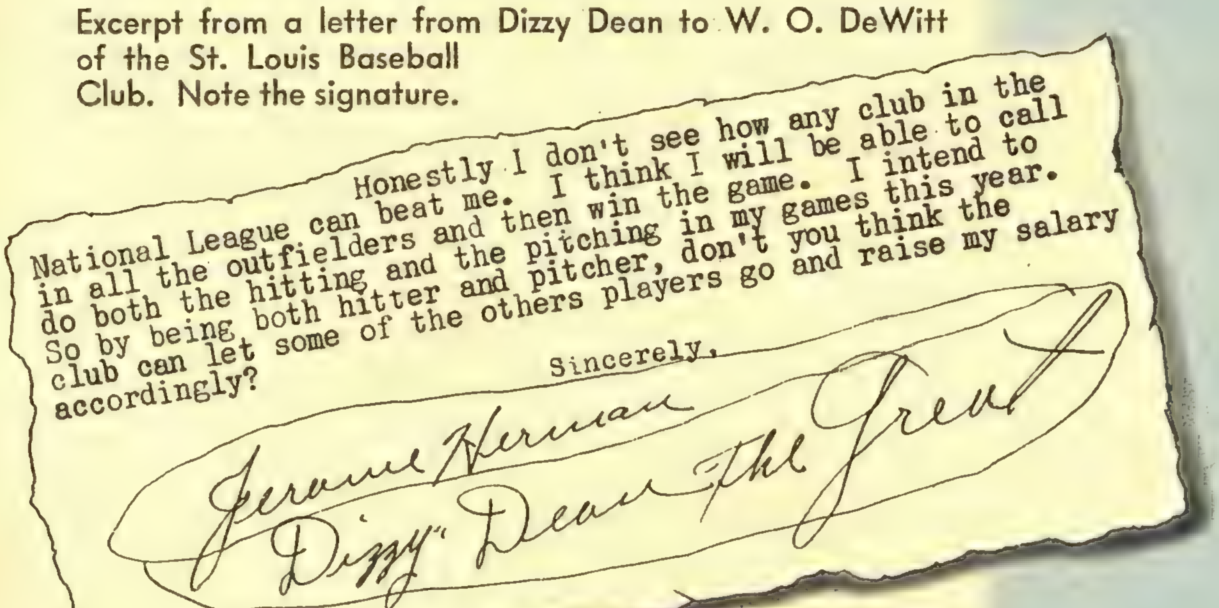
As Rickey finished the Dean article, his thoughts turned to that warm spring day in 1930 when he saw Dean for the first time. Rickey was in Shawnee, Oklahoma, looking over a corn-cut and cotton-picked crop of young pitchers. He sat behind a screen and watched them. Six feet four inches of gangling youth came to the mound—one J. H. Dean. He pitched sixteen balls, striking out three batters. Rickey told the manager to work the boy another inning. Dean repeated his strike-out performance with eighteen pitches. Rickey made a note on the boy's record card and returned to his hotel.

That same night, in the hotel lobby, some one slapped him on the shoulder and yelled, "Hiyah, Branch?"

Rickey looked up. "I'm sorry—" he began.

"'Sall right, Branch. I'm Dizzy Dean. The Great Dean! The guy that struck out all them guys for you today. I want you should take me with you to the Cardinals."

Excerpt from a letter from Dizzy Dean to W. O. DeWitt of the St. Louis Baseball Club. Note the signature.



Honestly I don't see how any club in the National League can beat me. I think I will be able to call in all the outfielders and then win the game. I intend to do both the hitting and the pitching in my games this year. So by being both hitter and pitcher, don't you think the club can let some of the others players go and raise my salary accordingly?

Sincerely,

Jerome Herman
"Dizzy" Dean The Great

Rickey didn't tell him that the note he had written on Dean's card after watching him pitch was an order that Dean be transferred from Shawnee, a Class C club, to St. Joseph, Missouri, a Class A club, of which Oliver Burton French was then business manager.

Dizzy was a riot in St. Joseph, the answer to the sports writers' prayers. He who didn't own a suitcase was registered in three St. Joseph hotels at the same time. It was while he was there that the Cardinals began the practice of advancing money to meet his obligations. *It is not known, but when Dean signed his 1938 contract Rickey advanced him $5,000 with which to meet the income-tax collector!*

Because Dean was such a fine prospect, Rickey had French take him to French's home in Charleston, Missouri, for the winter. In Charleston Dean began writing letters to Rickey, and to William O. DeWitt, then secretary of the Cardinals, now vice-president of the St. Louis Browns. He signed himself "Dizzy Dean the Great."

At the 1931 Cardinal training camp Dean broke all the rules. It is a matter of record that he threatened to have Charles (Gabby) Street removed as manager. He repeatedly defied the Old Sergeant. He actually believed that, now he was with the Cardinals, all things were free. Finally he was put on an allowance of one dollar a day for spending money. Payments made by the Cardinals to square his 1931 debts and advances brought his 1931 salary to $7,500—a load of dough for a rookie. Worst of all, he quickly acquired a reputation as a prize pop-off. It resulted in his being sent back to Houston for discipline.

Back in the Texas League, he quickly re-established himself as a pop-off, deriding the league and its players. But the prize story of all has to do with J. Alvin Gardner, president of the league.

Houston was playing in Wichita Falls, and Dean, roaming around town at 3 A. M., bumped into Gardner.

"Hiyah, President, old boy?" boomed Dizzy. "So the old gent is on the prowl himself tonight! Well, I'm no guy to squawk! No, sir. Us stars and presidents gotta stick together and have our fun, eh?"

"That," bellowed Gardner, "will cost you ten dollars!"

The fine stuck.

It was in Houston, in 1931, that Dean and Miss Patricia Nash became engaged. Dean has charged that Joe Schultz, then manager of the Houston Buffs, and Fred Ankenman, president, told him he would have to be married at home plate at a

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

night game. It is a matter of record that the Cardinal management opposed his marriage, that he demanded the right to be married at home plate just before he started pitching, and that Ankenman refused to let him.

Back with the Cardinals, he started the 1932 season by again demanding that Street be fired, but Rickey cooled him off. One morning Rickey found Dean awaiting him at the office.

"You saw that game I pitched yesterday?" Dizzy began. "Fogged 'em through, didn't I? Did I shut 'em out? You know the way I been pitchin'? Well, I want you should do me a big favor. I'm sick and tired of bein' called Dizzy. A great pitcher like me ought to have some dignity. You're goin' to introduce the boys at the Noonday Club luncheon today. Well, I want you to introduce me as Mister Dean."

Rickey introduced him as requested—but also, as Rickey admits, told the facts leading up to the introduction. Dean got back at him plenty. "Dean is as irrepressible as he is irresponsible," says Rickey. "He is adept at repartee if you keep within the limits of his vocabulary."

In that same year, 1932, Dizzy jumped the Cardinal club for the first time and returned to St. Louis, popping off that he was a minor when he signed his Cardinal contract. Rickey, furious, sent for Dizzy's father; obtained copies of life-insurance applications made by Dizzy and a copy of his marriage application. Rickey confronted Dizzy with his father and the facts as represented by Dizzy. Albert Dean admitted Dizzy was wrong, asserting that Dizzy was around twenty-two. During this conference an unknown Dean brother—Elmer—was brought into the conversation.

"Where is Elmer?" Rickey asked.

"He's lost," said the elder Dean.

LOST? It developed that "Pop" Dean and the three boys had no permanent home but owned two old model-T Fords. Once, while they were traveling west at Fort Worth, Texas, the two cars were separated by a stop-and-go sign. Pop, Paul, and Jay, in the first car, didn't notice. Elmer, driving the other car, got lost.

One morning, soon after this session, Dizzy ran into Rickey's office, waving a post card and shouting, "We've found Elmer!" Rickey advanced Dizzy forty dollars to get Elmer to Houston, where he was given a job selling peanuts in the ball park. In 1933 Dizzy insisted Elmer be promoted to the St. Louis ball park as a peanut salesman. The details were worked out and Dizzy and the Cardinals went on the road.

Elmer "Goobers" Dean arrived during Dizzy's absence.

Mrs. Dean had known nothing of Dizzy's arrangement. She returned Elmer to Houston on the first train. She called sports writers and gave them a red-hot interview on the Cardinal plot to exploit "Goobers" for publicity purposes. The story ran for three days. Rickey, furious, sent for Dizzy Dean. Dizzy beat him to the punch by shouting:

"I want you should fire Fred Ankenman! He sent Elmer up here on a bus!"

"Why did Mrs. Dean make those statements to the papers?"

"That ain't nothin' to do with it. Why didn't Ankenman send Elmer up here decent-like, on a train or plane?"

Rickey demanded Dizzy tell the sports writers how and why "Goobers" had been brought to St. Louis.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," said Dean, and he didn't.

As Dizzy's fame spread he was in demand for radio, personal appearances, movies, and as an endorser of all sorts of advertising matter. Breadon and Rickey were more than willing for Dean to cash in, and assigned "Bill" DeWitt to handle his affairs. Rickey arranged a contract with General Foods under which they were to use Dizzy as the central character in a series of comic-strip advertisements in Sunday newspapers. At the close of the 1934 World Series DeWitt booked Dizzy and Daffy at Roxy's, in New York, for $3,250 a week and could have booked four more weeks—but Dizzy insisted on getting back to Florida for his fishing.

WITH the coming of fame and fortune there came numerous interesting but regrettable "incidents." These incidents were always preceded by Dean's popping off. They made page one throughout the nation, and culminated in the cancellation of contracts which would have netted Dean an estimated $500,000.

The Cardinals were to receive $2,500 for appearing in an exhibition game with the Tigers. The game had been bought by a chain of Detroit drugstores and fifty thousand kids had cashed their drugstore coupons to see Dean pitch. Dean refused to go to Detroit, complaining of a sore arm. He kept Paul in St. Louis with him. He was fined $100 and suspended.

Dean put on a storm. He tore up his uniform and announced he was through. His actions cost him $486. In addition to the fine he lost $350 in salary and was made to pay thirty-six dollars for the uniform. Reinstated, he popped off again, claiming the uniform could have been repaired and, besides, he didn't think it cost thirty-six dollars.

There was the Philadelphia strike. Neither Dean would pitch until Paul was given a substantial salary hike. Paul got a new contract.

As a result of his revolt in Pittsburgh, when he walked to the bench and accused his teammates of quitting behind him, Dizzy lost considerable face. Again, the Cardinals were to play an exhibition in Elmira, New York, and Dean was the advertised pitcher. Mrs. Dean and some players were going direct to Pittsburgh, missing the Elmira exhibition. Dean was not among those present when the team arrived in Elmira. In Pittsburgh next day he claimed to have boarded the wrong car. Maybe he was mistaken about the car but he wasn't wrong about the location of Mrs. Dean's berth. He was fined $100.

In St. Louis, for no apparent reason, he popped off about Virgil Davis, claiming he would never pitch another ball to that catcher.

He was to pitch an exhibition game in St. Paul, Minnesota. He refused to leave the dugout.

The climax came on October 17, 1935. Dean was to play an exhibition game at Chattanooga, Tennessee, for Joseph Engel, president of that club. The gate receipts, according to an official memorandum, were "to be divided between Dean and the Chattanooga Children's Christmas Fund." Dean took a look at the crowd, which was small because of inclement weather, and refused to pitch.

Engel, furious, made a scathing statement. Dean appealed to Commissioner Landis "to do something about Joe Engel." Landis ordered a hearing, after which he ruled that a fine of $100 be imposed on Dean for his refusal to play as agreed.

DeWitt told this writer: "When the 'incidents' began happening, Dean was getting around $2,500 a month in royalties. The whole Cardinal organization was trying to keep him from popping off. But he went on his merry way. Then suddenly there was no market for anything bearing the name or endorsement of Dizzy Dean. Dizzy had killed himself. His career in the field of advertising was ended."

At the close of the 1937 season Dizzy demanded that Frank Frisch be fired and that he, Dizzy, be made manager. It isn't generally known, but the trouble between Dizzy and Frisch was predicated upon Frisch's firm belief that Dean has *never* had a sore arm. There is a record of testimony before Commissioner Landis to the effect that Dean, throughout the years, has boasted, "I can have a sore arm any time I want one."

NOR is it known that Rickey and Breadon became so disgusted that they tried to trade him as early as 1935. Then, after Dizzy popped off about Frisch, they decided to get rid of him, regardless. But there was no market for him. Rickey went to the spring training camp to try to bring Dean to his senses.

The result was the 1938 contract and the "no-popping-off" agreement which is attached to that contract, the existence of which has never previously been printed. In that agreement Dizzy apologized for popping off about Frisch, and promised to subordinate himself to the manager and never again publicly or privately to make any remarks uncomplimentary to him. Then, out of a clear sky, came the telephone call from the Cubs, and Dizzy, sore arm and all, was sold "as is."

Breadon and Rickey celebrated.

They hope they never find another Dizzy Dean!

THE END

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THE INCORRIGIBLE CORRI

"Douglas has a volume of Irish wit that is amazing. His responses kept a crowd of hard-boiled advertising men in a roar of laughter."

By one who knew him before his fame! A distinguished flyer at 70 hails the youthful genius of "wrong way" flight

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DOUGLAS CORRIGAN flashed before the world almost with the speed of a meteor. In one day his name was broadcast everywhere. The unparalleled feat which he accomplished, of crossing the ocean in a nine-year-old plane referred to by many aviators as his "crate," will be an interesting subject of conversation for years to come.

Fame resplendent in its munificence is almost universally desired.

But Lindbergh got an oversupply.

Hero worship is a human tribute sought for by everybody.

But it can be overdone. The great Lindbergh tragedy that drove him from his New Jersey home was undoubtedly due to the fame which he had acquired as an aviator. And now he cannot appear anywhere without a crowd gazing at him as though he were a freak in a side show.

And Douglas Corrigan is starting on the same route. Let us hope he will have the same poise and balance that enabled Lindbergh to bear his cross—if it may be so termed—with equanimity.

I had the pleasure of knowing Douglas Corrigan before his name was flashed before the world.

I read about his non-stop flight from Los Angeles to New York in a Curtiss plane and I was amazed and interested. It requires a large quantity of oil and gasoline to make such a trip, and how a small ship of that kind could stow away the required amount was indeed a puzzle to me. I was anxious to see and talk with Douglas. I first invited him to my home for lunch, but he was too busy taking care of his ship. But he agreed to come for dinner. And he was truly an interesting personality. Some study is required to form this conclusion, for he is simple, not ostentatious, very much untrained in what might be termed social graces; but with an instinctive refinement that comes from contact with life when you can greet every experience with a gracious smile.

Corrigan's smile has become famous. He grins at everything. He truly wears "the smile that won't come off."

When I inquired in considerable detail as to his experience in flying from Los Angeles to New York, there was not much to tell. He took the southern route, which is two or three hundred miles longer than the route used by the T. W. A., but with his light ship he doubtless wanted to avoid the high mountains, which is possible through El Paso, Dallas, and Nashville.

And there was nothing said about crossing the ocean. He was preparing his ship to go back to Los Angeles. We even made a tentative arrangement for him to work for the Macfadden Organization, in which he would take care of our aviation activities and help to check our aviation articles.

And you can imagine my astonishment when the morning papers announced Corrigan's arrival in Ireland.

And he had gone the wrong way by mistake.

And there was Corrigan's smile. He won the hearts of all in his ancestral homeland instantly. He may have broken the ruling of the Department of Commerce. But his accomplishment was so outstanding that there was no possibility of his incurring serious penalties. He had asked permission of the Aviation Division of the Department of Commerce to fly to Europe on two different occasions and had been refused.

But his desire to fly across the ocean could not be quenched; and it is well to remember that Douglas helped to prepare Lindbergh's ship for his world-renowned flight. The courage and persistence which Corrigan manifested in accomplishing his objective betoken that old-time American spirit which we all so greatly admire.

And the lesson to the youth of this country in his remarkable achievement is of lasting importance. Every boy in the land has envied Lindbergh the fame and riches which he secured as a result of his ocean voyage.

But Lindbergh had backers who furnished the money with which he bought his plane.

But here is a young man with nothing more than a heartburning ambition to achieve a feat considered almost impossible. And year after year he has been preparing, saving money from his meager salary as a mechanic, experimenting, and finally securing enough funds to buy the flimsy plane that took him across.

The influence upon boys and also girls will be a lasting tribute to this incorrigible Corrigan.

GAN

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

It was Lindbergh's flight that first set the nation aflame in the interest of aviation.

Hughes' round-the-world trip was a great test of the scientific achievements in aviation.

But Corrigan's accomplishment was minus many of the instruments which are of such value to aviation at the present time. His sole guide was his compass, excepting the periods when he could use the sun, the moon, or the stars.

Lindbergh's first trip and the demonstration made by Howard Hughes are beyond the reach of the average American boy. But the achievement of Corrigan required but a few hundred dollars, and most any boy can accumulate that amount of money by careful saving through the years, however lowly his position may be.

And Douglas has a volume of Irish wit that is truly amazing. I sat at the luncheon table on the right of Mayor LaGuardia and I heard Lowell Thomas propound a list of queries, some of which were rather confusing, and Corrigan's witty responses kept the crowd of hard-boiled advertising men in a roar of laughter. Lowell Thomas asked him if he ever started out to see a girl and made the mistake of going the wrong way. He replied that he always knew the landmarks on such an occasion. When I inquired his compass course, he stated that he started out with 240, which is in the direction of Los Angeles. He sticks to his story that he thought he was on the way to California.

It is doubtless quite appropriate to refer to him as the world's champion joker. When he landed in Dublin, in answer to his own query, "Where am I?" there was doubtless a grin on his face that was expansive to the last degree. He may not have known that he was in Dublin, but he certainly knew that he was far from Los Angeles.

I talked to the manager of the Floyd Bennett Field, from which he had taken off. Douglas wanted to start at two o'clock in the morning, but the field manager refused to let him start at that time, for fear he would go off the runway with his heavy load of gasoline, smash his plane, and suffer the usual fate under such circumstances when the plane becomes a roaring furnace.

He delayed the beginning of his hazardous journey until daylight, and, with 320 gallons of gas in a plane which is not supposed to hold much over fifty, he started down the runway and slowly rose in a manner that might be termed groggy, very gradually gaining height.

But he should have turned and started in the other direction. Instead, he went straight ahead, out over the ocean. And, as the manager said himself shortly afterward, "That fellow is going across the ocean."

Imagine if you can the courage, the determination that must have been in the heart of this young man as he started across that broad expanse of water. To be sure, he was an experienced mechanic. He had spent years training and working and had tested out this ship in every possible manner; but, with all these precautions, the weakness of a single wire, the defect of two or more spark plugs, or any one of a hundred other defects in the machine would have meant almost certain death.

Says fellow aviator Bernarr Macfadden: "When I inquired, he stated that he started in the direction of Los Angeles!"

He had nothing to use for floats. His gas tanks would not have been of much value unless they were nearly empty, and as he flew throughout the day, above the clouds most of the time, and all during the succeeding night, you can imagine how carefully he must have watched his compass.

Though he may have expected a certain amount of fame, he never dreamed in his wildest moments that the whole world would gasp with astonishment and laugh in whimsical delight at his amazing achievement.

"Wrong-Way Corrigan" he is termed. And he will not change his story that he made a mistake. And whenever told it is a source of hilarious amusement.

It was his description of his mistake that brought the astonishing publicity. It gave everybody an excuse for laughter. Although he may have thought he was on the way to California, the sun always sets in the west and rises in the east. And in his long, tedious flight he saw the sun set and he saw it rise. Whatever the condition of his compass, the rising and setting of the sun would have sent him in the right direction.

Douglas is a small man in stature, erect, with a personality that pleases everybody. He was referred to by a friend as a new edition of Lincoln in his manner and kindly disposition—his desire to please everybody. This attitude cost him an injury to his chest that may take some time to heal. The huge weight of jostling crowds was too much for him on this occasion. And practically every night following the reception ceremonies he has attended, he has retired completely exhausted.

Although he has been a mechanic for eleven years doubtless there is hardly a hard day's work that he can remember that was more harrowing!

THE END

PARADISE KATE

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

DURING their flight from Shanghai under Japanese bombardment, two American newspaper correspondents listen to the story of a young and wounded fellow citizen who has been searching frenziedly for the notorious Paradise Kate.

In 1922, he tells them, Kate, who was the wife of Billy Slater, disappeared from Los Angeles, leaving him and their little son bereft. Because she had witnessed a murder in his underworld gang, Carlo Rossini, alias Donald M'Leod, had her kidnaped, taken to Singapore, and sold to Koo Sung. But she got away from him with the help of Ching Ling Hi, a gigantic coolie. Learning of this, M'Leod ordered her assassination, but Ching thwarted the killers.

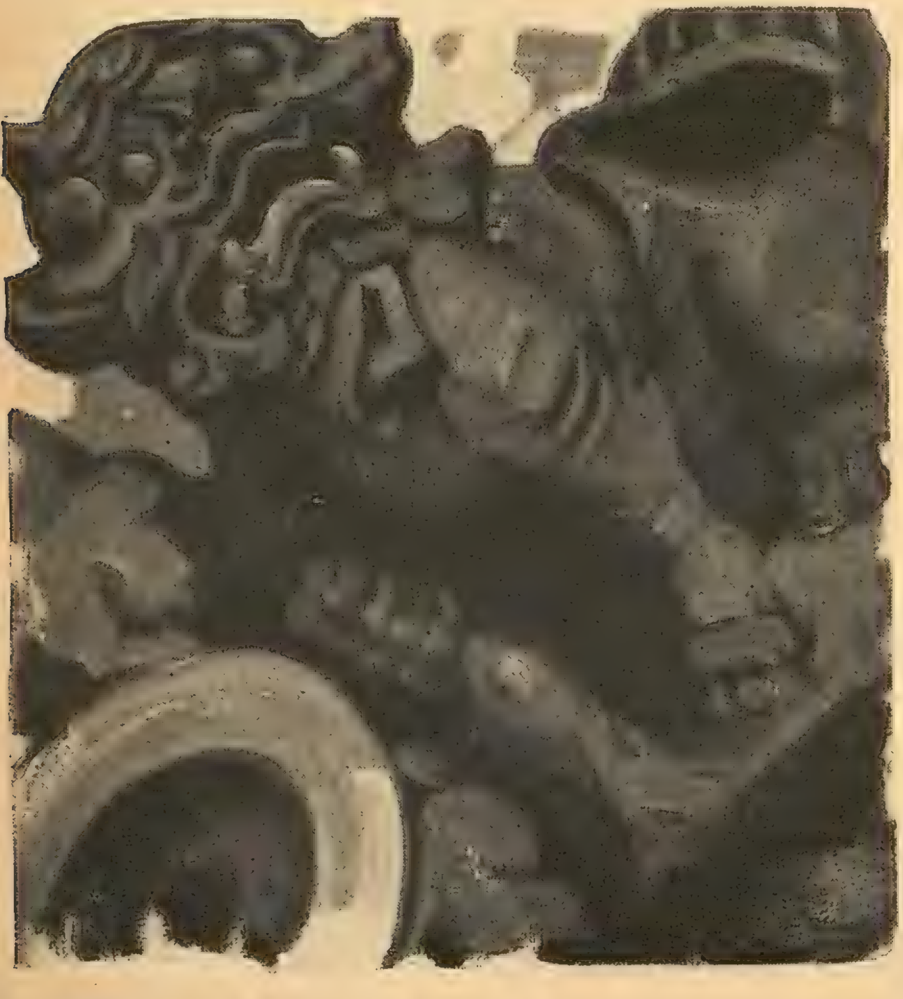
Together, Kate and the big Chinaman opened a cabaret in Shanghai. Grover Cleveland Yat, a trusted lieutenant of Chiang Kai-shek, invested money in it. The place prospered beyond wildest dreams. Ching and Kate grew rich. But she wasn't happy. Shortly after she vanished from Los Angeles, she heard her husband had died in an airplane accident. Then, one night in the Paradise Cabaret, she learned that her son had been burned to death.

When M'Leod subsequently came to Shanghai, Kate, still brooding on her tragic fate, made up her mind to shoot him; but fortuitous circumstances prevented. Later he was given seventeen years in prison for his nefarious activities.

Anxious to put her wealth to good use, Kate built a hospital annex for sick children. Suddenly Japan began terrific bombardment of the city. Kate fled. Ching was killed. In her endeavor to escape and save the hospital children, Kate's car careened and turned over.

PART NINE—A WHISPER IN THE RUINS

WHEN Kate regained consciousness she found herself on the ground. A cool moist rag was on her forehead. She opened her eyes; saw the Chinese sergeant bending over her. Tentatively, gingerly, she moved her arms and legs.



She pulled him up a little, her arms protectingly about him, his head on her breast. "Poor, poor kid!" she sighed.

"No bones broken," she announced, with a wry grin.

Indeed, she had no serious injury. Just a few bruises and scratches, and her head ached.

The sergeant slipped an arm about her waist; helped her to her feet. He started to tell her something. But his voice was drowned out as, from the banks of the Whangpoo, came the slam and clank and roar of an artillery salvo, a deafening sequence of sound waves that grew to a continuous coughing roar, while countless projectiles rushed through the air with a noise like the tearing of tightly stretched silk.

Then, after a sudden breathless pause, another salvo thundered dimly in the distance. A blurred whining and wailing and, miles off, tortured steel smiting tortured earth.

The Japanese gunners, explained the sergeant during a temporary lull, were seeking the range. Soon there would be a barrage, followed by a massed infantry attack the entire length of the front. The Chinese main line—the Buddha grant it!—would hold. But the outposts would be unable to weather the storm. Nor were they expected to. Their job was merely to resist as long as possible, to give a chance for reinforcements to move up.

Kate, he added, had better be on her way.

She inclined her head.

"Guess you're right," she replied. She shook his rough grimy hand. "Well, best of luck!" she exclaimed, and reflected that—dear Lord!—it was such a silly, footling, inadequate thing to say to a man who was about to die, a brave man who *knew* that he would die. "I"—she stammered—"oh, I hope that you . . ."

She swallowed hard and was silent.

He smiled. His smile cut through her heart. Then he bowed.

"I lou fou sing!" were his courteous words: ["May the star of good fortune guard the stepping of your feet!"]

Abruptly he turned. He busied himself with a machine gun that had shown signs of jamming; gave sharp orders to the men under his command.

She stared at his broad back, hesitated, then walked away, toward the Nantao district. . . .

THERE, in the intervening hours, the bombardment, from battleships and planes and land batteries, had taken more and bloodier toll.

Whole blocks destroyed, smashed to jumbled masses of stone and wood, with pink and scarlet flames darting greedily over them. The wind sobbing dismally among the charred, splintered timbers that jutted from wall to crumbling wall. Burnt black the hearths and homes, the chambers of love, of birth, of merrymaking, of children's pattering feet, of small decent joys and small decent sorrows.

Kate shook a fist at a bombing plane that zoomed overhead; that swerved swiftly as a battery let loose at the flying target.

A fool, she reflected, the Japanese patriot who piloted it.

All men were fools. Brave, cruel, stupid fools. Willing to smash the world to bits for the vain glory of rebuilding it. Like a boy with his first watch. . . .

She walked on; reached Thibet Road.

She wept. For she was afraid. And she was alone.

Alone in this teeming town. Utterly alone among the thousands and tens of thousands. Her husband and her son dead these many years.

And Grover Yat and Mayling gone away. And Ching Ling Hi, too, had passed on; had passed on like a gent, even if he hadn't lived like one.

And her business, the Paradise . . .

There it was, straight ahead of her. An empty shell, broken, looted.

Nothing left.

Nobody left.

Alone—was she . . .?

No, no!

There was still the hospital which she had built. There were still the little sick children who compared her to Kwannon, the goddess of mercy. "Melican Kwannon"—that's what they called her.

She laughed.

Gee!—it was swell to be liked, maybe loved, by little children. Swell to see their eyes light up when she came near their cots. Swell to have their small hands reach out and pluck at her dress. Swell to hear them ask:

"Brought me a present, Melican Kwannon?"

The darned little panhandlers! The darned little gimme-gimme hounds! Ought to be ashamed of themselves. Ought to be spanked—

Well, they were in danger.

She had better move the whole caboodle out into the country, beyond the range of the Japanese guns, before something happened.

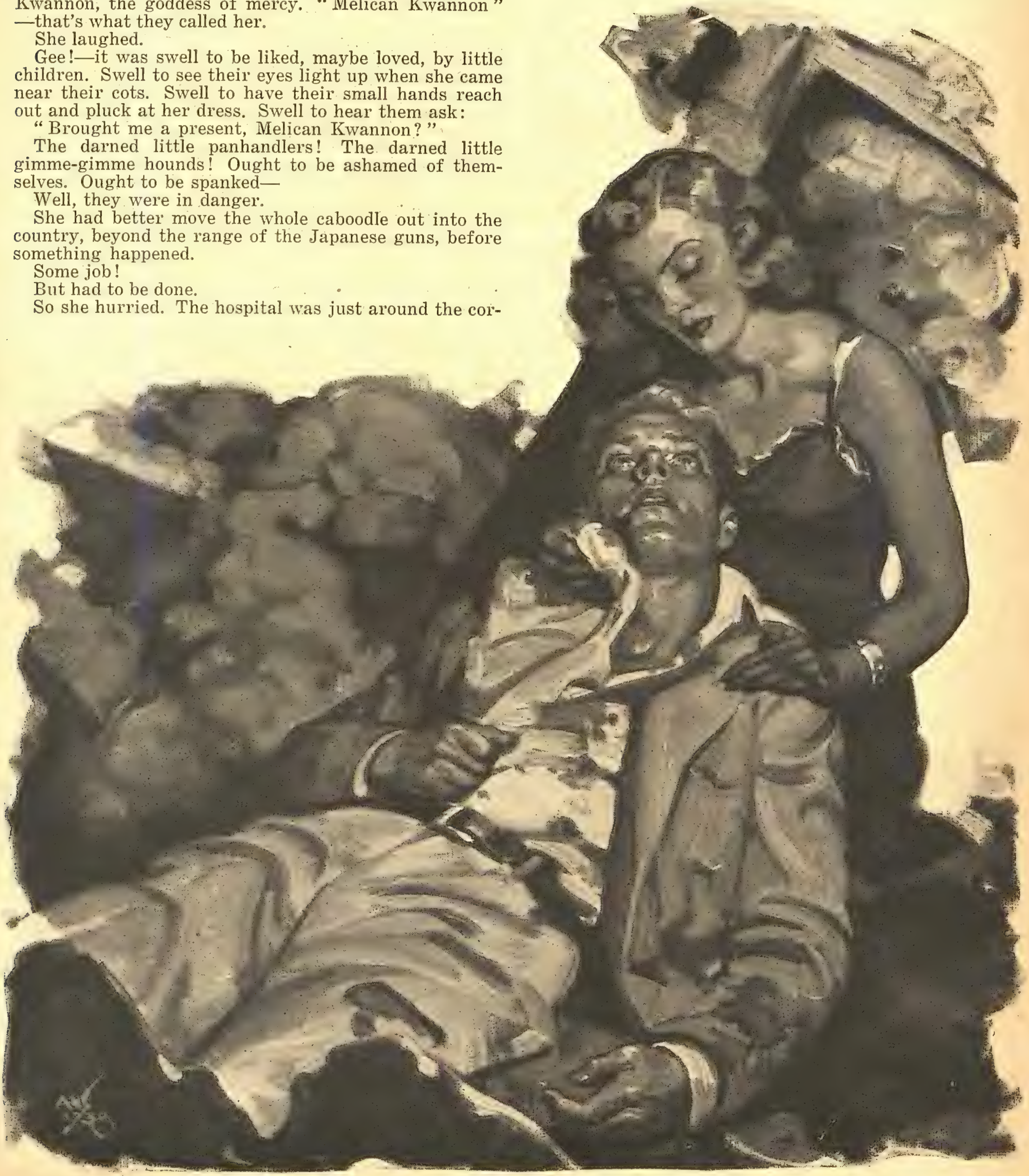
Some job!

But had to be done.

So she hurried. The hospital was just around the cor-

New tragedy brings new despair—and now, in one sudden, dazzling stroke of fate, the story reaches its climax

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN



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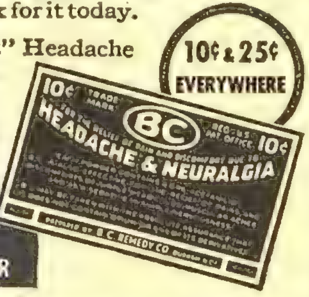

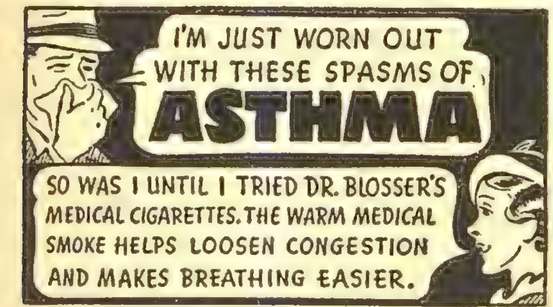
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—M. SCHRIER, N. Y.

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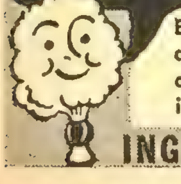

ner. And then, suddenly, she drew back. Her eyes were glassy, unbelieving.

FOR there was no hospital. Only a mass of smoking, stinking wreckage. She took a step nearer.

She saw a thin red-blistered arm sticking out from beneath a pile of jagged burning wood.

"Oh, God forgive me," she whispered—"for all my sins."

Children in there. Dead children. And perhaps some still alive . . .?

She must search among the ruins. She ran forward. . . .

A wizened old coolie woman stopped her.

"It's hopeless, lady. They—all of them . . ."

"Out of my way!" Kate's hand struck at the other. "Out of my way! . . ."

With superhuman strength she went to work, ripping off wood and metal like so much paper, lifting massive blocks of stone, attacking with her bare hands beams studded with sharp nails and other beams still hot and smoldering. Hour after hour she labored. Finding death—tortured, grimacing death. Not finding life. And the people, men and women of Nantao, many of whom knew her, looking on—and exchanging glances—and shrugging shoulders — and sighing — and doing nothing.

Not because of cowardice. Nor because of lack of compassion.

But—what was the use?

Ah!—was it not like an American, a Christian?—it was the foreign lady's fate not to accept this same fate. But to rebel. To fight against it. To seek the impossible. To toil among the wreckage. And when the sun dropped to the evening, still at it, jerking, lifting, heaving, pushing, pulling, with bare, frenzied hands—while the pulverized smoke-blackened plaster ran through her fingers like powder and her body ached in every muscle and bone, and occasionally a stone which she had braced up with great effort crashed back into place, bruising her.

Yet ever keeping on, hour after hour. Ever finding death, not life. And presently the people of Nantao no longer watching but going on their way.

For they were Chinese. And it was characteristic — not of their callousness, rather of their ancient, practical, racial wisdom—that here, tonight, in this shattered town, amid the bombardment, the crumbling houses, the terror and death, business should be resumed.

The plain ordinary business of every day. Barter and trade.

The living, after all, were more important than the dead. The dead demanded nothing but a shroud and a hole in the ground and, maybe, a prayer. But the living must eat; and, to provide food, one had to work.

So after a while they had all drifted off to attend to their prosy tasks. All but a small boy of three who sat cross-legged on the ground, sucking a thumb and watching Kate; who laughed gleefully when, from the remaining wall, a blazing beam dropped in a shower of sparks and caused her to jump quickly sideways.

He clapped his hands.

"Do it again!" he shouted. "Do it again!"

And the hours passed. And the moon began to slant, immense and lonely, across the sky. And still Paradise Kate was at it—tired, dirty, bleeding, soaked in sweat—a prayer in her soul:

"Aw—dear God—don't have 'em *all* dead! Not all! Just one little life! Just one little living kid! That's all I ask—see? Just one little life, dear God!"

On her knees she spoke the words. Once more she got up; once more toiled and pushed and pulled and clawed and ripped. And so, late that evening, Tubby Townsend, who had been hunting for her all over town, found her.

"Kate!" he called.

She did not reply.

"Kate!" he repeated more loudly.

Slowly she turned. She stared at him out of bleak ravaged eyes; went back to her work among the ruins, feverishly, desperately.

He frowned. He picked his way across the debris and took her by the shoulders.

"Listen!" he said to her. "I understand. It's tough on you. But—my word!—you'll have to show a bit of horse sense. You can't do any good here—can't bring the dead back to life. Come along with me like a good little girl."

SHE did not speak. She stood there and trembled. The intolerable weariness of her face had something of the gray look of death.

He grasped her arm.

"Come along!" he urged. "Carry on—stiff upper lip—boys of the bulldog breed—and all that sort of rot!"

She shook her head.

"No," she whispered dully—"no! I—I've got to stay here and . . ."

She was silent. Then suddenly she gave a cry. One of those long-drawn quivering cries in which the human soul tries to burst the bonds of the tortured mind and to seek refuge in hysteria.

"Righto!" Tubby said to himself.

He knew. She was on the verge of madness. And he remembered how, so many years ago, after he had been cashiered from the army for cheating at cards, he had done his damnedest to drown his grief, to forget his shame, drinking a couple of quarts of Scotch whisky daily for over two weeks; had got the D. Ts.; and there had been that rough-and-ready old country doctor, back home in Shropshire, who had given him a dose of the proper medicine.

That's what Kate needed.

"Shut up!" he yelled at her.

She screamed more loudly. He stared hard at her and said:

"Frightfully sorry, old thing. But now you're going to get it."

His hard hand whipped across her face. And immediately, enraged, she started for him, her blue eyes blazing, her mouth twisted and ugly, her fingers like claws.

She tore a red furrow down his left cheek. Again and again she screamed. Again and again she scratched him viciously. Again and again he struck her, until, all at once, she cowered and backed away from him, while her voice feathered to a queer, thin, falsetto whimper:

"You—oh—you're hurting me. . . ."

"Trying to."

Slap went his hand. Slap. Slap.

She wept like a child.

"Don't—don't, please. . . ."

Slap—once more.

Kate crumpled on the ground. Tubby stood over her, bent, raised her face that showed livid finger marks, looked into her eyes, saw that the madness had gone from them.

"Are you going to mind your p's and q's?" he inquired quite softly. "Going to be nice?"

A wan smile curled her lips.

"O. K., Simon Legree."

"That's the stuff. Let's go."

"Where?"

"International Settlement. Where else?"

"Not for me."

She related what had occurred that morning; how Ching had been killed and how the Japanese accused her of being a spy in the Chinese pay.

"So here I am," she added, "shoved out into the night like the hick girl in the movies."

"I see," murmured the Englishman.

He was disturbed, ill at ease.

The last twenty-four hours he had been worried about her. For he had always liked her, and she had been good to him. So he had considered it his duty to hunt for her. But now it appeared that she was in trouble, and the deepest sort of trouble, with the Japs. Would be frightfully risky trying to smuggle her into the Settlement. She'd have to remain in Nantao. . . .

Should he stay with her?

Beastly hole, Nantao. Especially during the bombardment. Not his lay of county at all. And the Settlement was pleasant enough. Lots of good fellows there among the old-timers. Lashings of free drinks. And still a few tourists who had been left stranded and were waiting for British and American ships to fetch them home. Easy marks, some of them. For instance, that young lad—nice young Californian lad—who had asked him to take him over to the Paradise, and who had been quite upset when he had told him that the place had been bombed and looted. . . .

Well, he'd steer him tonight to some other hot spot. Right in the Settlement. Plenty joints there, if one knew one's way about.

He gathered his straying thoughts; looked at Kate. Couldn't take her to the Settlement. And didn't want to stay in Nantao. Doocedly awkward situation.

He coughed.

"I say!" he began. "I—I think . . ."

"Sure," she interrupted. "You've got to go back and see a man about a dog."

"I"—he stammered—"I assure you . . ."

"Forget it, Tubby! It's all right by me. You've done what you could. Searched for me—and found me—and kept me from going nuts. I'm grateful." She kissed him lightly. "Run along now!"

"But . . ."

"Run along! I insist."

He was relieved.

"Of course—if you insist . . ."

"Nothing but. . . ."

IT was an hour later. Night had come, complete and swathing, trailing a purple cloak. Temporarily the bombardment had stopped.

Kate was walking aimlessly, trying not to think.

What was the good of thinking? Thinking—mulling

..but what about Tomorrow ?

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over the might-have-beens; couldn't change facts; didn't get you anywhere. The Chinks had the right dope. Let the pieces fall as they may, was their philosophy, and don't waste time and energy by squealing and twisting. Just take your dose of medicine and hope for the future. . . .

Only, she had no future. Had only a past.

Only a past! And she not yet old. No, no—not yet old.

But the things life had done to her! The bitter, tragic things that had crammed her existence to the brim ever since that evening, home in Los Angeles, when that racketeer . . .

Never mind.

What was done was done.

Main consideration right now was that she was dead-tired and as hungry as a wolf. Had to get a bite to eat; snatch a few hours' sleep. In the morning she'd decide what to do. . . .

She turned toward North Szechuan Road. There was still the little house where she and Ching had lived—and, sure! made a lot of dough—right after their flight from Singapore. She had never sold it. Friends of hers lived there: Ng Gin, the wholesale grocer, and his wife. They'd give her a bed and food. . . .

She'd be glad to get there. The people in the North Szechuan quarter were solid citizens; not show-offs like those who lived around Thibet Road, the curio dealers and cabaret and restaurant owners who catered to the foreign trade and—oh—carried their wealth on their sleeves. That's why Thibet Road was dangerous tonight—chiefly for white people.

FOR bombardment and war had loosened the shackles. The underworld was thawing into life. Roughnecks appeared. The dark alleys vomited them forth—to loot.

She hugged the shadows. She was nervous.

Shuffling feet in the dark. Savage voices. An ominous sweep of yellow vulpine faces as a number of armed men passed into a wedge of light that came from an upstairs window.

They hammered at the door.

"Open up!" they shouted.

The light was extinguished.

Again, more loudly:

"Open up!"

No answer. The people inside, thought Kate, cowering in terrible fear. Then—pop! pop! pop—rifles dropping exclamation marks into the night. A shiver of glass. A thudding of gun butts. The door broken in. . . .

Rats, reflected Kate; not leaving the sinking ship but plundering it. . . .

She hurried on through the darkness, the furtive bullet-spattered silence. To get to her destination she had to recross Thibet Road; and it was on an impulse that she went a few blocks out of her way to take a last look at the Paradise.

Ah, she told herself, the romance which once upon a time the Paradise had expressed to her! The eager, romantic longing which—throughout the days of her life, its drag and smother, its disenchantments and tragedies and contagious impurities—had been her ghostly companion!

Well, the ghost had been laid. Only facts remained, stark and bitter and mud-ugly.

SHE neared the cabaret. It bulked dim but for a reddish flicker on the top floor where—she imagined—looters were still at work.

Vandal axes had smashed the handsome elaborately carved teakwood gate. She glanced inside. The lobby was dark. She shrugged her shoulders; was about to pass on her way—then stopped, when she heard a choked agonized gurgle, as if deep from a man's throat.

Somebody was wounded. Maybe dying. . . .

She wondered what she should do.

The course of wisdom—you bet!—to do nothing; to beat it as fast as she could.

She moved away—and the next moment retraced her steps.

She crossed the threshold. There was an electric switch on the left wall. Perhaps it had not yet been put out of commission. She turned it; and at once a blaze filled the lobby and she saw in a corner a prone figure.

She walked up.

A white man, she noticed, and young. Not much over twenty. His eyes were closed. He was breathing heavily, painfully. A ragged wound was across his forehead. Another wound stained his light-colored trousers a rich red.

He was bleeding. Slowly bleeding to death.

Poor kid, she thought, out to see the sights—sure—and attacked by Chinese gangsters. . . .

She knelt down by his side. She pulled him up a little, her arms protectingly about him, his head on her breast, his blood trickling down, spotting her dress.

"Poor, poor kid!" she sighed.

Then he opened his eyes. They were opaque, shadowy, almost glazed. He spoke. She bent close to hear what he was saying. Her ear was against his lips.

"I"—his voice was a mumble, blurred, wiped over— "I'm looking—for—my mother . . ."

"Your mother?" she echoed.

"Yes—my mother—Paradise Kate—that's who she is—Paradise Kate. . . ." Silence. And in a thin whisper, while his eyes closed and his head drooped like a wilted flower, "You—you don't know her—do you . . .?"

What is Kate's answer to be? Can she believe her ears? Is it possible for her to save this boy's life and her own reason? In a situation that calls for all her courage, Kate makes the most momentous decision of her life in the great finale in next week's Liberty.

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Four Girls Learn About Life

An engaging small-town tale brings interesting people and a newcomer's memorable performance to the screen

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR O STAR—VERY POOR

FOUR DAUGHTERS

★ ★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Vera Lewis, John Garfield, Frank McHugh, May Robson, Gale Page, Dick Foran, Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Tom Dugan, Eddie Acuff, Donald Kerr. Screen play by Julius Epstein and Lenore Coffee from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 90 minutes.

AN engaging, pleasant story of a music professor and his four daughters from the prolific pen of Fannie Hurst. The background is a small town. One of the girls is engaged to a typical Babbitt, another to a florist's slow-witted clerk, when into the quiet household steps a personable young composer. He is flip, whimsical, and good-looking and in no time the home isn't quite the same. Following the composer is another newcomer, a music arranger, a hard-bitten, taciturn, disillusioned old-young man from a big city's slums.

Far be it from me to tell you what life does to the four girls, in spite of all the protection of old Professor Adam Lemp and shrewd Aunt Etta. Oddly enough, three real sisters—Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola Lane—play three of the four Lemps. Priscilla—or Pat—grows in ability and walks off with most of the sister honors. Your Beverly Hills gags a bit at flip young men who are sure of themselves. Maybe you'll like Jeffrey Lynn as the whimsical composer who swings on garden gates. He is a sort of No. 2 Errol Flynn. But the picture is stolen—lock, stock, and barrel—by John Garfield as the fatalistic, bitter, cynical music arranger. Garfield won his spurs a year ago with New York's Group Theater as Jules Garfield. It was inevitable that the movies would get him. The lad will go far. About him there is a slumbering power, a Muni-esque detail to his work. You will find him hard to forget.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Lane gals are Mulligans by birth, lovely offspring of an Indianola, Iowan architect. There are, all told, five of them, but they did not arrive in quintuplet style. The other two, Leota and Martha, are somewhere on the American stages, yet to crash Hollywood limelight. Lola's the eldest, dawned in this world at Macy, Indiana, had a Midwestern upbringing, athletic and smalltowny. She left Simpson College to enter Gus Edwards' School of Hard Knocks. Edwards gave her the name Lola Lane, one he had invented in his dreams. Sisters have since adopted the name, also the Lane coat of arms. Lola's been married to Lew Ayres and Alexander Hall; has had a few film careers. She's a bridge fiend, a first-edition collector. . . . Priscilla's Pat to her pals and she and Rosemary debutted in a Des Moines theater, singing a prologue to sister Lola's picture première. Later the gals joined Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, without ever having been to Pennsylvania. Prissie was 14 then. They've sung their way into Hollywood since. . . . Rosemary was born Rosemary in Indianola, she's been the joiner of the gals ever since Simpson College days, when she belonged to eight societies, clubs, sororities. She's supposed to be the original Betty Co-ed, who swept Mr. Vallee off his tonsils some years back. As with the others, Pop Mulligan objected to Rosie's going theatrical, but there were too many women around who reobjected, so Dad gave in. . . . Gale Page is Sally Rutter of the Spokane Rutters, veddy social, privately schooled, Western radio's sweetie-pie voice. . . . Jeffrey Lynn was born Ragnar Godfrey Lind in Auburn, Mass. He Bates Colleged, ran anchor leg on the 2-mile relay which won a Penn relay championship in 1930. Lynn gradded into the world of the depression, had to take any job offered, including phone-bill collector, farm hand, Embassy Theater (Bway) doorman and usher, department-store counter valet, schoolteacher, and stock-company sweep boy. Crawled out of the depression via the stage, movie debuts in this. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 158, can sing and write, having edited his college paper. . . . John (Jules) Garfield's been in nine straight Bway successes, mostly radical, including Waiting for Lefty, Johnny Johnson, Golden Boy, and Having Wonderful Time. . . . May Robson's been under the weather recently, ptomaine ravishing her during this. She announces her intention to stick it out to 100—despite. She's now 73.

Priscilla Lane, Gale Page, Lola and Rosemary Lane in Four Daughters.

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN

★★

THE PLAYERS: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Carol Hughes, Sally Payne, Ivan Miller, Edward Cassidy, Lew Kelly, Howard Chase, Albert Terry, Frankie Marvin, Earl Dwire, Lloyd Ingraham, Lillian Drew, Al Taylor, Joe Yrigoyen, Polly Jenkins and her Plowboys. Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Luci Ward from a story by Bernard McConville. Directed by Joe Kane. Produced by Republic. Running time, 58 minutes.

GENE AUTRY, America's No. 1 cowboy, rides hard again—this time to save the newly arrived inhabitants of a ghost town, Gold River. The newcomers have been lured to the spot by an unscrupulous promoter who promises water and power from Boulder Dam to the old deserted mining town. Among the victims is the pretty mistress of a beauty parlor (what a coiffure means to Gold River is beyond me), and in no time at all Gene is playing his mandolin outside her door and forcing his side-kick, fat, shy Smiley Burnette, to have effete manicures from the heroine's flip comic partner.

Gene, of course, saves the townfolk, sings pleasantly, rides hard, outwits the villains, and steadily grows more personable as the hinterland's idol. He belongs to the great stratum which loves its heroes simple, direct, and not too quick on the histrionic trigger.

VITAL STATISTICS: No. 1 Cowboy in 1937, it looks as if Gene Autry will retain said position in 1938, far outstripping his nearest hard-ridin' competitors, Buck Jones, Bill Boyd, Tex Ritter, and John Wayne. Autry's voice probably keeps him up on top, modern horse-opera stars needing a pair of excellent tonsils as well as spurs to make them popular. Autry fan mail, reputedly larger than Rob Taylor's, now comes largely from big cities, where all the vicarious cowboys live. He's also terribly popular in Europe, where there are no cowboys—just soldiers. Autry's his real name, he started singing when he was 10, mostly to cattle when he rode the range on his paw's cattle ranch. At 18 he left Tioga, Texas, got a job telegraphing for the Frisco Railway at Sapulpa, Okla. Met Jimmy Long, another railroadman. They wrote lots of nostalgic prairie ballads together. Most weepy and successful was That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine. He's written several hundred songs since, outsells any other Western record singer, pulls down about $3,000 for personal appearances, as much for radio jobs, and about $25,000 per picture, of which he makes six a year. His parents still live in Oklahoma, his father Delbert Autry's a minister in the wee hamlet of Ravia. Gene says he owes his success to his horse Champ, has built him a fine ivory-lined stall, put a trust fund away for Champ's old age in case he, Autry, goes broke. . . . Smiley Burnette's Autry's good-luck charm, they've been inseparable for years, doing a brother act. Both broke into movies together. Autry won't work unless there's a part for Smiley, so there's always a part for Smiley. Burnette writes music too; did She Works at the Third Laundry Tub from the Left for this.

SPEED TO BURN

★★

THE PLAYERS: Michael Whalen, Lynn Bari, Marvin Stephens, Henry Armetta, Chick Chandler, Sidney Blackmer, Johnny Pirrone, Charles D. Brown, Inez Palange. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan from a story by Edwin Dial Torgerson. Directed by Otto Brower. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 62 minutes.

ALL of the big Hollywood producing companies are going in for series of pictures involving the same characters. The theory being, of course, that you will come back to watch old friends facing new problems. Speed to Burn is the first yarn built about Papa Gambini, proprietor of a small spaghetti parlor, Mama Gambini, young Tony Gambini, who takes accordion lessons, and Tony's sister or two.

Into the life of the Gambinis comes War Paint, a race horse, and his jockey, young Tim Turner. Life isn't quite the same for the Gambinis after that. Most of the action revolves around the race track. There are horse racketeers to vary the sure-to-win-in-the-last-reel formula.

Henry Armetta—you have watched his effusive spluttering in many films—is Papa Gambini. Michael Whalen seems pretty much wasted as a noble mounted policeman.

VITAL STATISTICS: Henry Armetta used to be the barber at the Lambs Club. His accent and comicality, plus fact he didn't shave off ears, attracted late Raymond Hitchcock's attention, got Armetta a job as valet to William Farnum, old-time screen star. Armetta did all sorts jobs at ancient studios—cleaned up, cooked, pressed, sewed, barbered, and acted. Got as much as $75 a week. In time became well known on screen but kept receiving pitifully small moneys. Recent years have boosted him up into the Grade A or annuity moneys, made him consummately happy, very successful. Though he's tapering off at the box office, he's comfortably fixed for life, owns his own home in Bevhills, is very much the Italian fambly man, likes to cook on his outdoor bar-b-q pit in 108-degree heat for everybody. . . . Michael Whalen's growing out of the juvenile class into the handsome leading-man type. He's unmarried, takes care of his family, is well under the $1,000-a-week class, runs with the Hollywood artist group, has naturally curly hair, is a clothes fancier. . . . Lynn Bari's not from Napoli but jes a good old Suth'n gal from Roanoke, Vuginiuh. She's lived in Lynchburg, Va., then moved on to Boston, where she added the bean to her Suth'n drawl. . . . The haybag War Paint is really Zane, owned by Tracy Lane of Hollywood. Oddly enough, Zane's an old police horse, was bought by Lane from a chief of police for a few dollars, has been trained as the chief cameraproof race horse of Hollywood. Zane gets $250 a week for his services. . . . Sidney Blackmer started staging as a handsome young black-haired shy soft-voiced juvenile; the years have turned him into a ferocious thundering heavy. Once he played artistic parts, now he plays only realistic ones. Was once married to Lenore Ulric. He works fairly steadily, is a free lance. . . . Cast pooled together and bought a racing pony, named it Speed to Burn. Will race it syndicate-ownership style, keep fingers crossed while it grows up, hoping it will become another Man o' War Paint.

IN JUSTICE TO MR. FIELDS

ON various occasions in the past, Liberty has inadvertently published statements to the effect that W. C. Fields is unmarried. While these assertions were published in good faith and with full belief in their truth, it now comes to our attention that in fact Mr. Fields was married thirty-seven years ago and has a wife and son now living in Beverly Hills. Liberty is always glad to correct any misinformation given its readers in prior articles.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

★★★½—Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

★★★—Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark.

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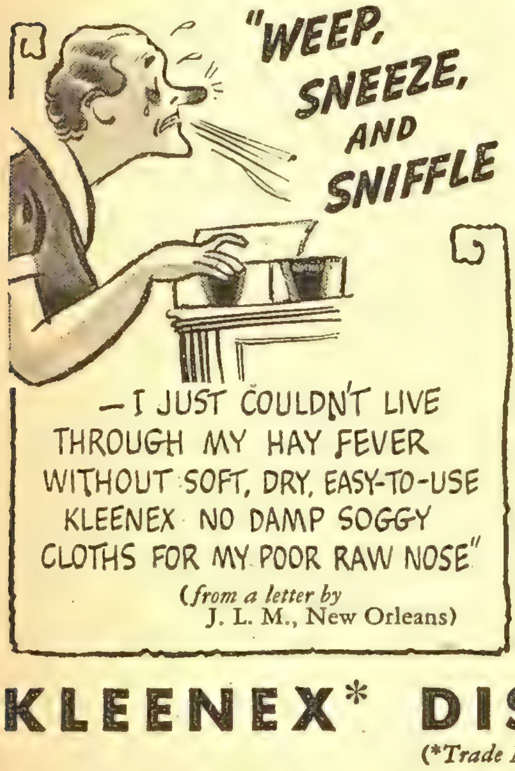
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(*from a letter by* J. L. M., New Orleans)

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(*from a letter by* Mrs. S. L. G., Birmingham)

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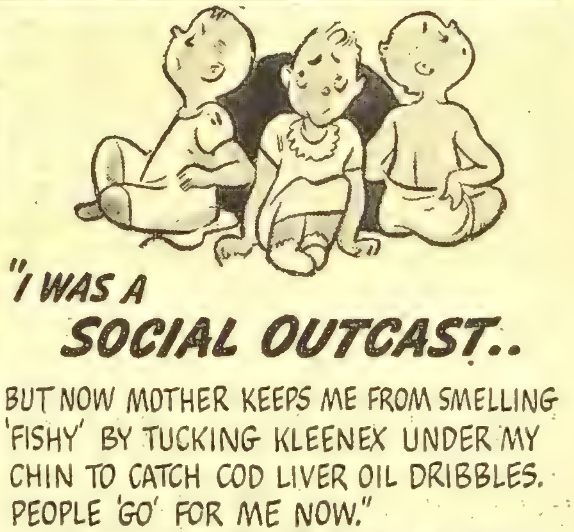
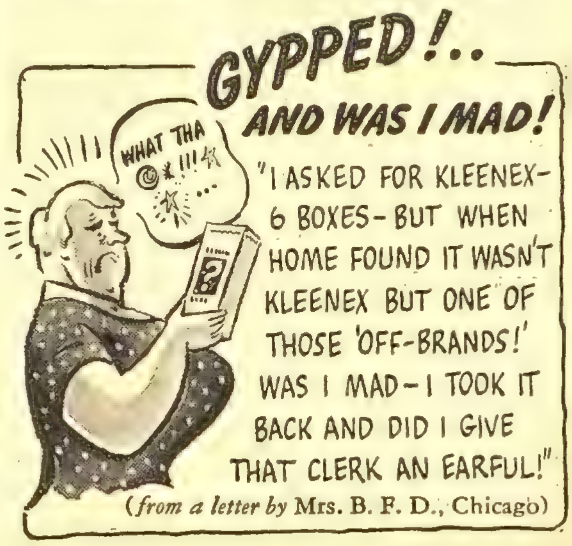

"I WAS A SOCIAL OUTCAST..
BUT NOW MOTHER KEEPS ME FROM SMELLING 'FISHY' BY TUCKING KLEENEX UNDER MY CHIN TO CATCH COD LIVER OIL DRIBBLES. PEOPLE 'GO' FOR ME NOW."
(*from a letter by* Mrs. W. D. G. Jr., St. Paul)


GYPPED!.. AND WAS I MAD!
WHAT THA @*!!!*!...
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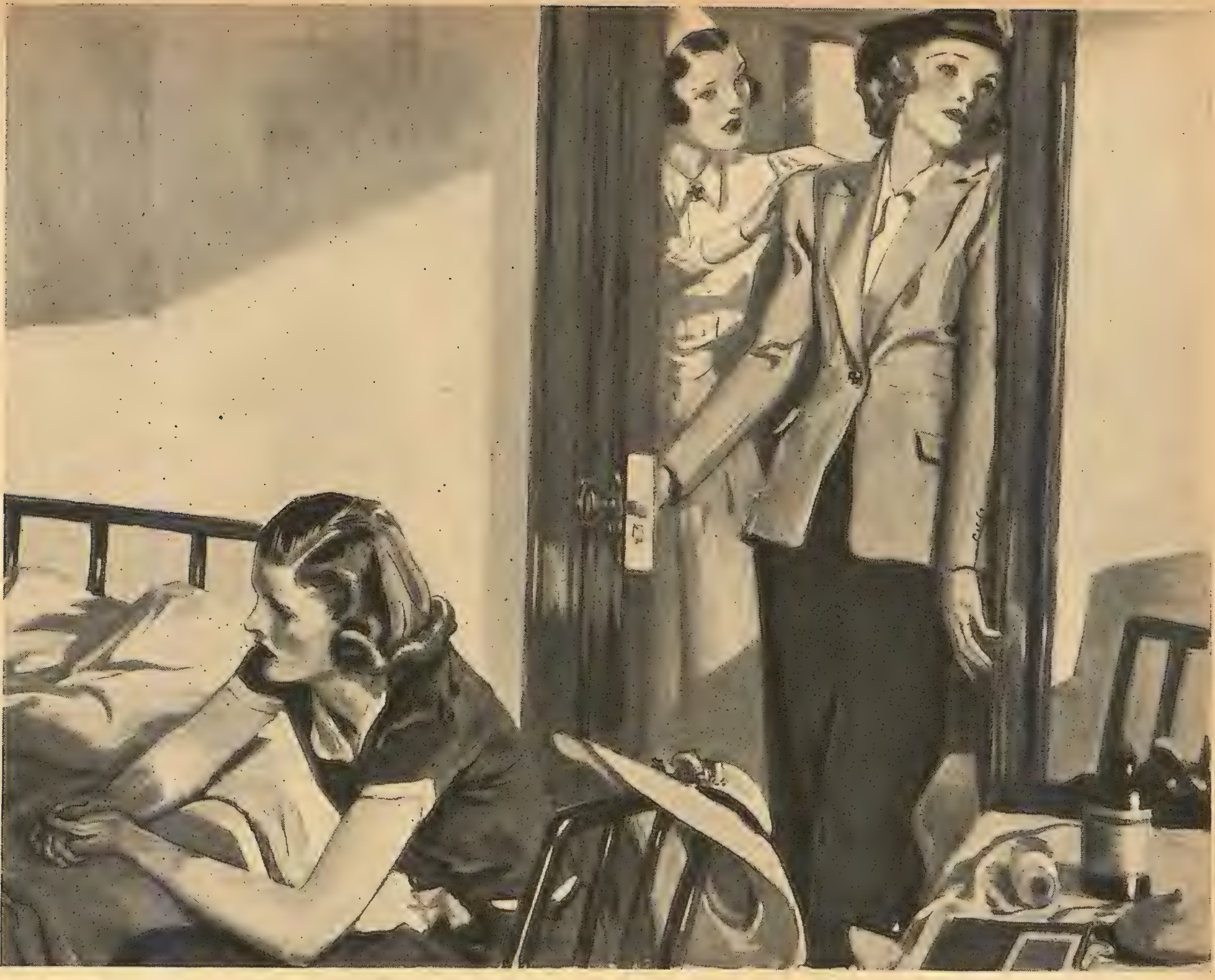

She watched the door open slowly. She swayed. All the anguish of seven years poured out into a single whispered cry.

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

The end of the trail, the beginning of love, peace for a woman's heart—The dramatic finale of an exciting novel

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

THIS time it was Harley Pitt who flew west with Leslie. He explained his going grimly: "Think I can simply play around Miami while you go alone? Don't you realize how much time means to *me*, Les?"

For Leslie the visit to El Paso was as unreal as a nightmare. She could never afterward remember having seen the city. She did, however, clearly remember the Mexicana Hotel. It had an immense patio in which a fountain splashed among flowers. And it was in the patio that she found Philip Ranney waiting when she and Harley Pitt arrived.

When she saw him, her heart seemed to leap. She thought, at the first glimpse, that he intended to pull her into his arms. But the unexpected sight of Harley stopped him, and when he came forward he offered a formal hand.

"You look glorious, Les!" Turning to Harley Pitt, he added, "How are you? I knew you'd gone to Miami, but I didn't know you'd come flying across the country."

Leslie was too tensely impatient for preliminaries. "Phil, did—did you see him?"

"Yes. I went to the hospital this morning."

"Is he—Bert?"

"I can't say. Remember, I never saw him before in my life. And he's probably changed a bit from the picture of seven years ago. I could have brought a dozen people along to identify him, of course, but that would have been the kind of thing to give the papers headlines."

"What happened to him?" she whispered. "Why is he in—a hospital? His leg?"

"No. He shot himself."

"*What!*"

Philip Ranney sent an uneasy look about the patio. There were quite a few people near by. He said, "Suppose we talk upstairs. I have a room reserved for you. . . ."

Five minutes later they were in the seclusion of her room, and Leslie stood stunned, listening with a sense of anguish to what Philip Ranney had to report.

"I'd better make it clear from the beginning," he said. "For one thing, you recall we sent a man to Miami to watch Arlene Bray."

"Arlene Bray told me she'd had a telegram from her sister—"

"I know. By that time our man had become pretty friendly with the help at the Double Cross Club. He'd given a twenty-dollar tip to a youngster who does odd jobs backstage. The kid picked the torn scraps of the telegram out of a trash heap and turned them over to our man. It took less than an hour to paste the pieces together and telephone the New York office that the Roakes had sent the wire from El Paso."

"Phil, couldn't—couldn't we go to the hospital to see him now? You can tell me the rest on the way!"

He shook his head, glanced at his watch. "Sorry. They told me they'd let us see him again at five—not before. He's pretty badly hurt."

Harley Pitt urged, "Go on with it. How did you locate these Roakes?"

"The police here did it. They had the license number of Roake's car. And a policeman spotted the car outside a tourist camp near Fort Bliss. When he tried to go into the cabin, he was stopped by Margaret Roake. The officer insisted on seeing her husband. Through a window he did see the man. What he saw must have given him quite a jolt, too. Thomas Roake, lying on a cot with an injured leg, was reaching to a coat that hung from a peg in the wall. He was drawing a revolver from its pocket.

"The officer dashed into the cabin. He saw Roake lift the weapon to his mouth. Apparently Thomas Roake, realizing he was about to be arrested, had decided to give up—that way. The officer got his hands on the gun half a second too late. The thing went off. It had been deflected down just far enough to send the bullet through Roake's neck."

"And—he's dying?" Leslie gasped, her throat tight.

"I'm afraid so. He's unconscious."

Leslie beat a desperate fist on the back of a chair. "Please, Phil, let's go now! I can't sit here waiting for five o'clock. If they'll just let me look in—"

Ranney sighed, "Well, we can try."

Leslie, sitting in a cab between Harley Pitt and Philip Ranney, drove through the streets to the hospital with a sense of impending horror. She was vaguely aware of going up in an elevator, of walking behind a nurse along a white corridor, cool and long.

The nurse finally stopped. With her hand on the knob of a door, she said, "I won't be able to let you in. You'll have to look at him from here."

In a daze that seemed to make it impossible even to breathe, Leslie stepped to the nurse's side. She watched the door open, slowly. She saw Margaret Roake in a plain dark dress sitting beside the bed. But it wasn't at Margaret she looked. Her agonized stare was fastened on the man in bed. She looked at his haggard face, at the hair that showed patches of gray, at the closed eyes.

And then she swayed. All the anguish of seven years poured out in a single whispered cry: "*Bert!*"

SHE had an impulse to push the nurse aside and rush into the room. She was the wife of that man in bed. She had been his wife for seven years. She—

Margaret Roake suddenly rose, forbidding and possessive. She stepped in front of the bed as if to shield the man who lay there.

The nurse began to pull the door closed. "I'm sorry. You'll have to go now."

Philip Ranney and Harley caught Leslie's arms, led her away. Harley's face was ghastly.

And Leslie didn't talk. She couldn't. She felt suffocated. Queerly, Bert hadn't seemed to be her husband at all as he lay there. He had belonged so definitely to the gaunt woman who stood over him. . . .

They were halfway down the long corridor when they heard quick steps behind them. Still in a daze, Leslie swung around to face a pallid Margaret Roake. The woman was harried, her gaze full of panic. She whispered, "Mrs. Cameron, I—I've got to talk to you! Please!" She looked around desperately, saw an empty room. "We'll go in here," she said.

So they followed Margaret Roake into the room. The woman shut the door, leaned back against it, trembling.

"Mrs. Cameron," she said, the words rushed and husky, "you probably hate me, and I can't blame you. Still, I've got to ask something of you." She looked from face to face. "Of *all* of you. I want to tell you about Bert, so you'll understand—so you'll see why I'm begging you to—to keep this whole thing among ourselves."

LESLIE, shaken, let herself sink to a chair.

"I knew your husband long before you did, Mrs. Cameron," the woman went on bitterly. "In New York. Before he even met you. I—I worked for him."

She paused, but no one in the room ventured a word.

"I've never fooled myself about Bert. I never tried to kid myself into thinking he loved me. He was too—too spectacular for that. He knew he was headed for big things. Bert Cameron was waiting for the right kind of marriage. Oh, I knew all that. But it didn't seem to matter. *I* loved *him.* I—kept throwing myself at him. I've never blamed him. It was my fault."

Her expression, despite the tears in her eyes, showed neither shame nor regret.

"Finally I went away. I didn't want to force Bert into a marriage he'd hate. Oh, he offered to marry me, all right. Bert was that way. But it would have been a favor, and I didn't want favors. I said no.

"I had my baby in Chicago, and I stayed there. Bert insisted on sending money. Once or twice he even came out to see me. But then he married you, Mrs. Cameron, and—and he couldn't continue those direct contacts with me. He sent me money through my sister Arlene. And I always wrote to him in care of her. That was why he used to go to her apartment."

Six months ago, six weeks ago, Leslie Cameron would have refused to believe all this. But now everything this woman said sounded dreadfully plausible and true.

"I never complained," continued Margaret Roake. "I would have been happy to go on like that forever. I had the child and I loved it, and nothing else counted. But—but Bert became Special Prosecuting Attorney. He began to investigate people in New York. They tried to bribe him to stop. He laughed at them. So they tried to get at him some other way.

"They began to dig into his private life—and they found out about me. Somehow they dug out the whole story. And when they had it, Frederick Novack called on Bert. Threatened to expose the truth about me and our boy." Margaret Roake's voice was quivering now. "That was the one thing Bert didn't have the nerve to face. He'd been married to you less than a month, Mrs. Cameron. I know he loved you. And he knew that if Novack exposed him, it wouldn't just ruin his professional career—it would break up his life with you. And he couldn't face all that. He just collapsed.

"Novack promised to keep the whole thing quiet if Bert's investigation ended. Well, it ended, all right. But not the way Novack had figured. Bert couldn't go on in New York, with Novack holding a sword over his head the rest of his life. He gathered all the cash he could get his hands on. He had dinner with Arlene that night, told her he had decided to quit fighting. He was going to join me and the child. He had enough money to take care of us.

"And that's what he did, Mrs. Cameron. He picked me up in Chicago and we went down to the desert, using the name Roake. Bert knew he'd probably been followed by Frederick Novack's detectives, that they knew where he'd gone."

"They never told," snapped Harley Pitt.

"Novack must have paid them plenty to keep quiet," Margaret Roake said harshly. "*He* didn't want Bert found! Bert knew too much about Novack by that time."

Philip Ranney put in, with tension of his own, "Mrs. Roake, when Bert Cameron vanished, a great many records went with him. Do you know what became of them?"

"Yes." She met his eyes with unswerving steadiness. "Mr. Ranney, Bert was afraid that—that men like Novack wouldn't be satisfied with his disappearance. He thought some day they might want to make it permanent by having him murdered. That was why he took those records along. We turned them over in a sealed package to a lawyer in Chicago—a lawyer who knew us only as Roake. After that we wrote to Novack. We told him that if anything ever happened to Bert, the lawyer in Chicago was instructed to turn those papers over to the police."

"And the papers are still with that lawyer?"

"No. We have them now."

"*You?* Where, Mrs. Roake?"

"In a valise, with Bert's clothes. I've got it in a hotel down the street. The lawyer in Chicago gave up practice. When he quit, he sent the papers back to us."

"CAN I get them?"

"If you want them, yes. Bert won't have any more use for them." She turned desperately back to Leslie. "Mrs. Cameron, *that* isn't what I want to talk about! It's about Bert and—and me—about all of us! We were safe on the desert till you found us. Arlene was the only one besides Novack who knew where we were. She was an angel. Through seven years she stuck to the story that she knew nothing at all. Lied for us."

"Did you, by the way, notify Arlene that Bert was dying here in El Paso?" asked Harley Pitt.

"Ye-es—"

"Then she probably told it to Novack. And he tried to keep Mrs. Cameron out at sea until after Bert's death, so that she wouldn't get a word with him." Harley drew a heavy breath. "Go on, Mrs. Roake."

"The—the other day, when that policeman tried to get into the tourist cabin, Bert knew it was all over. He didn't have the courage to go back to New York and—and face things. That was why he reached for the gun."

Her eyes praying for sympathy, Margaret Roake straightened, lifted a hand. "Mrs. Cameron, Bert's going to die. The chances are he won't even recover consciousness. I know you can make a big case of this. But what good will it do? You've *found* Bert. Won't it be better for all of us if—if you just say nothing? If you let him die as Thomas Roake? I'm not asking it for myself. I've got a youngster. I've brought him up to believe his father is pretty grand. I'd like him to go on believing that all his life. I don't want ever to have to tell

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REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

him about Bert Cameron — about everything that happened—"

"You needn't worry about it," Leslie said in low, unsteady tones. "The whole thing will end here."

"Th-thanks." Mrs. Roake went limp against the door, sighed tremulously. "Thanks, Mrs. Cameron. I—I kind of knew you'd feel that way. It was Mr. Ranney I was worried about." She looked at him uncertainly. "Mr. Ranney, if you'll give me your word never to tell any one that Thomas Roake was Bert Cameron—to let the whole thing die here—I'll go with you and turn those papers over. Is it a bargain?"

Ranney didn't hesitate at all. "I'd have agreed to keep the thing quiet even without the bribe," he said. "But those records mean a great deal to me."

"We'll go," Margaret Roake promised, "when—when I've seen Bert again." . . .

"There's just one thing more I want to know," Ranney pressed. "Who wired you that warning at Little Alamo that Mrs. Cameron and I were coming?"

"Novack, I think. The telegram wasn't signed."

RANNEY saw no reason for Leslie to accompany him to get Margaret Roake's papers. She was still too profoundly stunned. So he persuaded Harley Pitt to take her back to the Mexicana Hotel.

When they were gone, he waited impatiently in the hospital's lobby for Margaret Roake. He had to wait almost an hour before she came to him, haggard and exhausted.

Though her hotel was only a few blocks away, Ranney put her in a cab. She sank back weakly, shut her eyes.

"The doctor says," she whispered at last, "that there isn't even hope of his recovering consciousness now. I ought to stay with him. But there's my boy—I've got to see that Davy's looked after. He's at the hotel. I hired a maid, but she goes off at five."

They said no more then. When they reached the small hotel, the woman inquired anxiously for her son. The desk clerk told her that he'd been taken for a walk by the maid.

Ranney couldn't suppress his nervousness as he went to an upper floor with Margaret Roake. He was, he realized, about to receive what he had been struggling for months to acquire in New York—incriminating evidence against Frederick Novack. The expectation made his mouth feel dry.

Margaret Roake's fingers were so unsteady that he took the key himself and unlocked her door. He pushed it open—then went rigid, staring, while the woman beside him stifled a gasp.

Two suitcases lay open and empty on a rug. Their contents were scattered about the room, everywhere, in crazy confusion. The drawers of the bureau and the dressing table were open, and even the few clothes in the closet were crumpled on the floor.

Margaret Roake lurched past him, her complexion ghastly. She gaped about with stupefied eyes.

"Where were those records?" Ranney blurted.

She pointed to one of the suitcases. "In there! That's Bert's! They were in a big yellow envelope!"

There was no yellow envelope now. Bert Cameron's evidence was gone.

Colorless, Ranney crossed the room and snatched up the phone. His eyes were stormy while he informed the desk clerk that Mrs. Roake's room had been ransacked. The clerk himself, pale and demoralized, came running up at once, followed by two bellhops. Ranney questioned him.

"No, sir! I haven't any *idea* how—I don't see who would have—" And then the man abruptly stopped. His eyes widened. "Those two men!" he whispered.

"What men?"

"They—they registered this morning! Brown and Anderson. I put them on this floor. I remember, Mrs. Roake, that when they came down for lunch they — they sort of played around with your boy. One of them wanted to buy some candy, but the maid said no—"

"Where are Brown and Anderson?" Ranney cut in sharply.

The clerk stared at him in consternation. "They're gone, sir. They checked out about two o'clock—said they'd decided to drive on—"

Philip Ranney couldn't quite crush the oath that welled up in him. He went to the phone again and called the police. But in sheer despair he knew that he had been decisively beaten. Even if "Brown" and "Anderson" could be found, the chances were that by this time they had destroyed the package of papers taken from Bert Cameron's suitcase.

IT was too late; Ranney knew it; and the failure of the police in the next two days merely intensified his sense of defeat. With Leslie and Harley Pitt, he remained in El Paso until after Bert's funeral. And then they returned to New York in a mood strangely humbled. Perhaps it was the reaction to all that had happened that kept them so silent on the flight. Or perhaps it was the knowledge that for Philip Ranney the entire search had proved useless.

Leslie, returning alone to her apartment in late afternoon, felt a choking sense of disappointment for him. There was nothing she could do; nothing any one could do.

She had thrown off her coat in the drawing room. She was just reaching for her hat when she saw the large yellow envelope on the piano. . . . The sight of it stifled her breath. She stared, seized by a wild impossible premonition, and her nerves began to pound.

"Della, what's that?" she asked the maid.

"Don't know, ma'am. It came a couple of days ago. Registered."

Leslie recognized the handwriting on the envelope with a sense of faintness that made her sink shakily to the piano bench. She hadn't seen that handwriting in seven years. She couldn't believe in it even now.

She ripped the envelope open and a slip of paper fluttered to the floor. Leslie snatched it up; she pressed a trembling hand to her mouth as she read. For Bert—*Bert*—had written:

> My dearest Les:
>
> I know now that you and Philip Ranney have traced me at least as far as Little Alamo. When we left there the other evening, I had an impulse to chuck the whole thing, to stay and face you, to try to make you understand everything that has happened. But Margaret didn't want it that way. So we went. Every second since then you have been with me, Les. You are with me now.
>
> I'm lying on a cot in a little tourist cabin near El Paso as I write this. Margaret and our boy have driven to town to buy food, and I'm alone. There is a family in the adjoining cabin who are preparing to leave for Kansas. I have just talked to the man, and he agreed to mail this for me in El Paso.
>
> Les, I'm through. I've been through a long time, but somehow I was never willing to admit it. But now, lying here with this broken leg, with the pain of it sending hell through my whole body, I don't want to go on. I'm too tired. I suppose the police are hunting for us everywhere, and sooner or later they're bound to find us. I don't want to wait for that. So I've decided to quit. I'll wait just long enough to see Margaret and our boy again.
>
> There's just this, Les, I want to do before I go. These enclosed papers—papers that can jail Frederick Novack, who drove me out of New York seven years ago and who caused *you* seven terrible years—I want you to have them, Les. Do what you think best with them.
>
> I see the family next door is ready to leave now. I can think of nothing else to say to you, Les dear, except—God bless you and give you happiness. My only prayer is that some day you may find it possible to forgive me. BERT.

Leslie was quietly weeping when she finished the letter. She took a handkerchief from her purse and held it to her lips and read the note again through tears. And then, with the envelope in her hand, she sat thoughtful for a long time. But at last she slowly crossed the room to telephone Philip Ranney. . . . She was, in that moment, strangely proud of Bert Cameron.

THE next afternoon Philip Ranney telegraphed from Albany, where he had rushed with the package of papers to consult the governor of the state:

> OUR MAN AS GOOD AS IN JAIL COMING HOME AT ONCE SEE YOU TONIGHT ALL MY LOVE

The last three words held Leslie's eyes a long time. They did strange things to her tight nerves, too.

But in the evening Harley came first, with a sheaf of papers in a briefcase. He was grave and reserved.

"Les," he said, rubbing the cold out of his hands, "there's only one thing left to do. He's dead as Thomas Roake, and you've got to give yourself freedom. You won't object to having him declared *legally* dead now, will you? It's the only way to continue the fiction that you don't know what's become of him."

She said softly, "You're right, Harley."

She signed the petition in his presence. If her fingers shook Harley pretended not to notice it. She wrote at her small desk, and he looked down over her shoulder.

"There won't be any trouble," Harley said steadily, taking the papers. "You can leave it all to me."

With what she thought was exaggerated care, he replaced them in the briefcase. He closed it with a snap. He stood hesitant, uncertain, his face tight and pale. She could see his thumb nervously rub his finger tips. Then he turned.

"Les—" His voice remained low, very low. "Les, maybe I oughtn't to talk of it again so soon—after all that's happened. But I can't torture myself with another delay. I can't! . . . I love you."

The words died. He seemed to be waiting for her to come to his arms—praying for it. And Leslie, inarticulate, could only stare at him while her mind flew back to the desert and a creaking buckboard and Philip Ranney's kiss crushing her lips.

SHE heard herself whispering, "Harley, I can't—"

The strange thing was that he didn't appear surprised. He looked deep into her eyes, as if he had expected this; and a pained smile twisted his lips.

"Ranney?" he asked.

Mechanically she nodded.

Harley Pitt stared at the floor. "I—I had an idea something like that had happened," he murmured. "When I saw you and him together in El Paso." He was silent through an eternity before he sighed: "We can't help such things, can we? I suppose you can't help loving him any more than I can help loving you."

He didn't linger. Still, there was no haste in his going, nor was there anything final about it. Leslie knew she would see him again, often, always.

For a few moments after he had gone, she leaned over the back of a chair, head lowered, eyes closed. She had come to the end of one phase of her life, to the beginning of another. And, curiously, she could feel no sadness for the past. All that mattered now was the future. . . .

The bell rang.

Straightening, Leslie Cameron thrust back her chestnut hair and moved across the drawing room. She heard Della open the door. Della said cheerfully, "Yes, Mr. Ranney, she's here. Come right in!"

THE END

HE HAS NEVER LOOKED AT ANOTHER WOMAN
WHY WOULD HE! I NEVER SAW A WOMAN OF HER AGE SO YOUNG AND FULL OF PEP

Are You Growing "MIDDLE-AGED" too Fast?

Why Many People Grow Old Fast in Their Forties

Around 40 you need certain vitamins just as much as children do—but you may not be getting enough of them. Poorer digestion—common after 40—may slow down your energy. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing their full good.

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It gives rich amounts of 4 needed vitamins. It helps stimulate and strengthen digestion. This better digestion helps your body to take up the vitamins *faster* and *more fully* so you get more out of them. It should make you feel better—more vigorous.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast ½ hour before meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. Do this every day. Many "after forties" find it helps them *feel younger* than they have in years!

Fleischmann's Yeast helps many "After 40's" Feel Younger

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A Doctor Expresses Creed of A. M. A.

RICHMOND, IND.—No other dictatorship, no other unionized association, no other racket has ever enjoyed the liberty accorded the creed of the American Medical Association, which should be expressed as follows:

I am the God of Medicine and Surgery. Your life and the lives of your unborn children are in the palm of my hand. I fear no evil.

None but my association members may, according to law, offer aid to the sick, injured, or dying, else they shall be guilty of practicing medicine without a license and may be fined and imprisoned. Nor am I compelled to provide aid to the sick, injured, or dying unless I am satisfied that you can pay my fee.

I can charge for my services as I see fit.

I can prescribe any method of medical or surgical treatment which I desire, regardless of whether that treatment will cure you or not, and if the treatment is not successful and you die, the legal authorities can do nothing about it, for I am the law.

I can look at your tongue and feel your pulse and determine the type of your ailment and the stage it has reached in your body, although your ailment may be one which only the expert microscopist, chemist, or roentgenologist can determine with the most scientific and modern procedure, and you cannot convict me if I fail to properly diagnose or treat your true condition, even though you pay me large sums of money for treating you. I am the law.

I may have graduated in medicine and surgery forty years ago and never have studied the now recognized modern methods of diagnosing and treating disease; yet I can get my state license each year without being examined in modern methods pertaining to the practice of medicine, and you are compelled by law to place your life and the lives of your family in my hands, and mine only. I am the law.

I am thy God of Medicine and Surgery, and thou shalt have no other gods before me, nor shalt thou consult them; else I shall smite thee and thy helper shall be imprisoned.

The law has given me the sole right to accept or reject, to give you or withhold from you, any and all modern advancements in medicine and surgery, regardless of the success of the treatment, and prevent you from buying the treatment or medicine elsewhere. I am the law.

I sign your birth certificate and your death certificate, and they are accepted by the authorities without question. I am the law.

I am your medical and surgical dictator. I compel obedience.

If the licensed medical and surgical practitioners are to be given the supreme powers of God Almighty, then the law of the land should hold them legally responsible. If they fail to aid you, they should be compelled to refund your money. If you die because of their mistakes, they should be held legally responsible for your death. When such laws are provided, many thousands of lives will be saved from long suffering and death.—*Dr. H. S. Mikesell, M. J. D. (Doctor of Medical Jurisprudence).*

GIVES CREDIT TO MAXIM FOR FIRST AIRPLANE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I have noted the letter from Guy F. Harden (July 2 Vox Pop) and others on the first Wright airplane.

Mr. Harden does not know his airplane history very well, I fear, as the first flight of a heavier-than-air machine was made by the large airplane of Sir Hiram Maxim (not then knighted) on July 31, 1894, about 3 P. M., near Bexley, County of Kent, England.

I was at that time Maxim's "chief assistant" on this development, and witnessed the flight in person. The title of "chief assistant" was somewhat inaccurate, but so he called me. I was more of a working visitor.

There is a full account of this flight in the April, 1918, issue of the S. A. E. Journal, with photos of the Maxim machine, the majority of which I took myself. I could send you a photostat copy of the Journal article, and I have lantern slides of the majority of the illustrations which could be reproduced.

There is a set of these photos in the National Museum in Washington, which I presented the Museum on my return from England.—*E. W. Roberts, M. E.*

AMBULANT RUBESCENCE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Have you heard of the new disease called Ambulant Rubescence? It's serious. Rubescence means "the state of growing red." An ambulatory case is one in which the victim still walks about, not realizing his condition. He is still a "carrier" and infects others with the loathsome ailment.

It is peculiarly prevalent among legislators and government executives in cities, states, and the nation. No absolute cure has been discovered, but as soon as the germ is isolated it is proposed to develop a serum from an infected jackass.

Can Liberty offer a better solution?
—*Lambert Fairchild.*

SONG FOR CYNICAL VOTERS

MONROE, MICH.—After forty-five years of voting, my sentiments on politics are herewith expressed:

Election looming, big guns booming,
Verbal goulash fills the air;
Like magicians, politicians
Save the voters from despair—
Pulling triggers on big figures
Way up into column ten;
Jobs redundant, life abundant,
(With provisos) *if—and—when.*
Worldly treasure without measure,
Waiting for each Johnny Q.
Same baloney, stale and phony,
Just a lot of fakeroo.

—*M. D. May.*

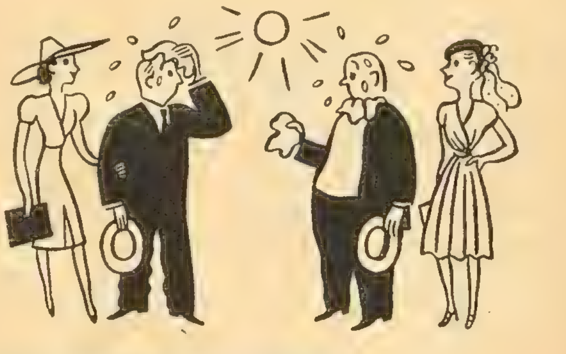
"COATS OFF, MEN!"—OH, NO!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Three cheers for Elizabeth Hawes' most noble effort to relieve us men of some old-fashioned balderdash concerning clothes (July 2 Liberty).

We here in Louisiana have a governor who, the first summer he was in office, said, "Coats off, men." Did many follow? Oh, no! Some clothiers pulled that old stunt about "the ten best dressed men in town" (at the beginning of summer) to make sure that men wouldn't buy just pants for three or four months.

Funny that every coated man's greeting during the recent sweltering days was, "Isn't it hot today?"

The dopes haven't the courage to take their coats off, unloosen the necktie, and roll the shirt sleeves up. They fear to be ostracized. But surely some day we will get to it.—*W. F. S.*



AND IS MRS. DIONNE BOSS FIVE TIMES OVER?

GULFPORT, MISS.—Dr. Hal Stacey says (August 6 Vox Pop) that if the expectant father is the head of the family, the baby will be a boy; if the expectant mother is the boss, the baby will be a girl.

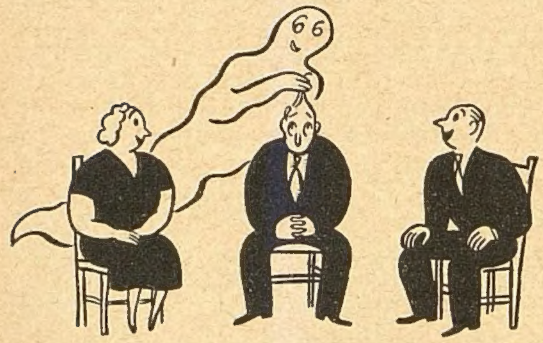
If this is true, what does that make Eddie Cantor?—*Grace Waldmeier.*

ALAMEDA, CALIF. — Am terribly amused by what Hal Stacey, M. D., stated in Vox Pop. I don't know where or how he arrives at such a discovery, but will say that neither my husband nor myself are considered boss of the family, but all my four children have been boys. As far as that goes, my word carries more weight in family discussions and I handle the actual household accounts, paying all bills and in general running our family life all around the board.—*Mrs. C. F. W.*

MANY SPIRITS PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Floyd Thornton, Jr., Pastor, First Spiritualist Church, does not voice my sentiments when he objects to jokes at the expense of spirits and spiritualism (June 18 Vox Pop).

Many spirits play practical jokes on the people of earth, and I have found most spiritualists to be possessed of a rich sense of humor. So don't pull your punches, Liberty, on account of Rev. Thornton or myself.—*Rev. Edward James Irvine, D. D. (Former Pastor of the People's Spiritualist Church of Washington).*



MOUNTING TAXES BEYOND ALL REASON AND PRUDENCE

MIAMI, FLA.—For Mr. Macfadden's notation I should like to quote from an article called Mounting Taxes, published in the Palm Beach Sun, which, to say the least, is most startling:

> Taxes took 5 cents out of the earner's dollar in 1890.
>
> They required 8.4 cents of his dollar in 1912.
>
> They rose to 12 cents of every earned dollar in 1929.
>
> But 31 cents out of each dollar of income would be necessary to defray the obligations of government in 1938. Fortunately or unfortunately, according to the viewpoint, government will collect but 24 cents out of earned dollars in 1938, and will borrow the other 7 cents required to balance income and outgo.
>
> The actual increase of 100 per cent in per dollar tax demands is a fearful commentary upon the expansion of government since 1929—but the potential increase of 160 per cent, from 12 to 31 cents, is fearful to contemplate and absolutely incomprehensible.
>
> The World War and its train of evils is largely chargeable with the increase from 8.4 to 12 cents between 1912 and 1929, but no rational explanation is possible for the jump from 12 to 24 collected, and to the 31 cents necessary to balance the budget, between 1929 and 1938, except public demands for new and extended governmental services which exceed all bounds of reason and prudence.
>
> Americans must carefully consider the situation, stop the tide of mounting taxation and save our country from collapse and ruin, or let the radicals take their course, while the vampires of insatiable greed and utter selfishness suck away the lifeblood of all industry and energy and destroy every vestige of thrift, ambition, and initiative.

I believe that much of our present difficulties can be overcome by a universal sales tax, eliminating entirely the income tax now existing, so burdensome and costly to all.

Mr. Macfadden has a large following in his editorials, so let him keep up the good work.—*W. I. Fickling.*

Good Advice to Boys Who Ride Bikes

PORTLAND, ORE.—Just finished reading Mr. Oursler's answer to the "boy who put us on the spot" (July 2 Liberty), and I agree with most of what he said to him. This letter is not a criticism of what your editor said to him but of what he failed to say.

I have been driving cars for twenty-five years, and during that time have driven more than 500,000 miles, with only two minor accidents in all these years, neither of which resulted in injury to any one, so feel qualified to offer that boy some advice, should he secure the coveted bike.

I would suggest that he refrain from doing things boys on bikes have been doing these many years which have caused accidents to themselves and others.

Here are some of them:

1. Turning in the street between intersections with little, if any, regard to traffic, depending on the alertness of drivers for safety.
2. Purposely riding in circles at intersections to annoy drivers.
3. Riding from driveways into the street at too rapid a pace.
4. Riding on the wrong side of the street against traffic.
5. Riding on the streets at night without front or rear lights.
6. Making turns without proper signals.
7. Holding on to rear of trucks to keep from using pedals.

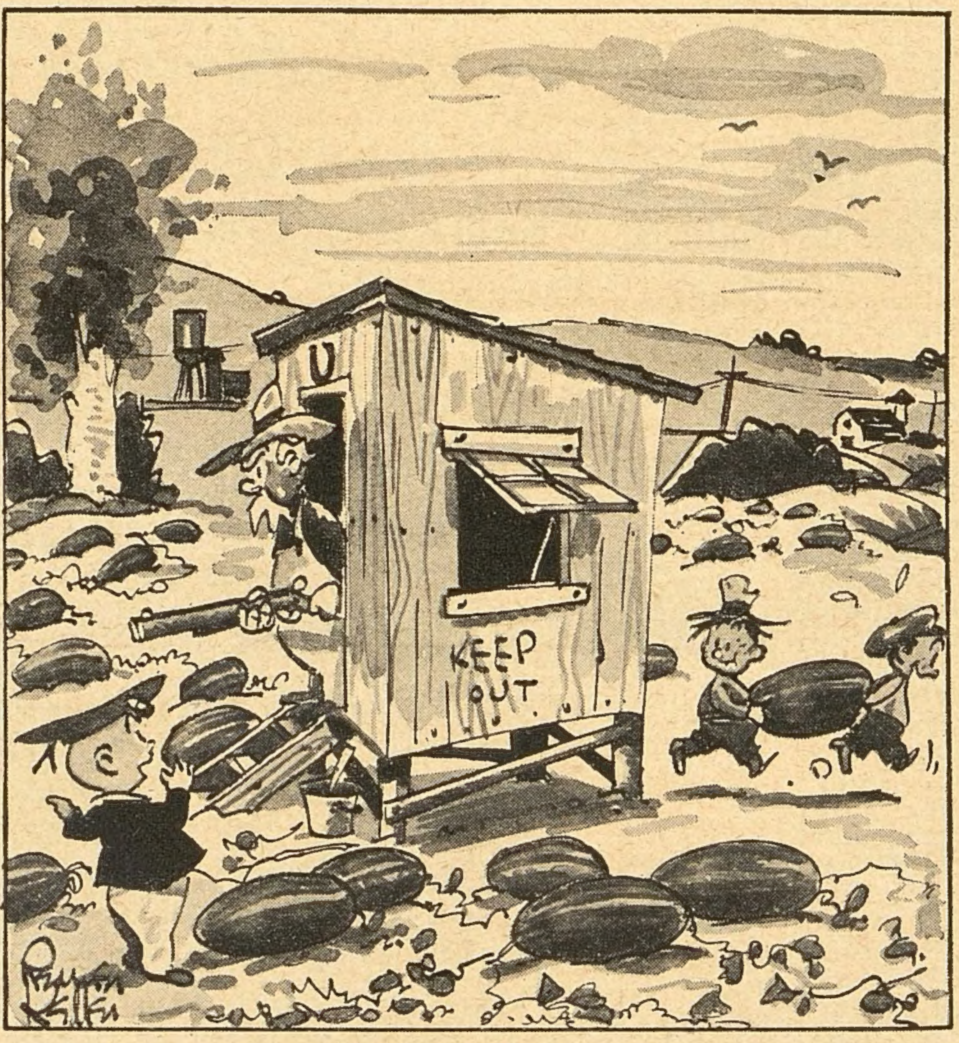
If we earnestly desire to reduce traffic accidents, casualties, and deaths caused by automobiles, we should bring equal pressure to bear on drivers, pedestrians, and bike riders.—*J. S. Stunz.*

AGGRAVATING FOREIGN WORDS

MADISON, WIS.—Why is it that authors have to resort to foreign words and phrases in writing stories? Is the English language so inadequate that this is necessary? I don't think so.

Nothing is more aggravating than to come upon some foreign words or phrases in an otherwise absorbing plot. I move we have the authors discontinue the practice.—*Emil Lehto.*

"HARDTACK"



"Hey, Mr. Brandt, isn't that somebody raidin' your watermelon patch over there?"

LET MR. COLLINS GO TO CUBA AND LOOK AGAIN!

LYNDELL, PA.—Mr. Frank Collins (August 13 Vox Pop) interests me very much in his statement as to the lack of monuments to the Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.

I probably would have the same trouble locating monuments inscribed: General Mad Anthony Wayne, General Hell an' Maria Dawes, General Little Joe Wheeler, General Little Mac Sheridan, or Colonel Teddy Roosevelt.

Let Mr. Collins return to Cuba and look for the official title of the Rough Riders, the 1st U. S. V. C., on San Juan Hill, where it is now perfectly safe, peaceful, and quiet—a striking contrast to July 1, 1898, when the Rough Riders *were* there and Mr. Collins *wasn't*.—*Emily Janvier Mustin.*

SAVES LIBERTY FOR CHARITY

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I save my copies of Liberty for a year and then give them to a local charity—all arranged in order and neatly tied—and they are delighted to get them. My copies are like new and they told me that they never get magazines arranged like that, and they are so grateful.

I was so delighted with your prayer articles and look for them every week.
—*May Bilsey.*

$50,000,000 for Football—What Do They Do with the Money?

AS WE REACH the "pigskin period" of the year, all sorts of letters come to us about football. . . . A surprising number ask what happens to the millions spent on amateur games. . . . College football is now a $50,000,000-a-year business, taking no account whatever of the gate receipts of the rapidly growing professional football teams, which get under way within a few days at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Brooklyn. . . . What do Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the other universities do with the cash? . . . Yankee Stade, who wrote that interesting sports preview for us some months ago, has now looked into the money end of football. . . . His findings, surprising and heartening, will appear in Liberty next week. . . . Not only sports fans but every man (and, we suspect, the lovelier sex, too) will be interested in CASANOVA'S SECRETS. . . . Casanova, historic master of feminine hearts, has never before been so clearly revealed as in the three-part novel by John Erskine which will start next week. . . . You have read some of Erskine's short stories about the romantic rogue; but now the author gives you a three-dimensional portrait, the equal of his best work, including Helen of Troy and François Villon. . . . Casanova as Erskine presents him would stir all except those persons in whom romance has died. . . . And no such people ever read Liberty. . . . From the thrilling past we turn next to the extraordinary present in a self-told story, I WAS FIVE GIRLS, by "Doris." . . . The name of "Doris" will always be important in the archives of scientific research. . . . Years ago we had a friend, now gathered to his fathers, whose lifework was the study of curious mental phenomena. . . . He was Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, principal research officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research. . . . Dr. Prince was called in to study the case of "Doris," who had what was then called a multiple personality. . . . She was, as she asserts in her self-chosen title, five girls. . . . She seemed to live five separate lives in a borderland between dream and reality. . . . To have a split personality is one of the most dangerous of human catastrophes. . . . "Doris" had not two but five personalities, quintuplets of the soul. . . . With a cunning technique of his own, Dr. Prince found out how to unite those dark units of discord into one healthy whole. . . . In olden days they would have thought that he cast out evil spirits. . . . Actually, he was merely practicing the common sense of modern psychology. . . . Now, for the first time, "Doris" tells her experience in her own words. . . . Her story, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, begins in our next issue. . . . That warmhearted teller of tales, Oscar Graeve, is back again with another short story called THE GOOD SPORT; and A. D. Morford spins an exciting yarn called SILVER FROM THE PAST. . . . Frederick L. Collins gives an account of the lively private life of Betty Lou, the invisible little girl friend of Charlie McCarthy; and there are other exciting articles and stories by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern, Bert Green, and others, together with generous installments of the serials. . . . GOOD NEWS FROM St. Paul, Minnesota: On Sunday, October 2, the Congress of the American Prison Association will be held, and at that time a new association is to be formed—a National Jail Association for the care of short-term prisoners in county jails. . . . In this good project Liberty has a determined interest. . . . We have frequently called the attention of the public to horrible conditions existing in county jails all over the United States. . . . The situation is a national disgrace. . . . No one who read the notable article by Will Irwin, OUR CRIME SCHOOL—THE COUNTY JAIL, in Liberty for March 9, 1935, can fail to realize the urgent need for this reform. . . . The hunting season is now at hand. . . . In various states, men with rifles and shotguns can go out into the pure air of the woods and kill squirrel, deer, elk, grouse, rabbit, pheasant, quail, duck, woodcock, and other harmless creatures. . . . They do not murder these birds and animals because they are starving and need the food. . . . If you ask us *why* they do it, we do not know. . . . J. M. SMITH of Logansport, Indiana, sends us word of a young hero. . . . His name is Lee O'Dell Carver. . . . While amusing himself by twirling a button on a piece of string, the little boy was badly hurt. . . . The button broke in two pieces and a fragment pierced his eyeball. . . . Lee may never see with his right eye again. . . . He ran to his mother and said, "Mama, I have put my eye out." Then, when she became hysterical, he said, "Mama, if you won't cry, I won't either." . . . He kept his word for more than an hour before they got him on the operating table and the merciful anesthetic eased his pain. . . . So Liberty salutes Lee O'Dell Carver. . . . WE RECENTLY RECEIVED a copy of the Woodbourne Digest, a "newsmagazine" with these announced purposes: "to educate—to entertain—to encourage." . . . That is a fine statement of policy, especially when you realize that this magazine is produced at the Woodbourne Institution, under the administration of Edward P. Mulrooney, New York Commissioner of Correction. . . . But you would never guess that, to look at this most professional-like publication. . . . It is well printed and its guest contributors (men with hearts big enough to want to help these people) include Ford Frick, Lowell Thomas, Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, "Babe" Ruth, Bill Robinson, and Johnny Evers. More power to the staff that produced such a fine magazine.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty–for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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